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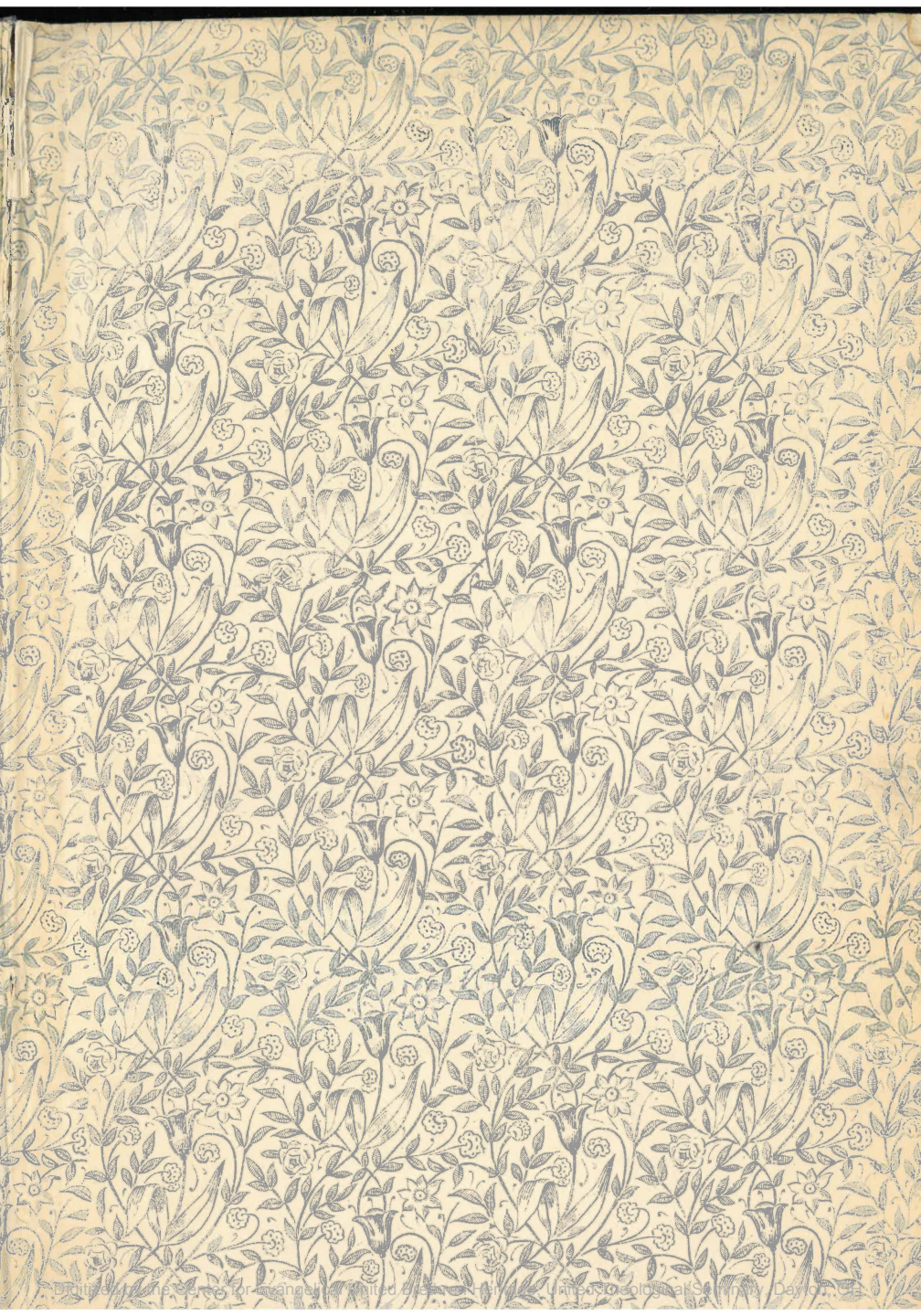
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AUTOBIOGRAPHY

—OF—

LYDIA SEXTON.

THE STORY OF HER LIFE

Through a Period of over Seventy-two Years,

FROM 1799 TO 1872.

Her Early Privations, Adventures, & Reminiscences.

Bonebrake Theological Seminary

CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE,

As Child, Wife, Mother, and Widow;

As Minister of the Gospel;

As Prison Chaplain.

HER MISSIONS OF HELP AND MERCY.

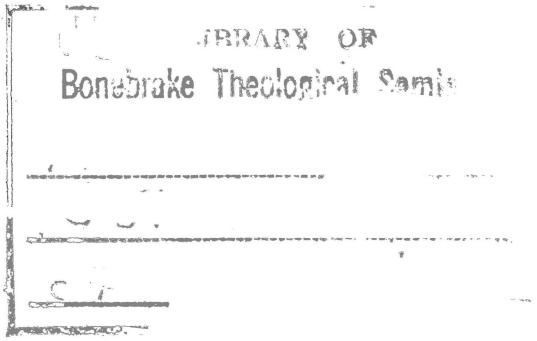
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INTRODUCTION.

In presenting these pages for general perusal by the public, a word of apology is due. The manuscript, kept by me for many, many years, on transcribing, was found too lengthy, so I have aimed to compress the same to the limits of about seven hundred pages. But on reaching that number, extending through a period of about seventy-three years, I found that ten years of history can not appear in this volume. These ten years were fraught with much pleasure, much work and success in the Master's cause, and, withal, much of sorrow for the loss of my dear companion for nearly half a century along life's pilgrimage.

Joseph Sexton died of paralysis of the stomach, on the twenty-third day of October, 1878, in Wilson County, Kansas. He died, as he lived, with a happy assurance of having a part in the first resurrection, and a blissful immortality. All that was mortal now sleeps in the cemetery at Fredonia; and the spirit, so good, so fruitful, so true, has returned to the bosom of his Redeemer.

Alone I journey, for days and weeks, and months and years, for the short lease allotted me; and wherever hands and lips and heart and mind can work for God and humanity, day and night, I will labor and toil until the good Master shall say, It is enough; come up higher.

Of course in a sketch of this kind there will be found much that will not be of special interest to the general reader, pertaining as it may to family affairs, anecdotes, and reminiscences; but even these may serve as lessons and warnings or encouragement to those who may have started out upon life's uneven journey, and especially to those who have taken upon them the name and cross of Christ

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At this writing my mission is, "relief to the destitute thousands of refugees who have fled for succor and for safety" from Louisiana and Texas to southern Kansas. But as I go I preach the unsearchable riches of Christ.

In abridging my manuscript omissions were occasionally made, "missing links" in the historic chain, which were not noticed in time for correction; also, some repetitions that might have been avoided had the original manuscript been written to completion. But instead, it was written through a period of about forty years; and as early impressions are more vivid and lasting than later ones, the early memories continued to crowd in upon me and take the foreground of the picture.

Brethren and friends, you have the story of my life; and if there ading of it shall awaken in your minds and hearts higher and holier aspirations, or should prompt any to more earnest, devout service in the cause of our blessed Lord, I shall feel that my labors have not been in vain. Yours in the Lord.

LYDIA SEXTON.

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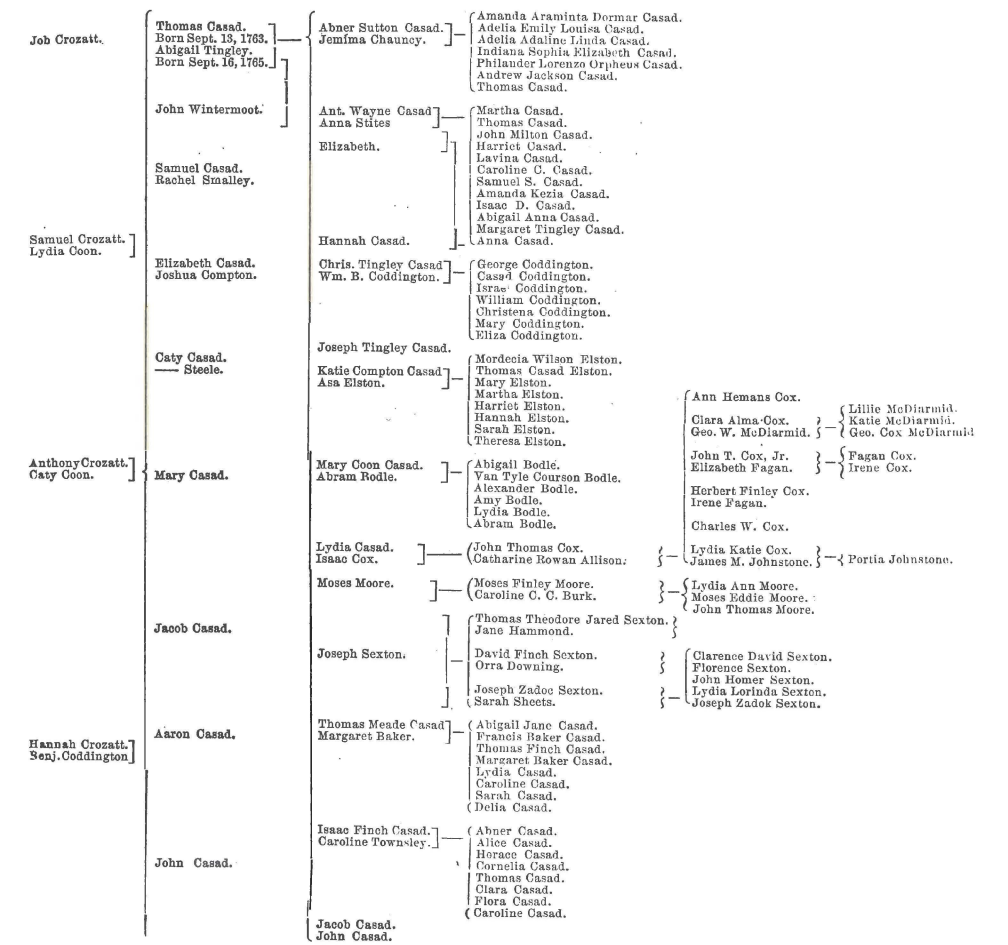
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THE FAMILY TREE.



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Autobiography of Rev. Lydia Sexton.

Chapter I.

Reminiscences of Childhood — Home — Kith and Kin — Father's Conversion.

The subject of this memoir was born in Sussex County, now Rockport, in the State of New Jersey, on the twelfth day of April, 1799; indeed it is claimed by some of the oldest survivors in our family that our home lay upon both sides of the state line, between New York and New Jersey, and in the counties of Sussex and Orange.

The home of my infancy was a very humble log-cottage upon the mountain side, with a small clearing for garden, orchard, and field products.

My father was an accredited Baptist minister, and, like some of the earlier ministers of the gospel, "labored with his own hands, that he might not be chargeable to" his congregations, which were made up of pioneers like himself.

My father, Thomas Casad, was the son of Anthony Casad (or Cozatt) of Somerset County, New Jersey.

My grandmother's maiden name was Katy Coon. My mother's maiden name was Abigail Tingley, daughter of

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Joseph and Christian Tingley of Somerset County, New Jersey, but who came from London, England, before the Revolutionary war.

My grandmother, on my mother's side, was also from England. Her maiden name was Christian Manning, and she was sister to James Manning, president of Brown University, located at Warren, and afterward removed to Providence, Rhode Island.

The reader will pardon me for this digression, in mentioning an incident of the Revolution.

My grandfather, Joseph Tingley, was driven from his home by the Hessians. Grandmother and children with their servants took refuge in Schooley's Mountains, taking with them a few supplies to subsist on until relief could be procured from the army. Grandfather took his oldest two boys, Ebenezer and Jeremiah, and equipping themselves each with a flint-lock musket, powder-horn, homespun blankets, &c., set out for the head-quarters of General Washington, not far distant. Grandfather being an Englishman, but now an American peasant, was very obeisant in the presence of distinguished personages.

Approaching General Washington, he took off his hat, and putting it under his arm, addressing him, said: "I believe I have the honor of being in the presence of General Washington." The General replied: "My name is George Washington; put on your hat, daddy."

Said grandfather: "I came to offer you my service and that of my sons, such as it is, to help in this struggle."

"Noble offering; fall in ranks there, and at roll-call report your names."

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The Hessians had taken possession of the house and barn for head-quarters, who, on leaving it, left only the bare walls. Cattle, hogs, sheep, geese, and chickens were either destroyed or driven off.

Those were the days which tried the souls of men and women of our young republic while planting the tree of Liberty, which they watered and nourished with their hearts' blood; and to-day we enjoy the boon which their valor, privations, and heart-aches and a wonder-working Providence have given us.

My father was born in Somerset County, New Jersey, and his youth and early manhood were marked for his rudeness and mischief. On one occasion he left home for Mt. Bethel Chapel, more for fun and frolic than to hear the wholesome lessons of gospel truth. The minister, old Abner Sutton, was to baptize some young people at the afternoon service. Father planted himself in the gallery, where he could wink and make grimaces at the young converts. Elder Sutton looked over the congregation with a solemnity upon his countenance which told the deep concern of his soul; then, raising his eyes toward the gallery, he said: "Lord, we have done as thou hast bidden, and yet there is room." Father's attention was arrested; an arrow had pierced his heart, and with a repentance that need not be repented of, he sought, and, I believe, was numbered with the redeemed. He soon after commenced proclaiming the glad tidings of salvation, and boldly and successfully warned sinners to flee the wrath to come. Some time before his conversion he had been paying his addresses to Miss Abigail Tingley (mother); but grandfather Tingley's folks were greatly opposed to his visits

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on account of his wayward life, and sent her off to uncle James Manning's, in Rhode Island, determined if possible to break off all communication between them. After his conversion they sent for her to return home, and not long after her return they were married.

Father was born September 13, 1763, and mother was born September 16, 1765. They were married at grandfather Joseph Tingley's, in Somerset County, New Jersey, in 1786. They then put all their worldly effects in a two-horse wagon to seek them a home in Sussex County.

As grandfather Tingley had plenty of slave-labor for field and house, his children knew but little of labor; but what mother lacked herein she made up in ambition and genius, and paid for the first eighty acres of land they bought by weaving, while father, with what little aid he received from the churches, and his own labor, cleared up the land, built a small house, and set out an orchard. Here they were happy and prosperous. He had the care of four congregations or churches, consequently he visited each once a month, Saturday and Sunday. Mother generally accompanied him—was a member of the same church (Baptist); and although great stress was laid upon the passage, "Let your women keep silence in the churches," yet there was also a command to "admonish one another with psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, making melody in your hearts unto the Lord." Mother was a remarkable singer, and contributed largely to his success in the good work, and barring the command to "*keep silence in the churches*," she sung so loud and distinctly that the words of the hymn or song sometimes would be heard and understood half a mile distant.

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Right here I wish to remark on this question of women keeping silence in the church, that there is good scriptural reason for believing that I. Corinthians, fourteenth chapter and thirty-fourth verse, — "Let your women keep silence in the churches: for it is not permitted unto them to speak; but they are commanded to be under obedience, as also saith the law,"—should be taken in a qualified sense. In the third verse of the fourth chapter of Paul's letter to the Philippians, he entreats them to help "those women which labored with him in the gospel, whose names are in the book of life;" also those noble women named in the sixteenth chapter of Romans, who were servants and co-workers in the church, such as Phebe, Priscilla, Mary, Julia.

Paul, in his last visit to the churches in Asia Minor and Europe, returned by way of Cæsarea and abode with Philip the evangelist, who had four daughters "which did prophesy." There is nothing to show that Paul discountenanced or discouraged it. Was it not a fulfillment of the prophecy of Joel of the time to come when the sons and daughters were to prophesy, the young men to *see visions*, and the old men to *dream dreams?* Do we understand that these preachers and prophets were to keep silence in the churches? The prerogative of ruling has generally belonged to and been exercised by those having the physical power to enforce their edicts; but in this enlightened age taxation and representation are (or should be) inseparable, for it has been fully demonstrated that woman, in whatever field of labor, or in whatever trust, has shown great efficiency, capacity, and, in some instances, wonderful executive ability. But without following this line of

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thought further, as I intend to make it the subject of another chapter, I will resume our family record, which may not be of interest to the general reader, but would be read with interest by a large circle of kinsfolk who perhaps have not given much attention to our genealogies. Especially would this be of interest to the Casads, Comptons, Coxes, Finchs, Suttons, Moores, Tingleys, Mannings, Sextons, Bodles, Wintermoots, Williamsons, Burks, Runnions, Harpendings, Elstons, Sheets, Allisons, McDiarmids, Tatmans, Creagors, Ayers, Hands, Townsends, Rossers, Fran Ciscos, Downings, Husons, Maltbys, Smalleys, Warrens, Codingtons, Stites, Chauceys, Winnys, &c.

Thomas Casad was born in Somerset County, New Jersey, September 13, 1763.

Abigail Tingley was born in Somerset County, New Jersey, September 16, 1765.

They were married in Somerset County, in 1786.

They had ten children, as follows:

Abner Sutton Casad was born June 9, 1787.

Christian Tingley Casad was born January 19, 1789.

Anthony Wayne Casad was born May 2, 1791.

Joseph Tingley Casad was born May 3, 1793.

Catharine Compton Casad was born February 28, 1795.

Mary Coon Casad was born April 15, 1797.

Lydia Casad was born April 12, 1799.

Thomas Meade Casad was born May 12, 1801.

Isaac Finch Casad was born September 18, 1803.

John Casad was born December 31, 1807.

Joseph Tingley Casad died in 1795.

John Casad died in 1808.

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Chapter II.

Grandfather s "Grant of the Mississippi Valley" — Too much for him; and he relinquishes it again, as it would "cost more than it would come to" — Dispersion of Kindred — Burials — Sensational Sermon or the Frog, by Walter Scott — A Forced Loan.

My grandfather, Anthony Casad (Cozart) (or Cozott), came to America in the early part of 1700. He had a grant of land taking in the Mississippi Valley from the Gulf of Mexico to Alaska Lake, embracing five miles on each side of the river. (See Stark's History of the United States.)

When this territory was ceded to the United States in 1803, and the question of title so clouded that the claim has been, as I understand, abandoned, grandfather and his brothers Job, Samuel, and Thomas, and his sister Hannah, settled in Somerset County, New Jersey. The two brothers, Thomas and Samuel Casad, married two sisters, Lydia and Caty Coon.

Grandfather Anthony Casad had nine children— Thomas, Samuel, Elizabeth, Caty, Mary, Jacob, Aaron, John, and Hannah.

My brother Abner Sutton Casad married Jemima Chauncey.

Christian Tingley Casad married William B. Cod dington.

Anthony Wayne Casad married Anna Stites.

Caty Compton Casad married Asa Elston, of Sussex County, New Jersey.

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Mary Coon Casad married Abram Bodle, in the State of New York.

Thomas Meade Casad married Margaret Baker, of Ohio.

Isaac Finch Casad married Caroline Townsley, of Ohio.

My grandfather, Joseph Tingley, married Christian Manning, of Rhode Island. They had eight children—Eunice, Abigail, Sally, Ebenezer, Jeremiah, Joseph, John, and Christian. Eunice married David Dunn, of Somerset County, New Jersey. Abigail married Thomas Casad. Sally married Lewis Runnion. As to Ebenezer, can not say. Jeremiah married Hetty Leddel, of London, England. Joseph never married. John married Hannah Wynans. Christian never married.

Aunt Sally Runnion and family moved to Jefferson County, Ohio; had a large family of children—Peter, Joseph, Micajah, David, Christian, and Lewis. I know but little of their later family history. Uncle and aunt, who have been dead many years, were good Christian people. They were Seventh Day Baptists, as well as uncle David Dunn's family. Uncle Jerry Tingley moved to Ohio in an early day and there died, leaving aunt Hetty with a family of eight children—William, Joseph, Grace, Hetty, Sally, Christian, Eunice, and Phebe. Grace married Charles Chapman, Esq. Hetty married Rev. William Knox. Christian married a Methodist Episcopal minister whose name I can not now call to mind. Sally married Mr. James Simpson, then a merchant in Cadiz, Harrison County, Ohio. James Simpson died, leaving cousin Sally with a small family of children, which she educated and brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Her son Matthew became a

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Methodist minister, and soon won for himself the highest position possible in that church, and has been for many years bishop. Matthew has ever been a great comfort to his mother, a strong man in Israel, an honor to the church and country, and a blessing to mankind.

William Tingley married Rachael Paulson. One of his family is Professor Tingley, of Asbury University, distinguished for his many excellent qualities and ripe scholarship, and bids fair to be the peer of his cousin, Matthew Simpson.

As for the rest of uncle Jerry's children I know but little, only Hetty Knox. I engaged to learn the glove-making business of her; and I confess to you, dear reader, that my cousin Hetty Knox could shout the loudest, pray the loudest, and scold the most bitter and mean of any person I ever knew (not excepting any). For three months I did her kitchen-work, and all I ever received was regular installments of bitter tongue-lashing. I hope that before her departure hence she had rid herself of this gall of bitterness, and that the Father of all mercies has forgiven her of this heinous sin.

John Tingley and aunt Hannah had a large family. The oldest one, Sally, was remarkable for her beauty, and married a man by the name of George Haney. Uncle Joseph never married. He owned a farm near Fairfield, Greene County, Ohio, where he died many years ago, with but few of his relatives near him. John Tingley, his brother, was near him, but too dissipated to administer on his estate, so the place was given to my brother Anthony and Sally Tingley.

Aunt Christian Tingley died some thirty years ago,

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unmarried. In her will she provided that all and each of the girls named for her should receive thirty dollars, and the remainder of her property to be equally divided among her brothers and sisters.

Five were named for her,—Christian Tingley Casad, Christian Tingley Dunn, Christian Tingley Runnion, Christian Tingley (uncle Jerry's daughter), and Christian Tingley (uncle John's daughter).

I have no recollection of ever seeing aunt Christian or grandfather or grandmother, or any of mother's people, except aunt Sally and uncle John Tingley. All of my mother's people died in New Jersey, and were buried at Mount Bethel Chapel, in Somerset County, New Jersey, except uncle Jerry, who was buried near Cadiz, Ohio, and uncle Joseph, who died, as before stated, on his farm, about nine miles north of Dayton and two miles south of Fairfield, where he was also buried.

My father's brother Samuel married Rachel Smalley, and removed to the Genessee Valley, New York. They had a family of six children—David, Jacob, Samuel, Lochey, Rachel, Eliza, and Caty. Rachel married Mr. Samuel Huson, a merchant in Dundee, New York. Eliza married Mr. Maltby, also a merchant, of the same place. But uncle Samuel was never pleased with the match, and showed them no favors or countenance.

As a family history embracing thousands of persons and incidents would be incomplete without a few episodes, commonly called family jars, I may in the course of this history give one occasionally, sometimes as a warning to others, and at other times as a relief from tedious monotony, as the minister sometimes introduces

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some familiar and thrilling anecdote to arouse a drowsy audience. To illustrate, Elder Walter Scott on one occasion, in Dayton, Ohio, was preaching a very able discourse upon the sufferings, crucifixion, and resurrection of our Savior. The ornamental element of the congregation soon became drowsy, even under the masterly arguments and brilliant eloquence of the minister, who observing it, changed the subject and took up the story of the boys and the frogs, picturing to the life the very wicked characters indulging in the sport, and in plaintive tones very feelingly portrayed the sufferings and massacre of the bruised and mangled frogs. The change of subject elicited the attention of the sleepers, who gave earnest attention to the story of cruelty and suffering, until a large portion of the audience were weeping. Stopping suddenly, he expressed alarm for an audience who would sleep under the recital of the story of the dying Savior, and weep at the stoning of a frog.

Now to the Casad and Maltby jar, or rather a joke on an irate father-in-law. Uncle Samuel Casad, having some surplus money on hand, was a little impatient to "get it out;" and about this time his son-in-law, Maltby, wanted to borrow about $3,000, which was just the amount uncle had—a pair of coincidences in time, as well as in amount. Uncle Samuel asked his other son-in-law, Huson, if he knew of any responsible person who wished to borrow money, say $3,000. "Yes," said Huson, "I do." "Will you go his bond?" "Yes." "Where does he live?" "In Dundee." "Well, will you take the money over to him, as I want my money to be bringing me in something?" "I will." "You think he is responsible, and will want $3,000?" "Yes."

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"Well, I will just count out the money to you; and you get the man's note, and write me, and keep it in your possession until you come over." It was about thirty-five miles from Dundee to Junius, where uncle Samuel lived.

Mr. Huson handed the money over to Maltby, taking the note as directed. Matters moved along smoothly, until near the time of the maturity of the note. Huson, having business at Junius, took the note and delivered it to uncle Samuel. He looked at it in surprise. "What on earth did you lend my money to that scamp Maltby for? If you had told me, he should never had a dollar of my money! No, never!" Maltby heard what his father-in-law had said, and immediately procured the money, with the full year's interest, and sent it with Huson to uncle Samuel, to take up the note. "No, sir! I am to lose a whole year's interest, no, sir!" "But he sent you a full year's interest." Uncle now began to see how silly he had behaved. He told Huson to take the extra interest-money back to his daughter (Mrs. Maltby). But Maltby said, "Not a dollar of it shall be kept about the house; send it back to Junius." "No, indeed," said Eliza, "I shall put it in bank for our Theodore, when you and I break up." And so she did.

At this writing, 1876, Eliza and her father slumber in the silent city of the dead.

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Chapter III.

A Disgusted Miner — Sufferings on the Plain — Samuel's "Night-Thoughts"—"I say, Dave"—"Good-By"—My Sister Caty's Teasing and Tarrying—"Blind Buck and Davy."

Jacob, David, and Samuel, uncle Samuel's boys, started together for California when the gold-fever raged in 1844. In crossing the plains with a large train of emigrants, Samuel and David were separated from Jacob, and they never heard from him afterward. It is supposed, however, that he died while crossing the plains. Samuel gave out on the sandy plain, famishing for water. David started to procure some, distant about ten miles; but the mule would sink knee-deep in the hot sand-beds, until they finally gave out. Then he drove the mule before him, and tying himself to the mule's tail he succeeded in getting to the spring. Watering their mules and drinking heartily themselves, they filled their kegs and canteens and retraced their steps to the camp where they left Samuel. He had nearly perished. His tongue was badly swelled, and his eyes were bloodshot. One of the company had his tongue so badly swelled that it protruded from his mouth, and his throat was swelled shut; and he was running around the camp in a most pitiable delirious condition. They seized him, and continued to dash water in his face and on his head until the delirium and swelling subsided. Thus were they

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saved in a weary land, by the Samaritan kindness of their fellows.

When David and Samuel arrived at the diggings, Samuel appeared very restless. The first night he lay groaning and tossing from side to side. David, by dint of loud and long-drawn snores pretended to be asleep. At last Sammy could stand it no longer and said, "Dave! Dave!! I say, Dave!!!" "Wh-h! What you w-a-n-t?" "I tell you what it is, Dave, I am not going to sleep here on the cold ground and Caty at home in a good feather-bed. I start for home to-morrow." "Oh, you are joking!" "Not a word of it; I start at daylight in the morning." "But Sam, don't you think it looks very silly to risk your life, with loss of time and money to get here, and in less than twenty-four hours, and just beginning to dig gold, for you to turn traitor? Shame! Shame!!" "Well, I would rather stand all the shame they can heap on me than to lay here on the cold ground; and Caty or some of 'em might die while I am here. The big fool sat in on me when I started to California; but I can make it all right yet if God spares my life."

So sure enough, rosy morn found poor Samuel wending his way for San Francisco to take passage for New York City. David accompanied him to the Pacific coast, saw him off, and then returned to the diggings. At the end of three years he returned to his family and relatives, laded with ninety thousand in gold. Of the rest of uncle Samuel's family I know but little.

Soon after the marriage of my parents they moved to Sussex County, New Jersey, and bought a small farm where the town of Rockville now stands. While they

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resided at this place, I and most of my brothers and sisters were born. Here occurred many little incidents of early life that seem like rose-leaves between the pages of my memory. Here the book of nature opened to my young mind its ample pages. Here happy voices and smiling faces poured into my waiting heart the benisons of kindred and friends. Here, too, I learned, even by the misfortunes and disappointments in childhood, that the world is not all sunshine. Here in this humble cottage my dear father at eventide would tell me the story of the cross, the humility of our blessed Redeemer, his passion, washing of feet, the last supper, his death, resurrection, and ascension on high. Here was mother, too. Dear name, sacred tie, sweet relationship! Oh, the pleasant recollections that cluster around the memory of those happy days of life's young dream,—the ramble with little brothers and sisters gathering moss, and shells, wild berries, fruits, and flowers to decorate our Eden play-house.

My dear sister Caty had her troubles in her youth. She was a kind of juvenile Ishmaelite, forever antagonizing with some one of her playmates, and withal a practical joker. On one occasion, while the Catlin children were over enjoying a romp with our children, Caty had to do the churning; so she proposed to Doss Catlin if he would churn she would help him dig the potatoes. He accepted the proposition and finished the job. "Now," says Doss, "for the potatoes." "Not I," said Caty, "I would look well digging potatoes with you." "But you promised if I would do the churning you would help me dig the potatoes." "Ha! Ha! promises and pie-crust are made to be broken. I am

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not going to work in the potato-patch with you or anyone else, unless Abner is along." "Then take that," said Doss, striking her a blow in her face with his fist. "If that is your game," said Caty, "we can both play it at once;" so she gave him a severe pelting, sending him bellowing home. The fussing and screaming scared us smaller children almost into spasms, and to this day I can see vividly the terrible conflict and call to mind our intense alarm.

My private opinion always has been, that my sister Caty was a little off in that unpleasantness. Obtaining his labor under false pretenses, in promising to exchange labor with him, and then to pretend that her finer feelings had been shocked by his supposing that she would work with him in the potato-patch, and closing the drama with a fist-fight, I expected father would certainly chastise her for her rudeness and falsehood. But in reflecting over the matter since, I think father thought that her willfulness could not be cured by brute-force; besides, she would have perished under the lash or at the stake before she would have surrendered or succumbed to any one.

On one occasion he had chastised her under the following circumstances: Father sent Caty over to a neighbor's on an errand. It was getting dark, and still Caty had not returned; so father asked sister Polly (Mary) to go over and tell Caty to hurry home before dark. The night was dark and rainy, and father asked me if I could find my way over to Mr. Compton's. I told him I could. "Well, daughter, you go over and see if Polly got lost, and tell the girls to come home." I went and found that the old people were away from

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home, and Caty and the other children playing "Blind Buck and Davy." When I told her father's order for her to go "straight home" she said, "May be so," &c., and away she went again at her play. In about an hour I heard father's voice calling me,—the others were so busy they did not hear him, and I went out to the gate. He was on his horse. It was so dark I could not see him; but he asked me where the girls were? When I told him they were in the house, playing, he asked, "Did you tell Caty to come home?" "Yes, sir." "Did you tell her I sent you to tell her to come home?" "I did." "What did she say?" "She said, 'May be so; I may as well die for an old sheep as a lamb.'" "Well, you go into the house and tell Polly to come out." I did so, and she came out; and he took me on the horse before him and put Polly on behind, and let the horse choose the road for home. Caty followed on behind; but he said nothing to her, and you may well imagine the tenor of her musings.

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Chapter IV.

"An Old Sheep or a Lamb"—Sister Mary's Imagination a *Leetle* Too Strong—The "Bold American"—We Move to the Rabbalee Place—Incidents by the Way—A Crane, How to Make and How to Use It—Crullers.

Next morning he called her up to him and asked her, "Did you tell Lydia you might as well die for an old sheep as a lamb?" "Yes, sir." "Well, my daughter, there may be some difference, so here is for the lamb." And he whipped her severely. "Now for the old sheep." And he whipped her again, with more and heavier strokes. Although she showed no repentance or contrition for her disobedience, I think it rather quickened her sense of reverence and deference for his authority. Although father was very kind and indulgent toward his children, yet he *would* be obeyed.

My sister Polly told me of a circumstance in her experience that happened before my recollection, "leastwise," as Father Kenoyer used to say, I knew nothing of the circumstance at the time. Father and mother were in the habit of going to meeting on Sabbath and leaving the children at home to keep house. At such times the neighbors' children would gather in to have a grand jollification. On one such occasion Polly came running in from her play, all breathless and in great earnest, and told Abner that "Bold American" (the name of a large English heifer father owned) had

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jumped over the high fence into the corn-field and smashed down the fence to the ground, and fell "flat of her back." "Oh, dear me," said Abner, "I fear she has killed herself; let us hasten and help her up." "Oh, no, never mind," said Polly, "she jumped right up and ran into the corn-field." "Well, boys," said he, "come, let us go and turn her out, and put up the fence." "Oh, no, I turned her out, and put the fence up just as it was." "Now, Polly, you have told us a mess of lies, for you could not lift one of those rails." And he told father, who gave her a severe whipping. When she was an old woman, she told me she never forgot that awful whipping, and from that day to this never told a willful lie. She even expressed gratitude for the timely punishment; for had she escaped, no doubt she would have become an adept in falsehood, having made so bold a beginning. One peculiarity in father's administration was, he would sometimes put off our punishment for several days, especially for offenses committed on on the Sabbath. But the settlement was sure to come; and the apprehension was of itself a source of punishment.

About the year 1804 father rented out the place, and we moved to a farm about ten miles south-west, which father had rented for a year. "Three moves is as bad as a fire," is an old adage, demonstrated as true by old folks; but with children it is a momentous event, an epoch, hey-day, a kind of hegira. Who ever heard of a child who was unwilling to move? But with all the ecstacy there was a shadow thrown athwart the path, as they observed the weeping of friends bidding farewell to the older members of the family. It was, of course,

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on Tuesday—we dare not move on Friday or Saturday. All day long on Monday we were cooking and packing and loading, and collecting live stock, and giving away to friends such things as we could not possibly take. The chickens, and other poultry were cooped, and hooked on the rear end of the family wagon, which was under the command of my brother Abner. And well did he understand the importance of his position. In this wagon was the chest of provisions, the box and barrel of dishes, the bureau, and such other articles as required the greatest care and prudence. Perched by his side was sister Caty, and nestled among the chairs and bedding were Polly and myself. The other two wagons, owned by two of our neighbors, and driven by them, contained the residue of household effects and farming utensils, and moved on in advance; then followed our Jehu, Abner, with his precious charge; then followed the cattle, hogs, and sheep, under command of brother Anthony, on foot, with sister Christian as aid-de-camp, mounted on a young filly, supported on the right and left by two faithful scouts, Watch and Rover; and as a rear-guard, the family carry-all, containing father, mother, Tommy, and Finch. This was the order of march; but there was a heavy re-enforcement at starting, the Catlin and Compton children, who trudged along until one by one they dropped out and fell back, and we were compelled to clamber back into the wagon. Arriving at a mountain stream about one o'clock, there was a halt, ostensibly to water the teams; but the clamor among the children made it necessary to order a "nooning," and a lunch was set out by mother for all hands, while the teams were fed, and the sheep and hogs were given a rest. About

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two o'clock we were all in line of march, and nothing of further moment occurred until we reached our destination, near Newton, the county seat of Sussex County.

Mr. Rebellee, from whom father purchased, was preparing to move to the Genessee country, New York, about two hundred miles distant. The farm was well improved—good two and a half story frame house, frame barn, choice berries of all kinds in abundance, grafted fruit-trees of many kinds and varieties. Soon after our arrival, father set out three standard pear-trees, and he had me hold them while he threw in and tamped the dirt around the roots. He told me that after awhile they would bear beautiful blossoms, and then large, yellow, delicious pears. "How long will we have to wait for them, papa?" "Seven years, my daughter." "Oh! how long! Seven long, long, years." But father died, and our family was scattered abroad before any of those pears ripened. Not one of all of them ever eat of the fruit of father's planting.

I visited the place in 1853, in company with my son David, in the month of June, but too early for the pears. The trees were thrifty and well loaded with fruit.

On our arrival at the Rebellee place, our new home, we commenced reconnoitering the premises as children only can. We were "up-stairs, down-stairs, and in the ladies' chamber." Mr. Rebellee was to occupy the kitchen and cellar until they should start across the mountains for Genessee, New York. They were very busy preparing for the trip.

In the side jamb of an immense fire-place was attached an iron frame, with a horizontal bar nearly as long as the width of the fire-place. This bar was welded to a

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perpendicular bar about two feet in length. The horizontal bar was strengthened by an iron brace welded to the middle of the vertical bar; the other end of the brace was welded to the horizontal bar about ten inches out from the upright bar. The upper and lower ends of the vertical bar turned in "eyes" in the ends of strong iron bars anchored in the wall. This they called a *crane*. Double hooks are used of different lengths, one end of which is hooked on this crane, and on the other kettles and other hanging cooking utensils having bails were suspended. To put on kettles the crane would be swung out like a gate, and the vessel hooked on, then pushed back over the fire. The different lengths of hooks were used to adjust different-sized kettles to the fire. This species of crane is almost extinct; but about the beginning of this century no well-regulated family would do without one.

Mrs. Rabellee and her girls were very busy cooking "crulls" (crullers) on a large scale. They had a large fifteen-gallon kettle nearly full of lard suspended on the crane over the fire. Ever and anon they would draw out the crane, and with a large iron cullender (an iron ladle with holes in it) they would dip out the crulls, and then drop in others in the hot lard. The dough was cut in strips about half inch thick and ten inches long, then twisted, doubled, and twisted again. These they made by the barrel, which I might here mention was liberally sampled by us children. We enjoyed the society of the Rebellees very much in those days; and though we regretted their leaving, we rejoiced at their preparation to leave.

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Chapter M.

Tallow or Lard? a *Sad* Mistake — "Froggy Bite Me" — Brother Finche's Slough of Despond — Father's Failing Health — Starts on a Health-Tour — Returns Home to Die — Pilgrimage on Earth Closes — Elder Lathrop Visits his Dying Brother — "What is Left is for the Worms" — The Death-bed Scene — Funeral Service — Text — Epitaph.

Soon after the Rebellees left, one Sabbath while father and mother were away at church we all concluded we must have crulls. So Abner and Christian agreed that if he would get the lard ready she would prepare the dough. I would here mention that we had a houseful of youthful guests, who generally knew when the old folks were away. To shorten the story, the crull-scheme was a failure. Abner had made a mistake and taken a large cake of tallow instead of lard, and they turned out something near akin to dipped candles.

My readers must pardon my tedious narratives while I linger amid the scenes of three-score and ten years ago.

Well, we were highly pleased with our new home, so large and ample,—three fire-places, one above the other,—for the house was two and one half stories high,—high porch full length of the house, nicely-hewed stone steps at the ends, excellent well of water, a good spring and milk-house, fine stock-water, ample barn. All these we had, and with all happy childhood friends and kindred.

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Notwithstanding all these blessings, when least expected troubles would come in some shape or other. One night a neighbor came to our door very late, and called to know if all our children were at home. Mother said she thought they were. He said he heard a child crying down in the swamp. Our people had heard that panthers would cry like a child—perhaps it was a panther; but to be certain she would see. On examination my little brother Isaac F. was found missing. The alarm was given, and away they all went with torches and lanterns, led on by Mr. Compton, the man that heard the crying; and sure enough, away in the swamp, on a log surrounded with water on every side, there sat poor little Isaac F., and crying, "Froggy bite me! Froggy bite me!" Oh, how mother did clasp her precious child to her heart, and thank God for his deliverance by sending Mr. Compton along so late, as she always did believe, to save her boy from perishing that cold, chilly night. How the child ever managed to get to that bog, surrounded as it was with water, was then and ever will remain a mystery. How he got away from home without being missed was a strange thing to every one. Mother supposed he was sleeping with Christian, as he ofttimes did; and she was always very kind and watchful over her brothers and sisters. Christian thought he was sleeping with mother, until aroused by Mr. Compton. I think Isaac was about three years old when that happened. He was too young to ever tell how he got from home, when he left home, or how he managed to get through the water and mire to the bog.

After we had lived at the Rebellee place some three years, father's health was failing him so fast that his

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physicians advised a sea-voyage to the West India Islands. He accordingly started to New York to take a vessel that was to leave in a few days. He gave out, however, when he reached Schooley Mountains, and stopped with uncle Samuel Casad. This Samuel Casad was father's uncle, as his wife's name was Lydia Coon, grandmother's sister; and perhaps he was, as before stated, grandfather's brother. They never had any children, so we failed to look after the relationship after they died. Father then wrote to mother that he could get no farther; but uncle Samuel had sent for a hogshead of sea-water to bathe in, and clams and oysters to eat. After bathing daily for a few weeks in sea-water, and eating plenty of fresh sea-food, he was so much improved that he wrote to mother that he thought if she would come and go along he would be able to take the trip as prescribed by the physician. So mother took baby and myself along with Abner to uncle Samuel Casad's at Schooley Mountain, got father in the carriage, and on we went. Arriving at Black River, or Lamerton, father gave out, and for a week all thought he would die. Then he got better, and we managed to get him home. Shortly after this, brother John, the baby, took sick with inflammation of the brain. All that the best physicians could do, little Johnny must die. Mother and all of us were deeply afflicted, but father seemed well reconciled; called him "an angel;" said he "wished he could think Lydia as well off." "Happy little voyager; only launched for a few days on the great sea of time, till called to cast anchor at the head-land of heaven." "But more eminently happy are they who have breasted the waves and weathered the storms of a

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troublesome and dangerous world; who have entered the kingdom through great tribulation and thereby brought honor and glory to their divine convoy; who have administered comfort and consolation to the companions of their toil, and left a lasting and instructive example and monition to succeeding pilgrims." Highly favored was our little brother Johnny,—accepted without being tried by the fiery ordeal. It was thy peculiar privilege to not "feel those evils which oppress thy surviving kindred." The arrows of calamity, barbed with anguish, are often fixed deep in our choicest comforts. The fiery darts of the enemy, who is the prince and power of the air, are always flying in showers around us. But panoplied with the whole armor of God, with the girdle of truth, breast-plate of righteousness, shod with gospel peace, the shield of faith, the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit,—all these conditions are necessary to successfully quench the fiery darts of the common enemy. But how different with Johnny; for of such as he is the kingdom of heaven. Consider this, ye mourning parents and friends, and dry up your tears. Why should you lament that your little one is crowned, ere the sword is drawn or the conflict begun? Perhaps some inextricable snare lay in his pathway, or storms of adversity, pain, or misery, were impending. Your tender plant is sheltered from the wintry blasts of this unfriendly sky, and housed in the mansion prepared for it; and the light of that city, Jesus, the Sun of Righteousness, shall nourish it with beams of light eternal.

After the death of brother John, father grew much worse, and every ray of hope for his recovery was gone. We all felt the heavy calamity that was threatening us.

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All efforts to *cure* had long since been without hope, and we could only endeavor to prolong his stay with us. Consumption was doing its dread work now, swiftly and surely; and seeing the end of his pilgrimage near at hand, he sent to Goshen, Orange County, New York, for Elder Lathrop to come and see him and preach his funeral sermon. When he came into the house, father was sitting, bolstered up in an arm-chair. The elder exclaimed in surprise, "O Brother Casad! How poor you are!" "Yes, but there is enough left for the worms." Oh, how that awful sentence sounded in my ears. And is it so? Will the worms devour the mortal remains of my dear father? He lived three days after the arrival of Elder Lathrop. On the morning of November 19, 1808, at five o'clock in the morning, we were all summoned to his bed-side to receive his farewell benediction and blessings. It was truly a house of morning; and sister Christian's lamentations were truly heart-rending. Father said to her, "Daughter, I can not bear to hear that. If you can not control your grief, you must go where I can not hear you." She went down stairs into the back cellar. Still her cries and lamentations could be heard. When father had kissed all farewell but me, as he took my hand he manifested strong emotion. With quivering lip and a look of earnestness that penetrated beyond the vail, he laid his cold, clammy hand on my head and whispered, "God keep my child." His mission was ended. He folded his hands upon his breast, closed his eyes as in deep slumber, pressed his lips together, but opened them twice for a fugitive breath, or as though to whisper some lingering thought. Then all was over; the spirit had fled, and the earthly tenement was left for us to consign to its mother earth.

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"Tranquil amid alarms
Death found him in the field;
A veteran; slumbering on his arms
Beneath the red-cross shield.

"Soldier of Christ, well done;
Sweet be thy new employ,
The battle fought, the victory won;
Enter thy Master's joy."

He had given Elder Lathrop the text for the funeral discourse, as follows:

"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing." (II. Timothy, iv. 7, 8.)

Father's remains were kept two days, that his many friends and brethren might take the last lingering look at their friend and pastor. On the day of the funeral the corpse was placed in the front yard, that all might see him. An immense concourse of people was present, the largest I had ever seen, and I was almost bewildered. Elder Lathrop delivered the funeral discourse from the text above mentioned, showing how appropriate the text was to the occasion, and paying, in a most feeling manner, kind tributes to father's memory. The solemn assembly then moved onward to Beemerville grave-yard. When all was ready, the coffin was lowered in the grave. The clods of the valley fell on the covering with a hollow, muffled noise. One thing attracted my attention. There was a large stone, nearly a foot in diameter, that had been thrown out in digging the grave. Oh! how I shuddered and trembled, lest some one, in filling the

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grave, would throw it in on my father. When the grave was half full or more, old Enoch Ayers took hold of one of the shovels to help fill up the grave, and in he rolled the stone. Do you think I ever forgot that horrid act? For years I remembered with horror that act of Mr. Ayers. I look at the act from another stand-point now. The divine power and energy that removed the tomb of the sepulcher will call my father forth from his grave in the first resurrection.

On father's tombstone in Beemerville grave-yard, you may read the following epitaph:

SACRED IS THIS MONUMENT
TO THE MEMORY OF THE
REV. THOMAS CASAD,
WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE
NOV. 19TH.
ONE THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED
AND EIGHT
IN THE
FORTY-FIFTH YEAR OF HIS AGE.

FUNERAL SERVICES BY ELDER LATHROP, OF
GOSHEN, STATE OF NEW YORK.

TEXT:—I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith:

Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, will give me in that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing.

Faithful this herald preached the word
And spread the gospel of his Lord;
Finished his course and left this clay
And rose to everlasting day.

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The return of our widowed mother and her fatherless family to our desolate home was sad and mournful indeed. With aching hearts and eyes reddened with weeping, we rose on the morning of the twenty-second; and those who were old enough resumed the duties and cares of the household, and the management of the business of the farm. Father, in making his will, provided that mother should have the farm where he died, and all the stock and farming utensils, as long as she remained his widow; if she married, a certain portion, but if she stayed on the place they were to pay rent.

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Chapter VI.

Widow's Orphan Household — Three Years Elapse — A Rising Cloud — A Lone Widower with Seven Children, dependent Mother and Sisters, "Crazy Julia," "Crippled Mary," "Silly Susie," "Drunken Brother Philip" — Too Much Care for One — Mother Shares his Responsibility — Marriage — A Gilpin Julia — From Deckertown to Goshen under the Whip — Traits of the Wintermoot Household — Gloomy Prospects — Dispersion of the Casads — Brother Abner goes to the Navy — Anthony to the "far West" — His Impecuniosity — Foraging — Uncle Aaron welcomes the Wanderer — Brother turns Pedagogue — Marries Anna Stites — A Tussel with the Green-eyed Monster — His Vigils — He is Caught Napping — Vamose — Turns Tailor — Then turns up in Jersey.

As father had provided, mother could have remained on the place and kept the children and sent them to school; the rent of the other place and the interest of the money must go to mother for our board and clothing. With such provision as that, we would think that mother would be content, and devote her life to the care and education of her children.

In 1811 a Baptist minister named John Wintermoot, a rather good-looking gentleman, became impressed with the idea that he had found the being intended for his second wife, in the person of the widow Casad. Nor did it require long argument or importunity to convince her of the same fact; for she became greatly

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enamored of him. In the month of January of that year they were married, and she assumed with him the care of a crazy sister of his, who required almost constant attention, and the utmost vigilance to prevent her escape. An incident is given, illustrating the kind of annoyance which she was constantly subjecting them to. On one occasion when she was first losing her mind, her father, old Leonard Wintermoot, thought exercise would be a benefit to her and restore her mind; so he saddled up "Mahala," an old beast that neither whip nor spur could force out of a walk. He had also a race-nag, which he also saddled for his own use, counting that he would be able to head off any attempt that Julia might make to get away. Julia appeared to enjoy her ride very much. Arriving at Deckertown, old grandfather Wintermoot stopped at Grier's Hotel, and put Julia under the care of Mrs. Grier until he could go down town and do some trading. He urged the utmost care and vigilance, and to not let her go out alone or get out of sight. While grandfather was busy trading the military companies appeared on parade with red coats, armed with guns and swords, and drums beating. Julia had never seen the like of it; and supposing they were going to capture her, she made a rush for the door, and ran out. She mounted her father's race-horse, and riding "daddy" fashion, without bonnet or shawl, headed toward Goshen, in the State of New York, about twenty-five miles distant. Nor did she halt, or spare the whip, until she arrived at Goshen; and even here she would not have halted had not her beast been entirely overcome. The old man was at once informed of her escape, and immediately mustered a company to follow in pursuit. They

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had but little difficulty in keeping her trail, as they only inquired, "Have you seen a woman riding astride at full speed without bonnet or shawl?" "Yes, we did, and thought the animal was running away with her, and that it would endanger her to attempt to intercept her." "Which way did she go?" "Toward Goshen." "Where did she come from?" "Deckertown, New Jersey. But I must hasten; she is a crazy woman, and is running away with the horse." The people on the road only had to hear the true state of the case; and all that heard and had horses went in pursuit, until all the country between Deckertown and Goshen had joined in the chase. Such an excitement had never before been seen in New Jersey. In the first place, no girl in all that section was better known nor more highly esteemed than Julia Wintermoot; and all had hoped that a pleasant ride, and seeing the general muster, would be beneficial to her and tend to restore her right mind. But it only increased her insanity; for she seemed to think that the whole country, as well as the big muster, were plotting and scheming to capture her. There appeared, however, some method in her madness; for her shrewdness in selecting the swiftest horse, mounting astride and laying whip, and heading away from home, all showed some judgment. At Goshen, New York, they captured her, and by force took her back to her father. After the death of her father the care of her fell upon her brother, the Rev. John Wintermoot (my step-father); and it appeared a moral necessity that he should take care of her. But not so with mother; it was her deliberate choice.

Not only the helpless mother-in-law and crazy Julia were on mother's hands, but Susannah Drake, a married

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sister of Mr. Wintermoot, who had been married about twelve years, had four children, and at that period of her life was attacked with convulsions which resulted in loss of mind, was taken home to her mother, grandma Wintermoot, who was not able to take care of herself; and now all three of them were with mother. Susannah was very industrious, but had no judgment, and could do nothing but knit. Knitting was her forte, but only the manual part of it. She could not set the heel, nor narrow or widen. She would knit, and knit, on and on, upon the same stocking for half a year. When she had knit to the length of half or three quarters of a yard, she would ravel out and commence again, and continue to knit the same as before, without remembering her first blunder; and thus she continued for months and years. She would measure on her finger and find that her stocking was too long, then start again, and so continue to ravel and start until she would wear out the yarn and then get a new supply. If any one would offer to show her, then "the fat was in the fire" at once; for she had the impression that she was the best knitter in all the country—only a little careless, and forgot to set the heel or narrow at the right time. She would complain of the quality of the yarn, without knowing or thinking that she had worn it out. So her labor was worse than none, for it wore out the yarn. But her mind had to be employed, and by allowing her whim of knitting she was the more easily cared for. Yarn was comparatively cheap, as they had plenty of sheep, hand-cards and wheels, so that their yarn cost nothing but the pasture and care of the sheep, the shearing and carding of the wool (by hand-cards), and spinning. But had it cost five

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times as much, Susannah must have it to occupy her mind. She had lost her mind and memory so that she had forgotten husband, children, father, mother, brothers, sisters, indeed every relation of kinship—all, all, but her knitting-work. "In her confused brain Reason had lost her way." This was incumbrance No. 3.

Another was his brother Philip Wintermoot, who married a good woman, had two children, and at the end of five years became a drunken sot, so much so that his wife could not and would not live with him; so he came home to father Wintermoot's, and would take the flax and make ropes to sell for whisky money. He did not steal the flax, but just took it without permission. "John had plenty and did not care." He was right in that. John did not care for the flax; but John did care for his poor drunken brother Philip, who had thrown himself away, and become a nuisance to society and a disgrace to all his relatives. This was incumbrance No. 4.

Last was old Mary, an old maid, but who was rather a help than otherwise, as she did the cooking for the invalids, and for some time took care of her mother, Julia, Susannah, and Philip. Still, her wages and board were a burden. Incumbrance No. 5.

Then there were seven more incumbrances coming more directly under her supervision and care,—the seven step-children, six girls and one boy—one girl grown. All these children were without any training or discipline; and as a consequence, rebellion had to be encountered very soon after mother's marriage. But Mr. Wintermoot thought there never was mother's equal in management and discipline, so of course the children must recognize and conform to the new government.

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During her widowhood mother was certainly very happy, with her children all about her in a comfortable home, and a competence for their support and education; and what on earth possessed her to change her condition and scatter her children among strangers, especially her little girls, I never could see. Still, she had her perplexities in the management of the boys. Abner was sea-struck, and went to New York City and entered on board of a sloop of war; but Anthony remained at home, and mother thought with his help she could manage the place. But she reckoned without her host; for Anthony saw but little utility or pleasure in plowing or any other beneficial labor. When plowing, he would hitch his horse to the fence, still attached to the plow, and come into the kitchen to make elder-fifes, or some other like contrivance, so that his labor could not be depended upon; and mother gave him to understand he must mend his ways or leave; so he decided to go to the "Hios," as Ohio was then called. Of course mother tried to persuade him from so long and foolish a trip, but all in vain; the spell was upon him, and he was deaf to all entreaty or persuasion. So mother could do no better than furnish him an outfit, and let him take his chances in the battle of life in the far-off West. Fitting him out with plenty of clothing, as much as he could well carry, a new saddle, portmanteau, and the best horse on the place, away went brother Anthony, then only sixteen years old, for the "Hios," a distance of over eight hundred miles, over the Alleghany Mountains, through an unsettled wilderness country, without roads or bridges, over hills and mountains, creeks and rivers, swamps and marshes, pine

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woods, laurel-brush and jungle, infested with bears, catamounts, panthers, wolves, and venomous serpents, with here and there a roving band of Indians. But one month's hard riding brought him to Springfield, Ohio, then a very small village—his money all gone but "five dollars." But the bill was too far from home; no one would change it. And he had stopped at a hotel, but could not venture to call for dinner or feed for his horse unless they would change his money; and that they would not do. What was to be done? Himself and horse were sharp set for dinner—old necessity, the mother of invention. He dared not attempt to beg, as his fine saddle and tasselled books bespoke anything but beggary; so he lighted his pipe, mounted his horse Badger, and jogged on in the direction of Fairfield, where uncle Aaron Casad lived. As soon as he got to a strip of woods he halted, dismounted, and with the fire of his pipe applied to dry leaves and brush-kindling soon had a small camp-fire. He then made a raid on a corn-field hard by, and soon had Badger munching his feed, and himself, with great satisfaction, feasting on roasted roasting-ears. Long, long after this he told me that while he was munching his frugal meal he could not refrain from laughing as he thought of the little ditty:

"Green corn, a hungry nigger,
Tol de rol, tol de rol."

Well, my brother Anthony received a hearty welcome at uncle Aaron Casad's, who always had house-room and heart-room for any and everybody that would call at his house, which was a double cabin—a little extra for Ohio at that time, A. D. 1810. Indeed, with many it was considered aristocratic. Here my brother Anthony made

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his head-quarters; and in this new country he cut a wide swathe, and realized his consequence fully. He concluded to teach school; so he prepared with great care a subscription paper, which was written in a smooth, round school-master hand, and carefully and learnedly worded, so as to serve the double purpose of advertising his competency, and also to serve as a contract between this newly-fledged pedagogue and his patrons. He also soon made up a singing-school; and so he became a person of great consequence in the eyes of the community, and especially of one Anthony Wayne Casad. He soon sent back the five-dollar bill to exchange for other money that would pass out West; and he sent back for money due him on the estate, which was also sent him. Among his many admirers was one Anna Stites,—a daughter of Captain Samuel Stites,—whose beauty captured the young Jersey teacher. Anthony was not yet eighteen, and Anna under fourteen, when they were married; and in the midst of mother's great solicitude for her dear boy, so young and so far away from home, the word came that Anthony was a married *man*. Mother's solicitude was not much abated by this news, when she considered the youth and inexperience of both.

The honey-moon barely waned, when the green-eyed monster seized poor Anthony. He imagined all the young men who had ever even admired Anna Stites were desperately in love with the beautiful young bride, Anna Casad; and he sought every occasion to twit her, and make coarse insinuations in regard to her affections for him and want of fidelity to her marital vows. All night long he would keep up this kind of torment, and all night long would she weep and deplore her woful

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lot. In the morning he would pretend to go into the field to plow, and would hitch his horse beyond sight of the folks at the house (his father-in-law's), and creep up on the hay-mow in the barn, so that he could peep through the cracks and watch Anna; and woe be to her if some weary traveler should stop at the gate to inquire the way or get a drink of water—especially if Anna came to the door in response to the knock. On one occasion Captain Stites went up into the hay-mow to get hay for a stranger's horse who had called for dinner. There he found Anthony fast asleep on watch, having put in the previous night in tormenting his wife. The captain, pretending not to recognize him, but rather to suppose it was a dog, gave him several hard kicks, yelling at him at the same time, "Get out bull! You here spoiling my hay!" Anthony got up, went into the house, put on his best duds, and left. He had no money to travel on; so after traveling a day's journey he hired out as a journeyman tailor. All the practice he ever had in the art of tailoring was, that he had assisted Anna, his baby wife, in cutting by pattern and making his own clothes; so he hired to a farmer to make up the boys' clothes, and by this means got money enough to bear his expenses on his way home to New Jersey. When he came home, he came up to step-father Wintermoot's. Father Wintermoot asked mother if she knew this man. Mother walked up to him, put on her "specs," looked at him some time, and then turned away saying she had no knowledge of him. "Why, wife! don't you know your own son Anthony." Mother gave a scream and bounded toward him. Clasping him in her arms, she kissed him most heartily; and, as the little boys some-

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times say, "Good crying just then set in." Mother soon took in the whole situation and accused him of being jealous of his wife, telling him it was a trait in the Casad character. She told him his father had been the "victim of the green-eyed monster, that makes the meat it feeds on." On one occasion, when cooking for his hands,—who were all around waiting,—she became so exhausted that through blindness, dizziness, and fainting she was obliged to sit down. The nearest place was a bed, which she sat down on until the delirium passed off. Owing to her blindness and prostration, she had not noticed that there was a man also sitting on the bed. She did not hear the last of that for seven years. On hearing this, Anthony was so mortified that he was heartily ashamed of himself; and as soon as he could he returned home to Fairfield, made up with his wife, and I think to the day of her death treated her as an honorable woman should be treated.

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Chapter VIII.

Brother Anthony Returns to his Domicile — Joins a Successful Minister in the Methodist Episcopal Church — Removes to Illinois — Becomes Wealthy — Leaves a Large Estate — Further Dispersion of the Casad Children — Mother's Hardships and Patience.

We will follow the future history of brother Anthony, as I do not wish to leave him now to an apparent disadvantage. Soon after his return he embraced religion and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, which by its itinerant system, was traveling with the march of civilization. He was an earnest, zealous, and successful minister in that church for many years, principally in the State of Illinois, near Lebanon and Summerfield. He reared a large family of children, whose names are as follows: Thomas, Milton, Samuel, Isaac, Amanda, Lavina, Harriet, Caroline, C. C., and Anna, by his third wife. Charley died very young, and also one little girl, who was accidentally poisoned.

My brother Anthony was highly esteemed as a minister in his church, and later in life as a physician, and also as a citizen of the state of his adoption. I have been thus particular in giving brother Anthony's history to show the influence the Christian religion has upon the heart and conduct of mankind.

Brother Anthony, at his death, left a large estate by will to his grandchildren; but his children had the will

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of Dr. A. W. Casad set aside, and the property, as I was informed, amounted to about $14,000 each.

The reader will now return to the Wintermoot homestead, and take a glimpse at what had been transpiring for the last few years.

After mother's marriage it was found necessary for sister Caty to go to uncle Jacob Casad's. Polly was to go to old Joel Crowell's. I must go to Isaac Holly's (a place and people strange to me). Thomas must go to Joseph Wilson's. The terrible day of separation came. Sister Caty got on a horse, and taking me on behind her, off we started for Isaac Holly's. I think I cried all the way. Christian went to live at aunt Polly Compton's. Anthony was gone to Ohio. Abner had enlisted in the United States navy before Anthony left home. Isaac Finch went with mother to her new home. And thus the care of her children was divided out, exchanging them for seven undisciplined children of another, the smiles and sympathy of her own for the frowns and arrogance of other children,—amid lunacy, imbecility, insanity, drunkenness, added to her other household cares, ten cows to milk, flax to hackle, swingel and spin, wool to card, spin, and weave, and make up into winter wear for the Wintermoots. Surely a hard lot she had of it; and one would think she must have often rued her choice. But no, not a murmur was heard from her. She was a person of great fortitude, and too proud to complain.

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Chapter VIII.

Hardships at Holly's — White Slavery — "A Hard Rub" — Taken Very Sick and Taken Home — Kindness of Step-Father Wintermoot — Spasms — Codfish — "Late and Early" — New Frock for all but Lydia — A World of Trouble — The Calico Antidote — Father Wintermoot in the Foreground — New Home at Uncle Samuel Casad's — Hard Times for One Year — New Home at Jacob Hand's — Shoemaker's Promises; Oh, How Brittle — New Method of Feet-Warming — Hard Work and Kindness — Perilous Adventure up the Mountain.

Mother supposed that she had obtained a good place for me, when she placed me under the care of Isaac Holly, as the family were good Baptist people. But one day two Baptist girls called to see mother, to inquire if she knew how Lydia was getting along. Mother said, "Very well; a good place; the Hollys are excellent people; staunch Baptist folks." "Well," remarked one of the girls, "Can't say how good they are. I think Mr. Holly is a good man; but as for Mrs. Holly, she is too miserably lazy to have religion or anything else that is good, or required the getting, or the exercise of faith. She makes that poor child work most shamefully. She never sends her to school or teaches her to sew, but makes her do all the work for ten in the family, and milk five cows; and I think she will work her to death if you do not look to it."

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Mother heard the sad news with astonishment, yet hoped there was some mistake; but for fear it might be true, she *would* look to it.

Accordingly mother came over and asked how we were getting along. "Oh, pretty well." "Does Lydia go to school any?" "No, there has been so much to do I could not spare her." "Does she sew any?" "No, not yet; I could not spare her from the work." Mother motioned for me to take a walk with her. We went down to the branch, where the clothes I had washed the day before were spread out on the grass. Mother asked me who washed them. "I did." "Did not Mrs. Holly help you?" "No, ma'am." "Don't she ever help you?" "No, ma'am, she never does." "Let me see your hands." I showed her my hands, which were full of raw places from my knuckles to some distance up the under side of my wrist. (We had no washboards then. We had to *rub* out the dirt with our hands; and coarse tow-linen pants at that.) Mother took me to Mrs. Holly and showed her my hands. All the answer she made was, "Lydia ought to make the soap and the battler do more." For the time being I was left with this old tyrant, who now felt greatly incensed at my mother's complaining; and it was scold, scold, from morning till night, day in and day out.

At last, as the good Lord would order it, I was taken sick—for I think that sickness was a blessing in disguise; so father Wintermoot came over on horseback, thinking I could ride behind him. But I was too sick to sit up; and it seemed to me I was a great burden to the family, as I was much afflicted with scrofula and spasms from my infancy. When father Wintermoot saw how sick I was he proposed to go home and bring the carriage or wagon.

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But I was not to be put off. I must go along with him. I was fearful he would forget to come back. Nothing would do me but to go with him. So he got on his horse and took me in his arms and carried me all the way home (mother's new home). By the time I got there I was delirious, which was followed with a long and very severe spell of sickness. But I did not return to my oppressor, or to the buffeting of Mrs. Holly's son, Gid Gold, the offspring of a former marriage.

I soon saw what a hard lot mother had—ten cows to milk, churning, baking, washing, scrubbing, ironing, spinning, weaving, in fact everything that pertained to woman's work on a farm. And it must be done in the best possible manner where mother presided. As for any aid from her step-children, it was out of the question, as they belonged to that class of persons who were born tired, whom neither money, poverty, necessity, or sympathy could move to effort or toil. They were of that "early and late" class, who retired early and slept late, who lived to eat and sleep,—a little after the style of our shoddy codfish aristocracy of the present time, a kind of royalty without the requisite blue blood, having a lasting contempt for those who do labor in field or kitchen. Of course these high-toned personages set their caps for some count or viceroy or foreign minister, but eventually a compromise on some high-toned rake or scape-grace, with more brass than bullion, and more "lip" than love or lore.

The farmers were in the habit of going to New York City every fall with their produce, such as butter, pork, beef, and vegetables. Father Wintermoot and mother got all ready and off, to the New York City market.

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Never before, in all his life, had he so much for market. The soldiers were then stationed at Staten Island, and produce found a good and ready sale. After purchasing their winter supplies in the goods line they returned home in high glee. The happy household met them at the gate, clambering in the wagon to see the sights, and delighted to carry in the bundles, packages, and bags of commodities for family use; and before any supper could be served an inventory must be made of the store-goods, especially of dresses for the children. Mother began to undo the bundles. "There, Milley, is a dress for you. There, Julia, is a dress I got for you. There, Eliza, is a dress for you. There, Fanny, is a dress for you. And here, my little darling Lottie, is a dress ma got for you; give mamma a kiss for it."

I looked on, on, and on, while they were laying out the goods. At last I slipped up quietly to mother's side and asked her in a whisper, "Anything for me?" "No, oh no, your uncle Jacob must see to getting yours." I slipped out of doors, dark as it now was, crept off to the garden fence, and hid in the fence-corner; and of all the crying I ever did, that was the most heart-rending. All my hardships and afflictions and wrongs passed before my mind like a panorama. I thought of how much I had done than the other girls to help mother; that one half of the cows belonged to father, and now he was dead and gone, and I was fatherless and motherless. And again the fountains of my grief were opened afresh when I thought of the hard lot I had at Hollys, and how my sisters and brothers were scattered abroad among strangers; that I had no home; that mother calls Lottie her little pet, and her little daughter; that she got every one a

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nice new dress, but none for me, and pushed me away when I whispered to her to know whether there was anything for me. Oh! what will I do? I will stay here in this fence-corner and die. I'm not afraid of bears, nor mad-dogs, nor snakes. Oh, if I could only die. Then how sorry they would be when they would come and find me dead; then they would think how cruelly they had treated me. Thus my grief-stricken heart was moaning and groaning; and, as I now suppose, I was making more noise and ado than I was aware of. Father Wintermoot returning from the barn, where he had been feeding his horses, heard me, and coming to me asked, "What in the world is the matter, my child?" "Child." Oh, those kind words, "*my child.*" Why, I could not speak; I broke out into a fresh cry. Father gathered me in his arms, carried me into the house, and set me down by mother, saying, "Here, mother, is your child; I think she is very sick." "Oh, no," said mother, "there is nothing the matter, only I did not get her a dress; and she is carrying on and fussing about that." "My wife, did you do such a thing as to neglect getting a dress for Lydia?" "Yes, I did. Her uncle Jacob must get all her clothes for her." "Well," said father Wintermoot, "don't cry, my child, you shall have a calico dress. What kind of a dress do you want?" "Like Julia's," said I. This was the first word I had spoken after I was carried in. Father Wintermoot was an adept in drawing grief-stricken children into conversation, so he asked me what color Julia's dress was. I told him it was red. "Ah, yes, my child, red is a very pretty color. Don't cry any more; we will make it all right." I went to bed with a heavy heart, and half sleeping, half dream-

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ing I mused over the sad events of the evening, until the sweet restorer sleep veiled my eyes and gave rest to this mortal frame; but the spirit was cruising abroad in the boundless oceans of dreamland, seeking perhaps some happy clime free from the sorrows of mortal life, or communing with the spirits of the just made perfect.

In the morning father Wintermoot had an errand to Deckertown, and on his return had a beautiful calico dress for me. I, of course, was in ecstacies; and I ever afterward looked upon him as a good friend, and upon mother as an old neighbor who had cut my acquaintance for more congenial friends. I suppose that when mother made her last matrimonial alliance it was the agreement of the high contracting parties that all the children were to be put out except Isaac Finch; and she was bound to carry out the contract in good faith. And so she did, as the sequel will show. It was ascertained that it would be more healthy for me at uncle Jacob Casad's, my father's brother and executor, than at father Wintermoot's. Accordingly, I was sent there.

I thought it very strange that mother should shove me off in this way. Orphans indeed, without father or mother, know the cold world has but little sympathy; but for a mother with ample means at her disposal to treat me thus was a mystery to many more than myself. And to take strange children to her heart's embrace and call them her "little pets," made me feel—well, I must confess I felt a little ugly. But I did not wish mother to abuse or mistreat them; indeed I rather loved them, and would have been very glad to have them live with her too. I think father Wintermoot was very willing I should stay; but mother was inexorable, and I had to be content with my new home.

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Aunt Hannah Casad was sick—indeed that was her normal condition; and my arrival was timely, as they were greatly in need of help. I had five cows to milk, and all the housework to do for eight in the family. A large kitchen floor was to be scrubbed daily, as clean as soap and water and sand could make it; dishes for three meals per day were to be washed; and little Jake's bed had to be washed; and all the other beds made. On wash-day the scrubbing was waived; but all other week-days, with aunt Hannah and mother scrubbing was indispensable. I stayed there nearly one year; and I had nearly as hard a time of it as I had at Hollys, with this difference, uncle Jacob was father's executor, had our money in his hands, and could charge for my board. Why not? I was young, and he would not be called on for final settlement for ten years yet. After I had been there about a year, a man by the name of Jacob Hand (Han) saw how uncle Jacob was treating me. He came over and pleaded with uncle to let me go and live with him, and instead of charging for my board he would pay me well for my work. They asked me if I was willing to go. I said if uncle was willing, and if he would get me a pair of shoes and let me go to school. All this he readily consented to do. But I now think he had not the remotest idea of doing it. So Mr. Hand became my keeper, and I went on duty. My master took my foot-measure to the shoemaker's and returned with the sad news that my shoes would not be done for three or four weeks—sad news to me, as I had eleven cows to milk, morning and evening. In the morning the ground and meadow-grass were white with frost. Notwithstanding this, I was rallied out early, so that the milking would be over before sun-

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rise. I soon learned to drive up the cow and get my bare feet on the warm place that the cow had occupied. By this means I kept my feet from frosting, and here again demonstrating that "necessity is the mother of invention."

Mrs. Hand was in very poor health, and not able to do any work; so I had it all to do. Mr. Hand was very kind, and helped me. He would churn and carry all the milk from the meadow to the milk-house, and the milk and slops to the hog-pen. Mr. Hand was of a very kind disposition. But his wife was cross, ill-grained, and coarse, to say the least.

While at Mr. Hand's, I took a notion that I would perform a great exploit. Immediately in the rear of his house there was a high mount, with almost a perpendicular face fronting the premises. No person had ever ascended it more than a few yards. I took a fancy I would climb that mountain in the steepest place. All laughed at me when I talked of such an adventure, telling me that no human foot had scaled that precipice, and they thought never would. Abel Decker, a very active colored boy, had come the nearest. He had climbed up about fifteen rods west; and none had ever attempted to go up even there but Abel Decker. But to go up where I proposed was simply impossible; yet I had resolved to try it.

One Sabbath morning when there were several visitors present from Newton, I told them I was going to climb the mountain. So off I went, they all following to the woods. They stopped back in the field, so they could see if I would undertake the venture. They watched the face of the mountain for some time. At last they

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saw me moving up above the tops of the trees. I had made up my mind that if I got to a place where I could go no farther I could retrace my steps at will. So on I went; on, on, up, up, until I came to a large perpendicular rock facing me. To go to the right of it was an impossibility; to go to the left was barely possible. But the rock was there, smooth on the surface, some fifty feet square. I now for the first time had misgivings as to my success, and looked back for the most practicable route down again. I saw I was far above the trees, and a dark abyss below me. I dared not look back the second time. I must now go up or die in the attempt. As good luck would have it, there was a small seam in the rock from east to west, and barely large enough to admit my toes without my shoes on. I managed to get my shoes in my bosom, and by clinging to the moss on the rock I managed to balance myself so as to keep from falling as I was going past the rock. I thought of snakes in those crevices. I thought of Enoch Ayers, that had been bitten by a pilot and was crippled for life after severe suffering, and came near losing his life. I thought of a thousand things. But I clung to the rock, and proceeded slowly, inch by inch, until I got to the west side, where the way appeared more practicable, until I had climbed over the rock to the scrub-oaks on the north-east corner. Behind them was a lair which looked like the nest of some wild beast of the forest. There, faint and almost exhausted, I crawled into the dark cavern, and prayed to God, confessing my sins and pleading with him to have mercy on a poor orphan that had so presumptuously risked her life, and that, too, on his holy Sabbath. I pleaded and wept and prayed until I felt that the God of the orphan would protect me. Crawl-

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ing out again, I started on with fresh courage, trusting that God would protect me on my perilous way. Soon after I started, a stone nearly a foot in diameter came tumbling down within about three feet of my head. Instead of this frightening me, I felt that God was protecting me; and I felt a sacred trust in his care and providence the remainder of the way. My spirit was buoyant as air, and I soon reached the top in safety. I ran on my hands and feet for some distance, for the top was a level plain covered with greensward grass, or a grass quite as beautiful. After thanking my father's God for his merciful kindness to me, I arose to my feet and took a view of the landscape and plains below. South of me I could see Newton, the capital of Sussex County, and away north-east I could see the glittering steeples in Goshen, the county seat of Orange County, New York, and east of me was Deckertown, and the beautiful farms spread out between the Blue and Pachuck mountains. Oh, the beautiful, the romantic, the grand, the deformed, the chequered scenes of this moving world, the miraculous transition from my late perilous condition, to have my feet on *terra firma* once more. Well, the people in the field below watched until they saw me on the summit of the mountain; and they told me, after I came down, that when they took their eyes off of me, —owing to the great height it was with difficulty that they could see me,—and would wait my movements to locate me, I appeared to them but little larger than a bird. I was compelled to go three miles around to get back; but I knew the way, as I had often rambled through that part whortle-berrying. I had started in the morning at nine o'clock, and returned in the afternoon at four, weary and hungry.

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Chapter IX.

God's Providence — Brother Abner Returns — Emigrates to Ohio, taking Brother Thomas with him — Sister Christian's Love at First Sight — Marries her Charmer—Happy Pair — Wealth and Long Life — Sister Caty marries Asa Elston — Good Man — Left Large Estate and Large Family — Sister Mary marries Abram Bodle — Their Children — Brother Thomas marries Margaret Baker, of Fairfield — Brother Finch marries Caroline Townsley, of Yellow Springs — While living at Mr. Isaac Finch's under treatment for "King's Evil," an Army Physician from Saratoga prescribes a Final Cure.

My readers may say, Why this folly? What good can possibly result from such heaven-daring adventures? No good at all in themselves, unless, like everything else, it is utilized. I learned from it the philosophy of success, trust, and perseverance. When I felt it my duty to preach the everlasting gospel to dying men, and at the same time felt my weakness, I placed my trust and reliance on that God whose right hand led me up the steep of the mountain; and delivered me from my dangerous attitude. When I was notified of my election as chaplain of the state prison in Kansas, I said to myself, Is not the mountain too high and steep for my ascent? Never before in the world's history had a woman been chosen to such a position. Trusting in the providence of my heavenly Father, I undertook the perilous task. Inasmuch as I had never asked or thought of the

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position, nor had any member of my family or church solicited it for me, it seemed to me to be under the guidance of an unseen hand to this field of labor.

I will now resume our family history. My noble, generous brother Abner had "gone down to the sea in a ship" of war, and after cruising around a year or two he returned home and found mother married to Rev. John Wintermoot. Anthony settled in Ohio, and the other children were scattered about among strangers—except Finch, the youngest. Abner sold his share,—thirty acres of hemp-meadow, worth one hundred dollars per acre,—and with the proceeds attended a school in Bath, Steuben County, New York. There he married Jemima Chauncey, and soon after emigrated to Ohio, taking brother Thomas with him, and sojourning awhile at Cadiz, Ohio, with some friends. Sister Christian, the dear girl, was prevailed upon to leave home and go to aunt Polly Compton's to stay awhile. The first Sabbath she was there she attended meeting, and there saw her future ——. Well, it was love at first sight. How she condemned her weakness; and as she feasted her eyes upon him the more complete was the capture. By great exertion she turned her eyes away from him, but as often involuntarily would her eyes turn to him. How very wicked to thus allow her affections to wander in such a direction, for the object of her love was very probably a married man. So great was the tumult and struggle of her thoughts, which held her in such horrible suspense, that, in spite of all her efforts to prevent it, she burst forth in a flood of tears and wept almost inconsolably, yet could not tell for the life of her what she was crying about. I think her mind ran about in

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this current: Oh, how I wish I had seen him before he was married, or else had never seen him at all. Oh, wretched woman that I am, to let another woman's husband cling to my thoughts and so engross my affections as to allow me to think of him for one moment. Shame on me! But none except God shall know my unhappy and ill-starved fate. I will seal it up forever in my own love-stricken breast. Imagine her surprise and joy, when the meeting closed, to hear that the object of her idolatry was an unmarried man, highly respected and "well off." He was now approaching that period in life called "bachelor," and sister Christian was also approaching that period in the life of an unmarried lady when time flies a little too swiftly. Christian was a firm believer in the doctrine of foreordination, and now she *knew* it; for a long and happy wedded life with this same personage has settled the question in her mind beyond controversy. She said, had she known he was a single man she would have laughed instead of cried, and not allowed him to see her looking at and admiring him.

William B. Coddington and Christian lived a long and happy life, and reared a family of seven children, named as follows: George, Casad, Israel, William, Jane, Christian, and Mary. They became very wealthy, saw their children all grown up and most of them married, and then were gathered to their fathers, leaving a bright testimony that they had gone to the mansions prepared for the finally faithful.

My brother Joseph Tingley Casad died near the age of two.

Sister Caty married Asa Elston, and lived in New

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Jersey. They reared a family of eight children—Mordecai Wilson Elston, Thomas Casad Elston, Mary Elston, Martha Elston, Hannah Elston, Sarah Elston, and Theresa Elston. One of their children, Elizabeth, died at the age of sixteen, and one of their first in infancy. The six first above named are still living, further mention of whom will be made in another place.

My sister Mary (Polly) married Abram Bodle. He was large in stature, a lawyer, a fair scholar and well read, but very disagreeable and terribly homely. To illustrate: my son John T. Cox once was making them a visit. When near Greenville, Ohio, and within about twenty miles of Bodle's, he made frequent inquiries for them. Calling at a house-raising a short distance from the road, he thought certainly some one there would know "Abram Bodle," or "Judge Bodle." But, no! There was no person of that name in the county; and of this they seemed positive. They then asked for his description. It was given as "a large man, say six feet six inches high, of Irish descent and diction, quick-spoken, and a little abrupt in manners." No one knew him. "And probably the *homeliest man* in the county." Several spoke up, "Oh, yes, I know him. He lives up beyond Greenville, about twenty miles from here," and gave particular directions where to find him. I only mention this to show that he was a remarkable man, and was known on account of his bad looks. He had been a man of some means, but by his habits of dissipation squandered it all, as also her estate. Whenever she would make a draw on her portion, he would take it and spend it for drink. She did not get enough out of several hundred dollars to buy a babe a bib. Brother

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Finch managed to save enough of Polly's share in the Rebellee estate to buy her a farm near Greenville, Ohio, which was so deeded that she could not sell it. Bodle died some fourteen years before Polly. After his death she built a comfortable house, made good improvements on the place, and lived very comfortably. Her last days were her best days. She lived a devoted Christian life, and died the death of the righteous. She left three children—Alexander, Abigail, and Amy. Three of her children, Vantyle Courson Bodle, Lydia, and Abraham, died before she did. May heaven bless her surviving children.

My brother Thomas Meade Casad married Margaret Baker, at Fairfield, Ohio, and Isaac Finch Casad married Caroline Townsley, of Yellow Springs, Ohio, all of whom have passed away (except Margaret), and of whose death more particular mention will be made.

A short time before father's death I was greatly afflicted with what was called "king's evil." Father sent me to Mr. Isaac Finch's for medical treatment. I was also attending school. When my father grew worse I was sent for, and remained with him until after his death. Again I was sent back for medical treatment, and remained there a year or more. I would have remained there until this time before a cure would be effected, had not an old surgeon from Saratoga, New York, came along on the way to New York City. The physician left his prescription and some medicine, and I soon was cured. Mrs. Finch urged mother to bind me to her; but father had forbidden his children being bound out, so mother took me home.

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Chapter X.

Kidnapped — Judicial Inquiry —Wardrobe in Evidence —Mrs. Finch Mulct in Costs —War with England Threatening — Further Particulars about the Wintermoot-Casad Wedding.

A few months after this Mrs. Finch came visiting mother, and prevailed on her to let me go home with her on a visit. When I got there she would not let me go home. I stayed on and on. At last mother came for me; but Mrs. Finch told her that father gave me to her to keep and raise, and she would let me go only on condition that mother would solemnly promise to bring me back. Mother told her the children at home were very anxious to see me, that she wanted me to go to school, and she believed, as she had come on purpose to see me and to take me home, and my brothers and sisters wanting to see me, she would take me along. "No, you don't take her along; she stays here with me. Her father gave her to me, and I am determined to keep her." "Well, then, I must go without her; but the children will cry bitterly if she don't come." "Well, they will have to cry; for she can't come." Mother found it useless to contend with her, as it would only tend to gender strife, calculating by some other way, and at some other time, to accomplish her purpose. Some time after this my brother Abner and sister Christian, and two or three more, came to Mr. Finch's, visiting, which was a com-

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mon practice among young folks in those days. All things went on smoothly until Abner told his errand. "Well," said he, "Mrs. Finch, I will tell you my errand; we have come for Lydia." "Well, I can tell you in short she is not going with you; so that must end it at once." Now the storm had set in. She said, "Your father gave her to me." "Then why did you bring her home and say you would not keep her unless she was bound to you?" Mrs. Finch: "From the fact that I expected you to do just as you are doing, try to coax her away as soon as she began to be of use to me."

Abner: "But, Mrs. Finch, you saw father's will, and know that he wished the children all kept together."

Mrs. Finch: "He didn't mean Lydia, for he gave her to me."

Abner: "She was included. Father said, keep them all together and send them to school."

While this altercation was going on the girls, Christian Finch and Polly Quick, were busy getting supper for their visitors. My sister, unobserved by Mrs. Finch, beckoned me out of the door. Out we slipped as quietly as possible. Christian told me to run down the road as far as Mrs. Ayer's, and climb upon the fence and wait there until she came. "Oh, no, Christian, I am afraid of mad-dogs." "Oh, there is no danger from them now." Well, I knew there was, for I had met one a short time before that. Moreover, one had bitten Finch's dog and they had to kill him. All I said, and in a hurry too, did not change her purpose. She still urged me to go, promising to wait until I got on the fence. So off I ran; and, as I was then fleet of foot, I was soon on the fence by Mr. Ayer's, or "old Rants," as Finch's boys

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called him. After she saw me safely seated, sister returned unobserved and resumed her knitting. Pretty soon John Finch, the sharpest one among their seven boys, said, "Where is Lydia?" No one spoke. Dan said, "Where is Lydia?" No one spoke. At last Isaac said to his mother earnestly, "Why, mother, where is Lydia?" She looked around, exclaiming, "Where is she! She has deserted. I will prevent it, if it lays in my power;" and she hastened out of the door and called me as loud as she could. Christian took up her bonnet and cloak and furs and was with Abner and the rest of their company. Matty Bills and little Ben Lewis were soon in their saddles and off in a canter, leaving the Finchs to eat their suppers alone. On they came. Abner came up to me, where I was perched on the fence. I jumped on behind him in ecstacies. Clinging to him, away we went on a full lope, as we did not know but that they would follow us in force, and we would have some trouble to say the least of it. We arrived safe at home about eleven o'clock at night. All were in bed but mother, her anxieties being too great about the result of the enterprise to admit of sleep.

In a few days came the sheriff (or constable) after Abner with a writ to answer for kidnapping. He must appear before his "betters" (as Mrs. Finch would say), Squire Bockover. Mrs. Finch had procured the services of a lawyer, from Newton, to plead her cause, and subpœnaed all the Lewis' that were with Abner when he took me home, and also all her own family, including old Mr. Finch, a badly crippled man, with dead palsy, and Polly Quick, a trifling girl that lived there most of the time. All this was for array and intimidation, and to run up

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expenses, as they felt sure of success; for Abner would not deny anything he had done, nor hesitate a moment to tell the whole story, and the reason. Among other reasons he disliked the crowd, including Poll Quick and the Finch boys.

Well, the trial came on. Abner produced father's will and showed in it that the children were all to be kept together; that he was one of the executors of the will, and was forbidden to bind out the children; that Mrs. Finch had waived all right, if she ever had any, by taking me home and refusing to keep me any longer unless I was bound, and after that she had decoyed me and stole me away from home, and then kept me by restraint, even refusing to let me make a visit home; all of which she did not deny. When the matter was presented in its true light Squire Bockover dismissed the suit, putting Mrs. Finch to about twenty dollars cost.

Ah, she had a spirit not to be vanquished thus. She turned about and sued Abner for my board and some clothing she had made for me,—out of her old ones; so away all had to go again to the trial. While the lawyer was telling of the wonderful expense of clothing, uncle Jacob, who was on the opposite side, was shaking the clothes before him, and calling on the squire to make an estimate of the articles, and of my work and the trouble they had been put to in getting me away from their house. Suffice it to say, Abner beat her again. I never knew how much she lost; but it must have been pretty heavy, as she made all the cost she could, and had her lawyer to pay.

Happy now at home again. But all along our mortal pilgrimage there are discounts on all our enjoyments.

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The shepherd was smitten and the little flock was scattering—some far out in the wilderness.

After we returned home from father's funeral, and dreary, heavy night brooded over our desolate home, who will pray with us and for us now? Before going to rest mother took the Bible and opened to a passage in Jeremiah—"Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in me." She then knelt with us all. Mother sobbed a good while; then with a faltering voice she said, "O Lord, thou hast said, and thy word can not return void, that you will keep my poor fatherless children. I give them in thy holy care and keeping and will trust in thee." We all felt we wanted such a protector. Those were sorrowing times for us poor heart-stricken children, and our sorrowing, disconsolate mother.

The nation was threatened with war by England. The president, in giving the causes of the war, "the impressment of our seamen," was first mentioned. "Persons sailing under our flag had been seized and carried off by English vessels of war; not as against an enemy, but under pretense that they were British subjects." Under such pretexts they would search our vessels and carry off thousands of American citizens, compelling them to serve on British ships of war. Abner had hurried to enter the navy, Anthony had gone to Ohio, Christian went to uncle Reuben Compton's, in Somerset County, New Jersey, Caty had gone to take care of uncle Jacob's wife, aunt Hannah Casad, and Polly lived with old Joe Crowell, leaving Thomas, Isaac, and myself with mother

About this time an itinerant school-master with a large family came along seeking employment, and moth-

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er thought this a good opportunity to school the children; so she bargained with him to give them house-room and fuel in the tree, and he to assist in feeding and getting the winter wood. But Mr. Clements soon became weary in well-doing, and kept drunk, and a good part of the time in a state of repudiation. Besides, he was a great annoyance to our neighborhood; but luckily he was drafted in the army, and had to go to the front. He was never heard of afterward, but left his wife and children on our hands; and a more disagreeable set could not be found. We now had no one to feed the stock and get the wood but brother Thomas and myself. He was ten years old, and I about twelve. Isaac Finch was seven. Mother went over with Mr. John Wintermoot, a Baptist minister, to Elder Southard's, Deckertown, and from there they went to go to old father Wintermoot's. They were to be gone a week. They had not been gone an hour until the chimney took fire and blazed out of the top six feet high; but as good luck would have it, the wind took the blaze over the gable, so no damage was done. The house was two and a half stories high, with a fire-place in each story, so that when it took fire below it made a tremendous roaring, which frightened us very much. But no harm was done. We were out of wood, and the weather very cold. The ground was covered with snow and sleet, and all was a glare of ice.

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Chapter XI.

Great Demand for Fuel — "Pacer and Asafetida" to the Rescue — Widow Clements and family Steal our Wood — Grand Ovation and Serenade — Solomon and the Widow carried in Triumph on a Rail — A Bad Cold Snap — Solomon Stabs young Crowell — Sister Mary's Presence of Mind and Prudent Care of the Wounded Man — John Crowell Strikes down the Murderer — Our Criminal with a Sled Standard — Thrown onto a Sled and Drawn to the Bed-side of the Dying Victim — Then to Jail — Feigns Insanity — Sol. Released — Goes to his Family — Runs off with Mrs. Clements — Commences Drinking and Establishes a Pandemonium — Crullers on a Large Scale — "House Upside Down" — Widow Casad's Vendue — Swinging Around the Circle — "Black Art" — I wind, who holds? — Knight of the Garter — Abuses.

We must have wood! So we geared up old "Pacer and Asafetida," as we called our most gentle team, hitched them to the sled, and took our axes and started over the ice and snow for the timber. The road was on the hill-side. Our folks in butchering had been using the sled for convenience in scalding hogs, and had taken out the tongue. We did not know that the sled had any use for a tongue, so we managed to fasten the double-tree to the front-roller, and off we went in high glee. When we got to the side-hill slope, the sled swung to one side, warping the horses around, the traces hitching on their heels. We found, however, that the faster the horses

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traveled the better the sled kept in track; so we put the team on the full gallop, to keep the sled off their heels going down the hill. When we got to the woods we had the choice of timber; so we selected young ash and hickory trees, six and eight inches through, cut them down and off in about six foot lengths, loaded up, and home we drove—all walking a good part of the way. After unloading and warming, off we went after another load. When we returned with the second load, lo! and behold! Mrs. Clements had cut up and carried all our first load into her kitchen. Well, well; what now? We fell to work cutting the second load, and carrying it up stairs. But here she had the advantage. She had our first load; and she could cut and carry in the second as fast as we, and we could not prevent it. However, we continued to cut and haul until we got enough for us all.

Old Clements had left his wife and children in the care of a Masonic brother by the name of Solomon Smith; and he was most watchful of his precious charge—calling over daily, but never providing anything for their relief. Mrs. Clements was a very pretty woman, and Solomon was very much smitten with her beauty and loveliness. So he moved her over into his own kitchen. After they had lived over there a few weeks, some of the mischievous young men of the neighborhood concluded to give old Solomon and Mrs. Clements an airing on a rail; so one cold night they took them out of their warm bed, got them on a rail, and closed the amusement by giving the parties a pretty good trouncing.

Mr. Smith was a saddle and harness maker. The next

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morning after the airing on the rail a young man by the name of Joel Crowell came in, and found Mr. Smith eating his breakfast in his own house. Joel walked up to him, patted him on the shoulder, and asked him if his lines were done. Solomon thought he was one of those who had lynched him, and ordered him to leave the house. He started for the door; but Smith overtook him in the door and stabbed him in the abdomen, letting out a portion of the bowels. Crowell walked about a half mile home, carrying and holding in his bowels as best he could. His father and brother John Crowell were in the barn at work, and seeing Joel coming asked him what was the matter. He told them that Solomon Smith had stabbed him, giving the circumstances in a very few words. Old man Crowell and his son John started for old Solomon Smith's; but the old man remembered that Joel needed attention, so he gave the pitchfork to John, and told him not to leave a breath in old Smith's body. He then mounted a horse and went to Deckertown for a doctor. When Joel came in his mother was so frightened to see Joel with the blood dripping down from his hands that were holding in his bowels, that she ran down to the cellar and John's wife ran screaming up stairs, where they could not see the horrid spectacle or hear his groaning. Sister Polly was living there then, and young as she was, told him she would stay with him until the doctor came. He lay on his back in the hall (for the Crowell's lived in a large brick mansion), and Polly put his bowels back as well as she could, and with her little hands held them there while his father rode eight miles and brought the doctor. The doctor on his arrival and short examination said, "Sir! you may pos-

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sibly live; if you do, you owe your life to that little girl." The doctor stitched up the gash, bandaged him up as well as he could, and by careful nursing he finally recovered. How about John Crowell and old Solomon Smith? John thought, as he was running along, that if he used the pitchfork on him he would surely murder him, so he threw it down and picked up a sled standard and hurried on toward Smith's. He found him in the yard door, rushed upon him and beat him till he could not walk or raise up. A neighbor coming along about that time with a sled, he made the man stop; and John tumbled Smith on the sled and took him where he could see Joel die, and then finished the punishment. John sent for Squire Bockover to come over, and they had old Smith arrested and taken down to Newton jail.

After he had been in jail some time, here came Hannah Clements, who had left the morning after the airing and gone to her father's, old Josiah Hazen's. After she had been in about an hour whispering to him, all at once he yelled out for the jailor to come and take the woman away, and on pain of death never to let her come there again. "Oh! how I would kick her, but for these miserable shackles. O Mr. Jailor, have mercy on me, and don't, don't annoy me with that miserable wretch of a woman. She has been the cause of all my calamity. Oh, my dear family. If I could only once more enjoy their society. Now I have been robbed of it all by this accursed woman. Don't! Don't!! Mr. Jailor, don't let her come here any more." In this way he went on day after day, lamenting his downfall, and bitterly denouncing the wicked cause of it.

Soon his wife heard how he was ranting and going on

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about Hannah, and his saying they might chain him down to his own floor, so that he could enjoy the sympathy and society of his dear wife and children. So over to the jail Anna goes. Oh, how very glad he was to see his darling Anna. Yes, yes, he could enjoy life with her. So she obtained permission to take a bed to the jail, and be around to cook for him.

Joel Crowell recovered before Solomon did, for the blood would still ooze from his ears while lying down.

With Anna and the children interceding, and the lawyers hinting to John Crowell and his father that John had rather transgressed the law in all he done, and as all hands were Free and Accepted Masons, they might just as well make it all up, and let the old man come home. So home he came. But of course he was so mortified at his conduct and downfall, that he would sell out and move away. Yes, that was what he would do. So he sold out; and away he went to look out a home. He says to Anna, "I want you to go with me to Deckertown." "All right." They went and purchased a large amount of goods,—silks, satins, furs, sugar, tea, coffee, etc., etc., and when they returned in the evening he asked Anna to go with him over to Creagor's visiting. "I have promised them we would come over sometime and see them before we moved away." "Very well, just as you wish." So over they went. The Creagors were all very glad to see them drive up in their new sleigh. "Drive around, Mr. Smith, and let the boys put up the horses." "Yes, but I have an errand over to Litz's; I may as well go over and attend to that, and when I return we will put up the horses." Mr. Smith left, and Anna saw him no more.

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In the morning when Anna went home, to her surprise and chagrin, she saw that Smith had come back and taken every particle of goods and groceries he had purchased the day before at Deckertown; also all the sausages and nice knickknacks, and all the best articles about the house. So there was Anna with eight children. The boys waited awhile inquiring around till they heard where their father was (for he had two grown sons). As soon as they heard where he was, they proceeded to the place, and there found Hannah Clements. She was sick abed, and he was sitting in the corner nursing a young babe a day or two old.

So much for a Freemason's honor—taking care of a war-widow, a brother's wife, robbing his own wife and eight children, and taking to his arms a brother Mason's wife, and to his table Joseph Clements' children, while his own children were homeless and scattered among strangers. Well, how about the outcome? Why, after some five or six years Anna's children were all grown up, and were a blessing and honor to their mother. They were respected by all who knew them, and became very wealthy. As for Solomon, his Hannah was so very pretty he became jealous, took to drink, and wasted property; and she, to break him of his evil habits, pretended she would hang herself, and told him so. He was sharp enough to know that if she had any notion of killing herself she would not tell of it. She ran up stairs to hang herself, and stayed so long that he thought he had better look. He opened the door; and there she was with the rope around her neck. "Wait, Hannah! let me assist you a little," said he. He caught the rope and pulled, raising her off the floor. He held her up nearly

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too long; for when he let her down he had to call in a physician. Of course they, or he, told all about the hanging threats. To wind up this story, they lived a God-forsaken life, and their home was a hell upon earth.

My observation of humanity for a period of over sixty years assures me that a hasty marriage to a man cute enough to hide his true character of drunkard,—if he does not reform of necessity, must end in separation, if her ideas of honor, purity, and propriety required him to practice the deception; but when a woman drives two men to the bottle, we know, or at least suspect, that there is something the matter, as with Hannah Clements.

But I must dismiss this subject, and leave Solomon Smith with his Masonic friends for the present,—fit subjects of liberalism, free-thinkers, free-lovers, spirit-rappings, or any other device to blunt their consciences, living as they do in open rebellion against God, refusing to hear the voice of Jesus our Lord and Master, denying the inspiration of Holy Writ, persecuting God's people, eschewing righteousness, purity, holiness, loving all manner of vice, impurity, and impiety. And thus they number their days on earth and die. But a funeral procession of say a dozen boon companions in white aprons (mock purity) follow him to his last repose; and a few words and motions, and the shovel ends their career in this world.

But I must return to my history. While I was helping Thomas get the wood, the in-door work had been laid aside—Thomas promising to help me in return on Friday. Then we began to make preparations for mother's return—washed the clothes, mixed up the dough for the crullers,—for mother told me to have a nice lot

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of crullers cooked by the time she came home, and that she would be home by Saturday night. But to my surprise and sorrow, here came the bride and groom; and of all the upside down houses any person ever saw I think that was among the worst. Strewed everywhere were chips, bark, ashes, flour, grease, and cast-off clothing. Ah, me! you better think the bride, rigged up in her silks, was very badly plagued as well as myself. Mother looked around at the wilderness and confusion, and seeing a pillow-case hanging in the corner, cobbled up with the shovel and tongs, said, "What on earth is that, Lydia?" "Oh, that is the dough for the crullers." "What a contrivance! What did you make so much for?" I had nearly half a bushel of dough in a pillow-case, fixing it to "rise." Well, I took it down and managed to slip it out of sight, and hurried around and got tea for the "weddingers." Next morning, Saturday, mother was for staying and fixing up things; but I told her "No! go on to meeting." "But, Lydia, look at this house." "Never mind the house now, just go to meeting; only tell me what you want done." So at last I prevailed upon her to go, and let me straighten up affairs. I had a splendid time that day scouring, scrubbing, baking, ironing, and churning. Mother never saw her house cleaner, and in better trim than when she came home that evening; and the bridegroom complimented me very highly for the change I had wrought in appearances around there.

The event which made the most lasting impression on my mind was the vendue, as there "was entirely too much property to move" over to Wintermoots. So all those dear familiar household goods, etc., etc., that father

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had accumulated had to be sold. All around were posted up hand-bills setting forth that on a certain day there would be sold at public out-cry, at what is known as the widow Casad place, in Sussex County, New Jersey, the following articles, to-wit: Horses, cows, hogs, sheep, geese, chickens, turkeys, wheat, corn, rye, buckwheat, looms, wheels, reels, beds and bedding, tables, chairs, bedsteads, household and kitchen furniture, farming utensils, and other articles too tedious to mention. The day of sale came, and the articles were knocked off and scattered abroad everywhere. I watched the sale with great interest, and almost hated those who were bidding on our things, until it was explained to me that these were our friends, and were trying to make our property bring as much as possible.

After our dispersion, and while I was living with Jacob Hand I was invited to a sewing-party at Daniel Finch's. When evening came I wanted to go home before night; but no! no! Nelly Conselus said I must stay till she went, and she would go home with me. So of course I stayed. Oh! how I did wish Nelly would go about ten o'clock. When Nelly was ready, and we started, Adam Coiner had Nelly take his arm, and Levi Hand wanted me to take his. I jerked away and started by myself, for I saw that Nelly would not go with me. I soon found that I had no road, and it was so dark I could not see my hand before my face. On I ran, colliding with trees, stumps, and bushes, falling over rocks and logs, running through woods and grain-fields, on and on, till at last I saw a light some distance ahead, in the direction of home (Jacob Hand's). I made for the light, and after going through rye-fields, clover-fields,

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brooks, and brush, arrived at four o'clock in the morning at the place I started from six hours before. When I came in they were greatly surprised. "Why," said they, "we thought Levi Hand went home with you." "Well, I thought he didn't." "Why, where on earth have you been all this time? We would have been in bed long ago, but our York state friends came here just as we were ready to go to bed, and we had their supper to get, and that kept us up. Well, Lydia, lay off your bonnet and shawl." "Oh, no, I must go home now; I think I can find the way." "No, you can't, you better stay till morning, it won't be long." "No, I ought to have been home last night to milk and do up the work, and would if you had not coaxed me to stay and Nell Conselus hadn't promised she would go home with me." All this time I was crying. On I started, still crying. "Stop, stop Lydia, if you must go Daniel will go with you and take the lantern. Don't offer to go alone." So I waited until they got the lantern; and off we went, and I got home about the break of day. In place of scolding me, as I expected they would do, and as Mrs. Holly would have done, they pitied me very much, and told me not to offer to come home alone in the dark—never; that the mountain was too near; that the bears and panthers were all around, and it was dangerous to travel alone late at night, especially through fields and woods. Through the mercy of a kind Providence I was preserved. How wonderful and astonishing to me has been the care of the dear Savior and bountiful benefactor. Oh, what long-suffering and tender mercy of God to a poor, unworthy being like me—a dust in the balance; the creature of a moment. When I re-

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count in my mind the many dangers and hair-breadth escapes I have passed through, I feel that the orphan's God has been my stay and my staff,—my sheltering rock. Blessed be his holy name.

Once I went to stay with Nelly Conselus (the Conselus' were Germans, and very superstitious); and Nelly proposed that we should try our fortunes in some way before going to bed. Of course I had no faith in the "black art," and only did it for amusement. Many different things were proposed and practiced, some of which I will mention. One was to throw a ball of woolen yarn in the well, holding the end of the thread in the hands and winding the thread off, and as you wind say, "I wind. Who holds? I wind. Who holds?" And the one I am to marry will come and stand by me and say, "I hold."

Another was to take off your under suit and turn it inside out, hang it on a chair and set the chair by the door of your sleeping-room, (inside the room, of course,) and the person you are to marry will come and turn it, leave his name, etc.

Another was to take off your left garter, tie it around your left wrist, and pin it to the wall; go backward to bed, and sleep thus tied to the wall, and you will dream of some one. Of course the man you are to marry will come and untie you, or you will dream of his doing so.

Another was to look down the well, some one holding a looking-glass, face downward, over your head; you would see your intended in the glass, reflected in the water. The imagination and wish, of course, had much to do with it; and sometimes this ideal would be fancied. But the whole thing is a very injurious and dangerous

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superstition, especially among young persons of that age, so susceptible of wild, fantastic, and superstitious impressions. Where those fancies have been realized they have been told over and over, and verified, and where they have failed have never after been mentioned, or have been forgotten entirely.

Notwithstanding my skepticism and scruples, Nelly was determined that I should try my fortune. The garter plan appeared to excite my curiosity most, so I prepared as per rule—took my left garter, not the silver-mounted elastics of the present day, but such as we early learned to knit out of woolen yarn, using quills from the wings of chickens for knitting-needles. I walked backward to the bed, counting the beams or joice of the room, then tying the garter to the wall, repeating three times the following:

"I pin my garter to the wall,
I hope to have my true love call," etc. etc.

Then tying it around my wrist I went to bed, speaking to no one until I got up in the morning. In the morning I untied my wrist, leaving the garter hanging. In the morning Nelly wanted to know who untied the garter; for my future husband was to come and untie it. My "future" was in Ohio, and had a long way to come to do that little kindness. I said, "Nobody." "Why, is it fast to the wall yet?" "Yes, it is; and I or you must untie it if it gets untied." "But did you dream?" "Well, I dreamed that myself and Levi Hand were walking hand in hand through a beautiful grove, and when we were in the middle of the grove my brother Anthony came from Ohio and took me off with him." So the migration of brother Anthony more than the

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magic garter influenced my future career and matrimonial history.

My private opinion is, that in these superstitious practices we may trace their origin to some event in history, which reaches the common people in fragments and very greatly warped. The "knight of the garter," instituted by Edward III., some four hundred years ago, upon a very trifling circumstance, and the form of conferring it, was about as senseless. The young candidate for knighthood is required to take a shoulder-belt, gilt sword, spurs, and military accoutrements. Being thus armed as a knight he is then led to the church, where he is required to watch his armor for a night; and then a little blue garter is tied a little below the knee, on his left leg, with a gold badge, on which is engraved, in relief, St. George on horseback, killing the dragon. And there is also engraved the words the king used when his lady's garter was picked up in the banqueting hall, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*"—(evil to him who evil thinks.)

The dress of the order upon solemn days is the garter on the left leg, the collar of the order, and the * and the St. George.

I suppose the gypsies have done much to spread these superstitions by fortune-telling, and as much to bring them into disrepute by their bad character. Not long ago an old man, whose name I will not here mention, took a fancy to a young lady in his neighborhood. But she was engaged to be married to a young man, poor as herself; and that circumstance was, as he feared, an insurmountable obstacle. The old man was very rich, and without an heir to inherit his vast estate. There happened to come into the neighborhood about this time a

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band of gypsies, who were creating considerable excitement by fortune-telling and fortelling future events. The old man soon devised a plan by which he accomplished his purpose. He had a consultation with a gypsy, explaining all his troubles. "Oh, yes, I can fix all that," said she. Soon it was brought about that the young lady, with some other young folks, called to get their fortunes told. She told the young lady that she was engaged to a young man, "He is poor; will marry him, though not soon. But I see an old man, gray-headed; very rich; he will marry you, and immediately make his will, giving you all his estate; he will live only three weeks; he will come to see you before long; black-silk hat; fine suit of clothing; he is a man well respected"—as rich men generally are. "Wealth maketh many friends, while the poor are forgotten by their neighbors." Well, the trick worked admirably. The old man wooed and won. The object of her first love was set aside for the prospect of great wealth and the early death of her husband. At last accounts they were still living together. Three weeks, three months, yea, three years passed away, and the old man tough as ever, with little hope of his early demise.

Pardon my digression, and I will try and keep more closely to my text. I continued to live with Mr. Hand until they removed from that part of the country. His brother, Levi Hand, still continued to annoy me, notwithstanding the dodge I gave him, when I got lost in coming home from Finch's sewing-party. After Mr. Hand moved away, I went and lived with uncle Jacob Casad. About this time I went to a singing-school at Squire Bockover's, on Sabbath afternoon, with a new

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white dress on, which I had made with great care; and who should I meet but Levi Hand. After the school was out Levi watched me; and though he was on horseback and I on foot, he kept in sight of me about half way to my uncle Jacob's. There was a clump of houses on the road, and I managed to get out of his sight till he went past. I then took the mountain road, past Creagor's tavern and Bodecker's old place, to Finch's, a distance of nearly three miles. I thought I would be safe if I only could get to Finch's before dark.

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Chapter XII.

Matrimony Talked of, but Leave for Ohio with Brother Anthony a few days before the Wedding-Day — Vocal — Erin Go Braugh! and other Melodies — Over the Mountains, Far Away — Barebones — Ned — The Giant John Maddox — Storm on the Mountains — Scenery Before and After the Storm — Dangerous Venture Crossing a Stream — Cake all Dough again — Safe Arrival at Uncle Lewis Runnion's — Their Courtship and Peculiarities.

I had formed a dislike for young Hand, and avoided him on every occasion. Notwithstanding, he was gentlemanly and handsome, of good family, etc. I was now (July, 1814) a little over fifteen, and knew I was too young to hear any proposition for marriage, or special attention; so I determined to keep out of his way. As I passed Mr. Creagor's fountain-pump for a drink, Mr. Litz, a young man, and brother of Mrs. Creagor, accompanied me about a mile or so on the way. When I got safe to Mr. Finch's, or rather Mrs. Finch's, I laid off my things and was in great glee, when who should ride up but Levi Hand. Such was his eagerness to see me, that he had come some twenty miles; and he would have stopped at every house in Wantage Township to find me, as he and Mrs. Finch aimed to have a wedding in which Levi Hand and myself were to be the principal characters. So he broached the subject, first with the usual caution. But at last in more positive terms came

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to the main question; and urged his suit so earnestly and so well that at last I gave a kind of conditional consent. I told him that as my mother and step-father were visiting in the neighborhood I would go home with them; that he could come in four weeks and ask them, and if they were willing we would marry; but I told him I did not think mother would consent.

Just at this time my brother Anthony returned from Ohio, and nothing would do but one of his brothers or sisters should go home with him. My mind was at once made up to go with him. Uncle Jacob thought best for brother "Finch" (Isaac Finch), as he was then called, to go. But as he had a good place with mother, it was decided that I should go; and away we went.

At the time appointed, Levi Hand was on hand. There was a quilting at father Wintermoot's that day; and just as Levi came in, the ladies were coming down stairs. He looked at all intently as they come down, and the door shut. Father asked him to have his horse put up, and he went out as though to help. Poor fellow. He asked where Lydia was. When he was told I had left a week before for Ohio with brother Anthony, he said he wished I would keep on until I would get to France, and that he did not want his horse put up. Poor fellow! I have always regretted my dissimulation; but I could not fancy him. I hope he will forgive me, and hope he has done better. My mother was greatly mortified at my treatment of him; but of course I was thoughtless of her embarrassment. So you see that my dream was nearly verified in respect to my marriage to Levi Hand, and fully verified in being taken by brother Anthony to Ohio. Whether coming events ever cast their shadows

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before or not, there is one thing wonderful indeed—how my heavenly Father has so kindly and mercifully spared me in my giddy waywardness, overruling all things for my good, and causing me to know his grace and love and mercy. And now when I am old and well-stricken in years, and the frosts of eighty winters are on my temples, I pray that God may still go with me in this the last of my life's journey, and in my mission enable me to declare the whole truth to my dying neighbors, that he will give wisdom and utterance to me, and energize the declared word of life, and in his infinite goodness preserve those dear ones he has given me in the gospel, as well as those of my household. Dear Lord, help them to serve and honor thee. Dispel every lowering cloud. And may they have the consolation of thy good Spirit to console and direct them through all the changes and labyrinths of mortal life.

My brother Anthony Casad and I started for Ohio. We went by way of uncle Reuben Compton's, in Somerset County, New Jersey. Sister Christian was there; and oh, how she grieved. She blamed everybody that had anything to do with my going—mother, uncle Jacob, Anthony, and sisters Polly and Caty—all but the right one, that was myself. Mother would not have allowed me to leave if she had known anything of my engagement with Levi Hand. She had never seen him until after I was gone; and when she saw him, she thought him the best-looking young man in all that part of the country, and withal of fine figure and stature, of noble bearing, discreet, a gentleman born. I could not see it in that light—think now I leaned too much the other way. Mother would rather I should marry there,

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and live near her, than to go so far away at my age. Uncle Jacob, as before stated, was really opposed to my leaving, and was determined that my little brother Finch should go. "Why," said I, "uncle, he has never been away from home, and he would cry himself to death." "Let him cry," said uncle, "the more he cries the less he will *sweat*." Father Wintermoot and mother took their carriage and traveled with us one day's journey, and all the children came along to the gate to bid us good-by—yet not all, for when we looked around for my sister Caty she was not to be seen. Pretty soon we saw a glimpse of her crossing the hill, her calico fluttering in the breeze, determined to avoid the pain of a farewell parting. We arrived safely at uncle's, where Christiana was, and made a short stay, passing the time in happy conversation and singing. I have heard Philip Phillips, and many other noted singers, but none equal in quality of voice, inflection, and melody to Anthony Casad. One of his favorite pieces which he sung with wonderful expression was,

ERIN GO BRAUGH.

There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin,
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill;
For his country he sighed, when at twilight repairing
To wander alone on the wind-beaten hill.
But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion,
For it 'rose on his own native isle of the ocean,
Where once in the flow of his youthful emotion,
He sung the bold anthem of "Erin Go Braugh."

Oh, where is the cabin that stood by the wildwood,
Sisters and sire didst thou weep for its fall;
Oh! where is the mother that watched o'er my childhood,
And where is the bosom friend dearer than all.

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Alas! my sad soul, long abandoned by pleasure,
Why didst thou dote on the fast-fading treasure;
Tears like the rain-drop may fall without measure,
But rapture and beauty they ne'er can recall.

Erin, my country, though sad and forsaken,
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;
But alas in a far foreign land I awaken,
And sigh for the friend that can meet me no more.
O cruel Fate, wilt thou never replace me,
In the mansions of peace where no perils can chase me?
Oh! never again will my brothers embrace me:
They died to defend me, I lived to deplore.

Erin, my country, long, long have we parted,
My father is gone, and my mother's no more;
And here I must wander alone broken-hearted,
And sigh for the dear ones who'll meet me no more.
Ah, never again in the green shady bowers,
Where my forefathers dwelt shall I spend the sweet hours;
Or cover my harp with the wild woven flowers
Of Erin McVourneen, "Erin Go Braugh."

The peculiar circumstance under which my brother sung the above, just as we were about to leave home for the far West, perhaps never again to return, and the emotion and pathos of the singer, never failed to bring tears to every eye.

He sung many others, among which were Shelah Neguire, Last Rose of Summer, etc. Also many very impressive religious songs, such as Death the King of Terrors, etc., etc.

After a pleasant visit at uncle Reuben Compton's, and some presents received from my sister Christian Casad and others, we passed on. Sister Christian came half a day's journey with us. We walked together and talked most of the way, and she wept inconsolably. Our part-

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ing was heart-rending. It was hard for her to give me up, for she appeared to know the hardships before me better than myself; and we had to part perhaps forever. She chose a summit; and as we passed along, for miles they were visible. But at last they faded from the view, as though absorbed by the hill-side and foliage,—as man in decrepit old age dissolves and melts away to mother dust.

Most of our journey was very pleasant, though very rough, but to me so new, wild, romantic, and ever-changing that I realized no hardships, though we had some adventures that might be mentioned. One day brother Anthony had some unpleasantness with some movers. I will try and describe a beast they had with them, bearing the misnomer of man: Red skin, copperas-colored hair, snaky hazel eyes, dirty face and hands, ragged and dirty tow-pantaloons, no coat or vest, part of a hemp-shirt, and a fragment of a hat or cap—though this last I was never fully able to make out. He had a bare-bones horse,—a walking skeleton,—light sorrel, tall and gangling,—which was hitched to a two-wheeled cart containing three or four children, and some other trumpery. The woman, a poor, sorrow-stricken mortal, was walking, and some of the time was carrying a child. When we encountered them, we were climbing a mountain. They were before us, and the road was so narrow we could not pass them. As a matter of course, we were very much annoyed. However, the worst thing about it was the hard fate of the poor woman, who had to carry a child, and sometimes two; and worst of all, she had to set her children down by the road-side and push the cart as long as the horse would

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go. She would then block the wheel and go back for the children; and by the time she would get up, Bare-bones and the other brute would be rested enough to move on. Again she would set them down, to cry or laugh, as they choose, while she pushed the cart. Just as we came near them her children were crying, perhaps frightened at us strangers; and old Bare-bones stalled, although the poor woman was pushing with all her might. The brutal husband ran back and kicked her, yelling out, "D——n you! Why don't you push?" My brother Anthony went to him, took him by the throat, and, cursing him, told her to go to her children. He then commanded the tyrant to push the cart; and brother Anthony led Bare-bones, while I drove our team. Our outfit consisted of one horse, "Ned," with both ears cropped off, a carriage containing our plunder, consisting of a box of store goods, my bed, some provisions, my trunk of clothing, and Bill Lewis' trunk. The load was too awful heavy for poor "Ned;" but he was in good traveling condition, and seemed to roll it along very easily. Well, Bare-bones got up the mountain at last, and I came close behind with my carriage and "Ned." Here we made a short halt, "to view the landscape o'er" of eastern Pennsylvania. Every evidence of thrift and industry was visible—good farm-houses, large barns, orchards, grain-fields, and beautiful groves on the hill-sides and on the distant mountains. The scenery was truly captivating to the beholder, and would have been to me had my poor heart been at ease. But how could it be so, with the distance widening between me and all that made life dear to me—mother, little brothers Thommy and Finch, and sisters Polly and Christian? As for Caty

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somehow I got the idea that she was a little overbearing. But it is possible that she was not as indulgent as the rest, and had denied me some pleasure or folly. Turning about, I took a farewell look at my native hills—the mountains of my childhood home. We were crossing the first range of the Alleghany mountains.

Soon we fell in company with a Mr. John Maddox, and two other men who lived in Ohio, but were now returning from New Jersey, where they had been on a visit. They would be company for us, for there were few general or main routes through Pennsylvania to cross the Alleghany Mountains. They were very clever gentlemen, good company, and had come from Wantage Township, Sussex County, New Jersey, the same that we were from. My father had performed the marriage ceremony for John Maddox and Hannah Conselus some years before. That circumstance seemed to endear him to us. The party had a good team of horses, a good covered wagon, and very little load. Anthony and Lewis could ride in their wagon, and I could drive "Ned."

This John Maddox was a wonder for physical power and endurance. He was seven feet high, and broad-shouldered in proportion. On one occasion he had swum across the round pond, on the Blue Mountains, a distance of three miles from shore to shore, carrying a man on his back. Many other feats are reported of this giant.

We all traveled together, up and down that range of mountains,—Chestnut Ridge, Laurel Hill, Dry Ridge, and Three First Brothers. When we were on the highest peak along our route, and three miles from any house, the king-bolt of our carriage broke and let me

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down in the road. It was too near night to go and get another, or get that repaired, and get back before dark. There was no alternative. We must stay there all night. My brother told Mr. Maddox to drive on and leave us to our fate. "No," said Maddox, "you may need my company more to-night than you may ever need it." Of course we would, if it was only for company, but what should be done with our horses. Mr. Maddox had feed for his horses, but Anthony must turn "Ned" out to browse. My calamity was great; for I felt sure that "Ned" would leave us, and there we would be, three miles from any house, wagon broke down, and horse gone. But my troubles about "Ned" were imaginary; for when Anthony whistled in the morning "Ned" answered with a neigh not far off, and came up at once to the wagon.

But I must describe to you, as well as I can, the terrible storm of that night. Our carriage was only wide enough for two persons to lie down; so Anthony and Lewis spread down my bedding in the wagon and laid upon it themselves, and I was to sit in the front of the carriage, squeezed in between their feet. In this miserable condition I was trying to take some rest, until the storm that had been threatening all the evening broke upon us. The rain poured down in torrents, driving in at the front of the carriage and thoroughly drenching me. Mother used to say, that it was "an ill wind that blew nobody any good." My position in the front part of the carriage in a measure kept the rainstorm from the feet of my chivalric friends, who "still slumbered and slept." Of course, I thought hard of Anthony for his want of consideration. I might also blame myself for so modestly submitting to such dan-

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gerous exposure, without murmur or complaint. Oh, the storm! It was terrific! Flash after flash of zig-zag lightning, blinding the eyes, followed in quick succession; and peal upon peal of thunder, apparently striking some object near by, or crashing through the firmanent, would roll far away eastward over my dear old home, where mother, sisters, and brothers, though safely and comfortably housed, must have felt anxious for the little wanderer upon the mountain-top, perhaps exposed to the pelting storm, while they

> ——"safely lay,
> In the shelter of the fold;
> But one has wandered far away
> In the desert lone and cold,
> Away on the mountains wild and bare,
> Away from the tender shepherd's care."

For two long, terrible hours this tempest of rain and lightning and thunder continued. Then a subdued light began to illumine the West, and heaven's artillery, mounted on heavy black clouds was moving eastward. Brighter and brighter grew the western firmanent. Soon the moon glided over the silvery edges of the clouds, which floated along beneath our feet and lighted up the mountain-top. All was calm above and around, except the roaring of the streams through the mountain gorges, the currents down the mountain-sides, forming cascades bounding down to the plain below in hot haste, to swell the overwhelming tide sweeping through and destroying the fields of plenty of the happy valley, so beautiful, so lovely, and golden the day before.

Having procured the necessary repair of our carriage, and meantime drying out our bedding and clothing,

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we moved on. Nothing unusual occurred worth mentioning until one day when passing through a village, Anthony and Lewis had to stop; but I was directed to keep "Ned" moving on, and to water him at the first stream I came too, and drive through it to tighten up the fellies and spokes. So after awhile I came to a stream. I drove down between the fence and bank until I got so far that I could not well retreat. Now, for the first time, I saw a high bridge across the stream. The stream was nearly bank full, and the water very roily. I stopped, of course, as I felt that I had better look before I leap. A blacksmith near by came out with his leather apron on and hammer in his hand. "Well," said he, "what on earth are you going to do?" "Sir, I was aiming to water my horse, and then cross to the other side." "Don't you attempt that," said he; "don't you see that the river is bank full? Don't you see that the wagon-tracks are all old and nearly obliterated? Look at these abutments, the water near the top of them. No, my girl, don't you attempt to drive in there." "Well, what can I do?" "You will have to unhitch your horse and take him out of the shafts and contrive to hitch him to the hind end of the carriage and draw it back." "Oh, I can't do that." Indeed, I felt an irresistible impulse to make the venture; so in I drove. The man ran back into the shop, either to attend to some iron he may have had heating, or to have an excuse for not fishing me out of the river—I thought the latter. Be that as it may; he went into the shop and I went into the river. After a few steps down, "Ned" went into the water over his back; then down went the carriage over the front end-gate. I cut at "Ned" with

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the whip, but only struck the water. I spoke to him to get up. On and on he went, straight across the stream, although there was some current; yet the outcome lay down the stream, so he had no trouble getting out. As soon as he got on shore he shook himself till the harness rattled from head stall to crupper. I let him stand and rest as long as I dare, for I did not want Anthony to see or know of my narrow escape. Ned trembled, as mother would say, like an aspen-leaf. As soon as we were safely over, the blacksmith came down to the east bank where I was and congratulated me on my narrow escape, but told me never to run such a risk again. With my feelings at that time the caution was unnecessary, for I had begun to realize the danger I had passed through, which should certainly satisfy my ambition for all time to come.

After Ned had rested a little, we moved on as briskly as the circumstances would admit of; and Anthony and Lewis did not overtake us until time to stop for the night. When he came up to me he said, "Why, Lydia, what on earth made you drive so fast? We have made the best travel of any day yet. I am afraid you have hurt the horse." "Oh," said I, "the road was good and Ned seemed lively and free to press forward. May be I should have waited for you and Lewis to ride." The truth is, I did not want him to see how wet everything was, and kept ahead so that the carriage and loading would dry off before he saw them.

We had a cake mother had baked for us,—a kind of johnny-cake,—which was very dry, so as to keep all the way—indeed it would keep for several months. The next day at noon, after the venture, Anthony

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wanted some of the cakes; so he went to get them; but behold, they were all soaked and wet, yet hard enough yet to throw with effect. "Why, Lydia," said he, "where did you cross any stream deep enough to wet these cakes?" I explained to him what stream it was; that when I came to it I knew he had told me to let the horse drink. "But, Lydia, when you cross deep water you must not stop in the middle of the stream, as you will ruin all my goods, and all our provision and clothing." "But you told me to drive through the first water I came to, and I did; and the first I knew the water was over Ned's back, and then over the end-gate. I gave Ned the lines and told him to go, and he brought all over safely; but the water was over his back nearly from bank to bank." He seemed very thankful that Ned and his goods, wagon, and all were not in the bottom of the river.

We came along until we crossed the Ohio River at Charlestown, and came to uncle Lewis Runnion's, five miles distant, among the hills of Jefferson County, Ohio. They were well fixed (well off), but lived in a miserable small log-cabin, with a large fire-place, and a ladder to go up on the "loft," as they called it. The loft was laid with loose clapboards (boards six inches wide and four feet long, riven out of oak) for a floor. I thought then, and I think yet, it was too near out-doors for a civilized family to undertake to live in. But my mother's sister did live there, and in that uncomfortable hovel had reared a large family of children. Their names were Peter, Joseph, Micajah, David, Christian, Lewis, and Jerry—all good-looking, intelligent, and pretty well educated; and at that time, 1814, all were grown except Lewis and

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Jerry. Uncle Lewis Runnion was a little, wheezy, crooked, drawn-up man, and from the best information I can obtain was always afflicted with asthma, and when a young man could do but little except drive a team, as the story goes. Father Tingley had him hired; and mother's sister Sally was then an old maid,—not at all comely (unless, perhaps, in the eyes of Lewis Runnion), her right shoulder-blade protruding backward and the other shoulder some distance in the advance, so that when she walked it was what I suppose the military would call a left-flank movement. These two personages fell in love. Whether it was love at first sight or that other kind which ripens in the human heart from daily and hourly discovery of that congeniality of spirit, disposition, taste, and sentiment that renders each essential to the other,—a law of affinity unknown to the chemist or alchemist—a law of selection, and a "survival of the fittest" that the schools of Darwin or Huxley never "dreamed of in their philosophy,"—such, I take it, was the affection of uncle Lewis and aunt Sally. Notwithstanding grandfather Tingley at first was opposed to the marriage, he finally acquiesced, and, I think, never regretted her choice.

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Chapter XIII.

Anthony goes on to Fairfield and I Remain at Cadiz — Glove-Making at Aunt Hetty Tingley's — Thier Family — Bishop Simpson — Professor Tingley, of Asbury University — Cousin Hetty Knox's Religion and Oppression — Song of Devotion — A String of Beads Unfit for Ornament or Rosary — "Woods on Fire" — Universal Shout — My Adventures as a Bridesmaid — The Infair — New Home at McCurdy's — Bake-Ovens, How to Make and How to Use Them — Evening Hymn — Domestic and Business Rules.

After their marriage they moved to Ohio, and there among the hills of Jefferson County, in a humble cottage, reared a happy household. They were Seventh-day Baptists. While I was there I made a great mistake. One Saturday, when they were all gone to Seventh-day church, I took the notion that I would astonish the natives by scrubbing the floor, as it never had to all appearances been scrubbed. I expected high compliments from them for my industry and good taste; but instead of that, I got a hard scolding for making the floor soaking wet, as well as the ground under the puncheons. None of them, old or young, ever forgave me for it, and treated me shabbily. But I am running ahead of my story.

When we arrived at uncle Lewis Runnion's, we were weary from our three weeks' hard travel. As brother Anthony seemed to be a little cross, I resolved to stop

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at uncle Lewis'. When brother Anthony found that I would not go, he agreed that I should remain until the next year, when brother Abner Casad would be along and bring me on to Dayton. So after a week of visiting and recruiting, Anthony and Lewis went on and left me. Everything went on pleasantly until I did that scrubbing; then every one complained of taking cold. I thought this was all put on; but after more mature deliberation, I think it did have that effect. I was obliged to use a great amount of water; and the floor being very near the ground, it of course was very damp, and every one of us took a very bad cold.

I had been there about a week or so after Anthony left, when my cousin Joseph Tingley came over from Cadiz, Harrison County, Ohio, and wanted me to go and live with his mother at Cadiz, and learn glove-making. The offer seemed very fair; but aunt Sally would not let me go. After I had been at aunt Sally's about four months I took the bloody-flux, which very nearly proved fatal. After my recovery aunt consented for me to go to aunt Hetty Tingley's, the widow of uncle Jerry Tingley, deceased. I think aunt Sally consented to my going to aunt Hetty's for the reason that she feared if I took another such spell of sickness I would probably die on her hands.

Aunt Hetty had come from England in her girlhood, and taken her boarding at grandfather Tingley's. She was a glove-maker. She finally married mother's brother, Jerry Tingley, and removed to Ohio. They had eight children, as follows: Grace, Hetty, Sally, Christian, William, Joseph, and the names of the other two (girls) I have forgotten. Hetty married Rev.

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Mr. Knox, a Methodist minister. Grace married a man named Chapman. Christian also married a Methodist minister. Sally married an Irishman named James Simpson. They lived there but a few years, when he died, leaving a widow and four children. Matthew, I think, was then about seven years old. His father had a brother named Matthew Simpson, who stayed with his mother and Christian Claug, an Irish girl who came over the sea in the same vessel with the two brothers, James and Matthew Simpson. Matthew Simpson, junior, is now, at this writing, 1879, a bishop in the Methodist Episcopal Church.

When uncle Jerry Tingley came to Ohio he bought a tract of land in the timber, aiming to make a farm. But he was taken sick and died, leaving aunt Hetty with eight children, and very little of the land cleared. She was somewhat crippled, and felt she could do nothing in the woods to support and educate so large a family; so she exchanged her place for town property in Cadiz, and moved in and set up the glove-making business. Her son William married Miss Rachel Paulson, and their children all joined the Methodist Episcopal Church; and all were worthy members of society.

At the time we came to Cadiz, cousin Hetty Knox was living in town. Her husband was then traveling on the Zanesville Circuit, and, of course, could not be home much. Hetty was a maiden lady, and he was a widower when they married. Well, Hetty, full of industry and enterprise, was running the bonnet and glove making business, while he was away preaching, and cnly at home three or four times a year. But his children were there; and they must go to school, certain. The house-work

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was to be done, the baby to take care of, and Mrs. Knox must carry on her business. "Now, there is cousin Lydia, who is as handy as a dish-cloth. We can get her, as she has no place and must do something. True, we promised Anthony that we would learn her the bonnet and glove making business; but for the present she can do most of the work in this 'pinch,' and next summer, when the press of my work is over, I will learn her the trade."

Sure enough, I went to cousin Hetty Knox's; and I was in a new atmosphere altogether—yes, indeed, altogether new. When we sat down to eat, there was such a hearty thank-offering; and when bed-time came, oh! then the "old blessed Bible that lay on the stand" must be read; then a hymn was sung by her, and then she would pray. One favorite song of her's was as follows:

Ye children of Zion, who are aiming for glory,
Enlisted in Jesus, to fight against hell,
There's Canaan's bright border, that's now just before you,
And Jordan's proud billows, its banks overswell.
Ten thousand have crossed it and now are in heaven
A shouting and praising the great one in seven;*
And I hope that my Savior will bring me safe over
To the land of sweet Canaan forever to dwell.

This makes my heart merry, it fills me with glory;
Our suffering and toiling will one day be o'er.
At the feet of my Jesus, I'll there tell my story;
There sin, pain, and sorrow shall reach me no more.
Be bold and courageous and fear not the devil,
Although men speak of you all manner of evil.
Although Satan rages, yet Jesus engages
To bring us all shouting on Canaan's bright shore.

Like ships on the ocean, we're tossed by commotion;
But Christ is our pilot, and he's a good guide.

*The word seven, I suppose, had no import, but was needed to rhyme heaven.

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Though sick or afflicted, kind love's as an ocean,
Which flows in abundance from Jesus' side.
Tho' Satan, abroad, as a lion is roaring;
Tho' floods of corruption, like torrents are pouring;
Tho' demons should haunt you, still let them not daunt you;
For Jesus rules over the wind and the tide.

My cousin Hetty was remarkable for her excellent voice—not only in quality, but also in volume. She could be heard singing half a mile off; and I do think that her prayer at family devotion could be heard all over Cadiz. I never could understand why on earth she prayed so loud. I never did at that time, nor since, think of such a thing as harboring a doubt about her religion. How could I? Such singing! Such praying! Such glorified shouting!!

And the circumstance of the string of little beads which her cousin sent her from New Jersey. As the Methodist sisters were forbidden to wear anything of the kind, Hetty did not know what to do with her beads.* However, she put them around her neck and wore them until the elder came. Then she talked to him about her beads, showed them to him, and asked permission to wear them, as her cousin had sent them so far. "Oh, yes, sister Hetty, you may wear them as long as you want too." She put them around her neck. Soon the quarterly meeting came off. All of aunt Hetty's family belonged to the Methodists; but none were more zealous than cousin Hetty. Every time she went to meeting she was the first to take a shout—and a wonderful happy shout she would have. Quarterly conference commenced on Friday eve. Hetty was there with her beads on. Well, there was no shout,—no stir with Hetty; "all under the cloud." "What on earth is the matter with

*Christian Dunn.

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Hetty Tingley?" Friday night, no shout. Saturday night, no shout. Sunday morning services, and Hetty still "under the cloud." A company of preachers and people go home with aunt for dinner. Aunt tells Hetty to run out to the wood-pile and pick up a basket of chips right quick, so they could hurry up dinner. She kneels down to pick up the chips. Now, thought Hetty, I can pray while I am picking up the chips. But as usual, her beads was all she could think of. She ran her finger under the string, broke it, and let them scatter among the chips. She then left beads, basket, chips, and all, and away she ran down to the woods, to a bower she always went to for secret prayer. She poured out her soul in pleading for forgiveness for her vain pride in the bead line. Soon she felt relieved; and oh, such a shout as she raised. She fairly made the welkin ring. The towns-people heard the awful noise down in the woods and thought murder was being committed. Away they ran; and when they saw what it was, some of them joined in to help Hetty shout. As the noise increased more people ran to the woods, until all that were foot-loose were there; and such a meeting as they had there in the woods almost made them forget about their dinner. I have a twofold reason for relating this circumstance: first, to show the difference in the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1814 and in 1879. Now all the beads, jewelry, artificials, bustles, chignons, Grecian bends, and tomfoolery that can be invented in the licensed haunts of debauchery in infidel France are eagerly sought out through some pictorial bazaar, and gayly worn by the sisters of the Methodist Episcopal Church of America, as well as some others, they not

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thinking or caring to know where they originate nor of the consequences.

The second reason is, the way she treated me. Brother left orders that I should go there and stay till Abner came along from New York, and he would bring me with him to Fairfield. The main thing was, I was to learn a trade; but Hetty Tingley, now Hetty Knox, was entirely too throng with work to bother with me. I could sew up plain seams without hindering her; that is, if by dint of scolding, hurrying, and fault-finding she could get her baking, churning, washing, ironing, scrubbing, scouring, sweeping, cooking, and other things too tedious to mention, done in time to sew any. One day I asked her why she did not learn me the trade, as she promised Anthony she would. "Oh," she said, "I was a fool for promising." She did not want any person but herself and her mother. She would not give me the patterns, and my trade would do me no good without them. Query: Did she think her cousin Lydia did not know all about her avarice and greed? She had me work for months without giving me one cent in money or clothing as a recompense. I had a very nice velvet hat, with white feathers, which Jacob Hand bought me in New York; and there was no nicer one in Cadiz. But no! no indeed!! I must never think of such a thing as to wear that hat! It happened that I was called upon to wait on a young lady who was going to be married. The groom lived twenty miles off. We must go on horseback. It was a splendid thing, in my estimation. I was very willing, and even anxious to go. But how about my bonnet? Oh! yes, I must have a new bonnet. So my singing, praying, and shouting cousin Hetty took

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all the money I had,—namely, a five-dollar bill,—and bought about two dollars' worth of white silk, pasteboard, wire, etc., and made me a bonnet much after the fashion of the friend Quakers, with this bare exception, the "friend" had a broad pleat or fold across the crown, six inches wide, from front to rear, and the Methodists had theirs in nice-gathered rolls from front to rear. As for the pattern of the foundation, it was all the same. Well, as for my bonnet, it was all right, for it was a young Methodist sister I was to wait on; and my new white silk bonnet was as beautiful as any at the wedding—the bride's not excepted. But what about my bill—the other three dollars? Oh! as to that, shouting Hetty kept that for going a few steps to the store and selecting material, etc., a service for which she would have charged a stranger only fifty cents. The amount, of course, seems small; but to me at that time it was an orphan's *all*, and equal to the "widow's mite."

But I went to the wedding, and had what the young ladies might call a nice time, with the exception that the groomsman had the misfortune to become desperately in love with the bridesmaid, "at first sight," and the poor, weak mortal put in his time in contriving interviews with me. I mention this not from any feeling of pride or vanity, but to show my young readers how ridiculous young men sometimes make themselves appear on certain occasions; and could they in after years see the picture faithfully drawn, they would be heartily ashamed.

My young friend was very self-conceited, and was popularly called a "heart-smasher,"—had everything his own way; and he could not understand why I did not appreciate him, nor why he could not move my

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stubborn heart to sympathy. He would propose walks for all the wedding-party, and coupling off by twos. Of course that would give him opportunity to whisper soft words of love in my ear; and the occasion gave him fine chances to give me an idea of his views of wedded life—hoped that the groom would be kind and affectionate, industrious, sober, would procure a cozy home for his trusting bride, and liberally provide for her, and make her happiness the study of his life.

He had got so far the start of me in the matter of love, that I could not overtake him. I did not admire his hasty affection, nor his persistence, but treated the whole matter as a jest—that he certainly could not be in earnest. But to convince me beyond all question, he proposed getting the license at once and having a double wedding. I put him off with the old-established usage in more *courts* than one, of "taking the matter under advisement," and postponed all serious consideration of the subject to some future time. We had a very pleasant time; but the next day—"infair day"—it was quite rainy, and we had some twenty miles to ride to old uncle Chaney's, the groom's father. Early in the morning we were all in our saddles; and after a kind of parade through the principal streets of the city we reined up to the public square, turned our horses' heads in the direction of Mr. Chaney's, and off we moved in double-quick through the rain, as we had to reach there by three o'clock in the afternoon. We arrived there on time, had a hearty, generous reception, and an excellent dinner. In the evening they had arranged the programme for a walk to the village through the rain. We could not understand the object of having us trudge

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along through the mud and rain, until lo! and behold! what should it be but a dance! As soon as the "fiddle" struck up, the bride informed the groom that it was no place for us. He and the groomsman pleaded earnestly, but to no purpose. Betsy Orem, now Chaney, was not to be cajoled into such a snare as that by any means whatever. No indeed; nor her waiting-maid, Lydia Casad, either. No! no! No compromise. Back we went to Mr. Chaney's, and left them, including the devoted husband and my devoted lover, prancing and caperng about over the floor in frolicksome glee. "Betsy and myself" have never had occasion to rue our decision of that night; and I shall not attempt here to apologize for the boorish conduct of the groom and his man. We had to remain a week at Mr. Chaney's, on account of rain and high waters.

When I returned to Cadiz my bonnet was ruined and my five dollars were gone. I saw no prospect of clothing or money ahead; for shouting Hetty made me do all her drudgery, all the while maintaining her supremacy by scolding and peremptorily commanding. Somehow it was noised abroad that I was not well treated; and an old man, Mr. McCurdy, came to aunt's to know if she would let me go and work for them a few weeks. At first she refused; the second time also; but at last she consented for me to go and stay one week.

Polly McCurdy and John Deary were to be married in a week. However, I did not know it when I went there. I sat around like a visitor for awhile; but soon I saw so much to do, I took hold to help. After the wedding Polly moved away. Mrs. McCurdy was sick, and aunt Jenny McCurdy must go home. Jenny was too small,

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and a little prejudiced against labor; so she was sent to school to be out of the way, and I did all the work for thirteen boarders and eight in the family, making in all twenty-one to cook for—and the old woman so sick she could not eat with the rest; consequently I must get her an extra meal. All this I had to do, besides milk four cows and take care of the milk, and wash and iron for the eight in the family—most of them little fellows that had to be changed every day, and sometimes twice. We knew nothing of cooking-stoves in those days,—the cooking was done in the fire-place, in kettles, skillets, frying-pans, and spiders, and the baking mostly in bake-ovens. The present generation, possibly, has no idea of a farmer's bake-oven of those days, so I will here describe the construction of those then in general use: A crib about six feet square, of logs notched down at the corners, like the logs of a cabin, was built about two feet high, and covered with puncheons (plank split out of logs); above this floor was another round of logs, made tight enough all around to hold loose, dry dirt, which was packed down hard; then upon this was a coat of thick clay mortar, about six inches deep; on the front edge was built an arch, supported by side-jams, leaving an opening of about twenty inches square; and this was built of brick, if obtainable, if not, then stone was used. Then there was built of dry wood, an open frame-work on top of the clay surface—shaped something like the half of a pear, divided lengthwise, with face-surface down and the small end to the arch or opening. At the rear of the oven, about a foot from the bottom, was a timber about six inches in diameter, and standing out a foot or two—to work around. The outer

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surface of this frame-work was brought close enough to keep the clay in place. The artist—for the man who could build a good clay oven was ranked not only as an artist, but as a public benefactor,—then made him "cals" of soft clay, which he placed at the base of the frame-work, carrying up this work about eight inches in thickness, until it was completed at the top, making the wall extra thick in front, joining the opening or arch. The work then stands about a week; and as it dries, the checks or cracks are filled by a coating of soft clay wash or plaster. When nearly dry the frame-work inside is burned out, the plastering outside being kept up until the oven is dry and stands complete, ready for use. The oven is heated for use by building a fire inside, made of finely-split dry wood, about three or four feet long—the size of the fire or amount to be determined by experience; the coal and ashes are raked out with a long-handled wooden scraper; then the bottom surface of the oven is swabbed out with a swab, which consists of a coarse hemp, or tow cloth, fastened on the end of a pole; then dipped in a tub or trough of water, and after draining a little the oven is swabbed or mopped out with it. Then, to test the heat some flour is sprinkled on a wooden shovel, (a board, say ten feet long, made in the shape of a shovel), and held in different parts of the oven. This also requires experience, to determine the proper temperature. All being now in readiness, the loaves of bread are put in the hottest place, and then the pies and cakes. Then the door and vent are closed, and the browning carefully watched; and when done they are taken out with the wooden shovel. I have given this description to show the facilities we then had for baking, which was an important part of woman's labor.

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Old uncle McCurdy, as he was called, was a very devoted, pious old man, and very precise in his observance of family worship. Morning and night he would assemble his entire household in the parlor, where the family Bible and his hymn-book "lay on the stand." When all were seated in their respective places, as solemn as death the old man read and lined out a hymn All would sing that could, and then all would kneel in prayer. He used to sing one hymn so very frequently that it attracted my attention, and I memorized it. While he sung it I could not help getting my hard lot mixed up with the wording. But I would detect the murmurings of my complaining heart, and banish them, and join the family chorus.

EVENING HYMN.

Of justice and of grace I sing,
And pay to God my vows;
By grace and justice, heavenly King,
Teach me to rule my house.

Now to my tent, O God, repair,
And make thy servant wise;
I'll suffer nothing near me there,
That shall offend thine eyes.

The man that does his neighbor wrong,
By falsehood or by force,—
The scornful eye, the slanderous tongue,—
I'll thrust him from my doors.

The wretch that deals in sly deceit,
I'll not endure a night;
The liar's tongue I'll ever hate,
And banish from my sight.

I'll seek the faithful and the just,
And will their help enjoy,
These are the friends that I shall trust,
The servants I'll employ.

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I'll purge my family all around,
And make the wicked flee;
So that my house is ever found,
A dwelling-place for thee.

The old man had a rule that must not be broken. No person should drink any intoxicating liquors, play cards, swear, quarrel, fight, lie, dance, speak evil of his neighbor, in short, must "deal justly, love mercy, and walk humbly before God;" and if any of his workmen committed a depredation, in place of blazing it abroad he would beckon the offender, or tell him he wished to speak to him. If the offender would show penitence, and promise to reform, he would forgive the first offense; but never the second. If he did not acknowledge his fault, he would pay him off at once and dismiss him without words. The old man was very much "worked up" one time while I was there. He had a first-rate man by the name of McDonald, who was a great pugilist.

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Chapter XIV.

Pugilists — Another Wedding —Brother Abner Arrives from the East —I Leave with him for Fairfield — Good-by Shouting, Scolding Hetty Knox —Farewell, kind Father McCurdy — Make-up of the Fairfield Community — Tatman's.

A stranger came to town who was blowing, blustering, bantering, and crowing over what he said he could do; that he could whip the best man in the town or state, "quicker'n (a certain very intensely hot region, which is designated by only a syllable) could scorch a feather." McDonald was sent for, who came over to Stokes' tavern. Of course all thought it some friend that had just arrived from over the ocean to visit McDonald, or that he had some good news for him. What was our surprise in a few minutes to see these two strangers in mortal combat. They pelted away for about five minutes, and the croaking boaster was badly "punished." Of course Mr. McCurdy had a private interview with McDonald; and I was so ill-mannered as to slyly listen to hear the conversation. I expected, of course, that McDonald would be discharged. The old man asked him what provocation he had for making himself a transgressor of his known law. "Not the least in the world." "Why! did not the stranger insult you?" "Not in the least." "Why then did you fight him? Was *you* not mad at him?" "No, indeed, not in

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the least." "Why then did you fight him?" "Well, to tell you the honest truth of my heart, and the whole circumstance, the man is a prize-fighter, and was defying the town and state; so they sent for me. If a man has a curiosity to try my pluck he can be accommodated. As soon as he saw me, he wanted to enter into the engagement, and at it we went. You now have the whole matter, and you know the result." "It seems you had the best of it." "Yes, that was what I worked for, especially as he had been blowing and bullying around so much. I felt that he needed all I gave him. And now, Mr. McCurdy, if you can possibly look over it I will be glad to continue in your service. I promise you I will never seek a quarrel with any man; nor will I fight again—unless I get terribly cramped, as I was this time. Mr. McCurdy, I want you to look over my faults this time, and I hope I will be able to render you good service." Mr. McCurdy forgave him, as it was his own interest as well as wish to do, for he was his best hand—a kind of managing superintendent, whose place would be hard to fill. So he not only forgave him, but, like Pharaoh of Egypt with his chief butler, restored him to his chief butlership.

When I went to McCurdy's I expected to stay but one week. But how could I leave while Mrs. McCurdy was sick and there was so much to do? The old man told me what he had to do; that if he knew where he could get a girl to help me he would do so, but he did not know of any. I told him I would do the best I could. He told me to do all my Sabbath-work on Saturday that I possibly could, so I could go with them on Sabbath to meeting. I must take butter and flour and

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make biscuit on Saturday to take along on Sabbath for a lunch, so we could stay for the afternoon meeting. My new bonnet was spoiled—and if it were not, it was a Methodist bonnet, and that did not suit for a Presbyterian meeting; so Mr. McCurdy, went to a milliner's store and selected for me the nicest he could find from a lot that had just arrived from the East. It was a beautiful straw hat. He also got me a pair of kid gloves, and kid, cream-colored sandals. And I was rigged out to attend their meeting.

I remained at Mr. McCurdy's about three months, until the arrival of my brother Abner. Mr. McCurdy was very anxious I should remain with them—"would adopt me as their own, do a good part by me," etc.; but I was anxious to go with my brother Abner, as he was my guardian. Besides this, my dear brother Thomas was with Abner on his way to Fairfield and I wanted to be with him. He was the next youngest, and dearer to me than all the world. The growing kindness of the McCurdy's had greatly endeared them to me, and me to them; so that when we parted we had a very sorrowful time. They all gathered around me crying, wishing us safety and good fortune, the old man with the rest; and he made me a present of twenty-one dollars.

I had been at shouting Hetty Knox's, my cousin, at hard work for three months, and subject to her tongue-lashing, and she had never given me a cent. At McCurdy's I had never received an unkind word; and they gave me about thirty dollars for services rendered. Heaven bless them for their kindness to me when I was apparently homeless and friendless; and may their children and children's children call them blessed.

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Ten days' travel brought us to Tatman's prairie, in the midst of which is situated the village of Fairfield, so much and so long talked of, my future home—the little realm in after years so dear to me; the theater of so much tragedy, drama, and comedy, so much of joy and delight, so much of sorrow and heartache. And now as I approach this part of my history the events of those days crowd upon me, and I fain would reach out my old and trembling hand to greet my youthful companions. Time points to the swaths and windrows he has made with their epitaphs, marking the abode of all my comrades and friends. Two generations have come and gone and I alone, am left to tell the story. Surely

> I feel like one,
> Who treads alone,
> Some banquet-hall deserted;
> Whose lights are fled,
> And lamps are dead,
> And all but me departed.

In the vicinity of Fairfield lived a large number of Jersey folks, many of them relatives of mine. Among them were my brother A. W. Casad, uncles Aaron and John Casad, and John J. Tingley, the latter mother's brother. All had large families. I went to uncle Aaron's, where I stayed most of the time for the first six months. After that I went to brother Anthony's. Soon after I went there Mrs. Joe Tatman came there visiting, and while there proposed that I should go over and spend a few days with them. I was now near seventeen; and I could not see what pleasure there would be without some young acquaintances. "Oh! but I am as good as a girl.

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I love young company and enjoy their society as much as I ever did; and I am so very lonesome. Yes, yes, I came here on purpose to have you go home with me and make a long visit. We will see that you have a way to get home when you want to come. By her fair speech and affability she prevailed on me to go home with her; and indeed I would very naturally feel myself complimented to find an open door and a hospitable reception, stranger as I was. But I was too hasty in accepting the proffer of a stranger, without at least making some inquiry as to her character, standing, and the probability of a pleasant visit.

Mrs. Tatman was old Jesse Rush's daughter, as good by nature as any other man in one sense of the word, and some would say in every sense. I do think, however, there is a difference. Some men and women seem naturally more depraved than others—whose passions, impulses, desires, thoughts, and ambitions move on a lower plane than others. History shows that children of the same family, and with the same surroundings, differ as much in mental and moral qualities as they do in physical appearance or muscular power. Physiologists and philanthropists are greatly exercised over this moral phenomenon. Cain and Abel, Shem, Ham, and Japheth, Abraham and Lot, Isaac and Ishmael, Jacob and Esau, Judah, Reuben, and Joseph, Shelah and Er, Eliab and David, Absalom and Solomon. It seems to me a careful study of these opposite characters will impress us with the idea that the degrees of moral conception are innate. However this may be, my opinions are my private property, and held by a very frail tenure at that.

We occasionally find what we may call the natural

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moralist—the natural man. He thinks too much of his honor to do a mean act. He will not swerve from the rules of commonly recognized moral recitude,—refraining from all such immoralities as lying, stealing, deception, slander, nor in any manner doing injury to his neighbor; generous to the poor, to the fatherless, and to the widow.

There is another natural man,—his heart is like Joseph's brethren were to him,—full of envy, suspicion, jealousy, bickering, back-biting, and evil surmising.

Old Jesse Rush was neither the one or the other of the above characters. He was a "step-safely" do-nothing; lived in a log-cabin with no upper or under floor,—a den of corruption, where gambling and dissipation were carried on. So amid card-tables, whisky, eggnog, milk-punch, and mint-julep my new friend Mrs. Tatman (India Rush) was reared. She was a model beauty, smart and witty; and by her beauty and wit she had captivated Joe Tatman, who had just become heir to his father's large estate. His large means enabled him to go into the mercantile business, and also to erect a large brick residence. Thus suddenly elevated from the groundfloor of a cabin to the parlor of a wealthy merchant, she became arrogant and overbearing — a model shoddy; and her husband, too, was a Mungo. There is an old saying, "Set a beggar on horseback and he will ride to perdition."

Well, I went home with Mrs. Tatman.

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Chapter XV.

Mrs. Tatman's Tricks — Singing-Schools — The Jersey Curl — Outward or Inward Adorning—Contest between the Ohio and Jersey Plan of Dressing Chickens, Dipping Candles, etc.

It was night when we arrived there, and I was shown up to bed all right. In the morning Mrs. Tatman rather led off in preparing breakfast; and when that was over and all cleared away, dishes washed and house swept, Mrs. Tatman told me to put on the big kettle, preparatory to washing, and while it was heating to run up stairs to the upper room and make the beds. Like a simpleton, I obeyed her orders to the letter. While I was making the beds—which I was doing very nicely, for I prided myself on my bed-making—Mrs. Tatman came in and said, Lydia, here, do this so, spread so and so. I whirled on my heel, exclaiming, "Make it yourself; I learned to make beds in New Jersey;" and down stairs I went. Soon she was down stairs again, fixing and spluttering and sputtering. Finally, when all was ready she asked me to rub the clothes; and at it I went. She soon made her appearance in the wash-room and said, "Come, Lydia, hurry up! Do hurry!" I was then working my best, and, as I thought, was getting along finely, and was congratulating myself with the prospect of a nice surprise for Mrs. Tatman.

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My face was beaming, and red as a comet; the perspiration was rolling down my face, and I would very soon be done, when in comes Mrs. Tatman with another bundle of clothes. "Put them in, and hurry, Lydia; hurry, child; do hurry with all your might." To save her life or mine, I could not have done more than I was doing. As I rubbed and tugged and wept and blamed myself for my folly in following her, I began to philosophize on the subject; and I slacked up a little and decided to "take my time." About this time my cousin Sally Casad came in. "What on earth are you here for? What made you come here?" "Why, this woman and her husband came to Anthony's, and nothing would do but I must make them a visit,—she was so lonesome; and, like a fool, I came. I am sick enough of my bargain; for I am satisfied it was a plan to have me do her drudgery." "Take your hands out of that suds and wipe them; yes, wash all the Tatman's suds off and wipe them and come in with me." I followed her, got my things, and went into Mrs. Tatman's room. Said Sally: "I came for Lydia to go with me. We are going to have a spelling-school, and we want her for a captain." This was literally true. "Oh!" said Mrs. Tatman, "Lydia has come to stay with me a few days; and I had rather she would not go." "Oh! she must go; we can't do without her. Put on your bonnet and shawl, Lydia; we must go." So I bid her good-by; and it was a long time before I saw her again.

I went to the spelling-school. Sally and I were chosen captains, and I came off victorious. My opportunities for education in my childhood, in the higher branches, were very limited, and consequently much of my atten-

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tion was given to reading and spelling. After spelling-school I went home with Sally to my dear uncle Aaron's, where I met with a hearty welcome from all; but I got a good scolding from the dear ones there for my *visit* to Mrs. Tatman's.

I went with Sally and my cousins to a singing-school one evening afterwards; and I had my hair curled as I had worn it in New Jersey. This created quite a sensation, and shows how a folly, with a little vanity, may subject us to great annoyance. Some admired and tried to copy, but sometimes failing made a ridiculous appearance. As very few of them had ever given much attention to their hair, the most of it looked faded and sunburnt; and by the time they reached the singing-school it was all straightened out. They often failed in their efforts, and the Jersey curl came into disfavor. On one occasion while sitting near the wall at singing-school, my hair curled *a la Jersey*, some mischievous young fellow sketched my shadow on the wall with a charcoal, which excited a great deal of merriment at my expense,—although I knew nothing of it for some time afterward. Still, I presevered, and taught many of them the art, which greatly improved their appearance. How changed the scene, and our relations to the world and each other. Not a single one of those who were the objects of my care and instruction in the decoration of the head are now living. Where are they to-day? And in the hour of death, were they robed in righteousness? Were they prepared for the glorious appearing of the great God and our Savior Jesus Christ. Now the business of my life is to teach not that "outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of

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apparel; but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price." (I. Peter iii. 3, 4.) "In like manner also, that women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shame-facedness and sobriety; not with braided hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array." (I. Tim. ii. 9.)

Where are Abner, Anthony, John, Thomas, Aaron, Rhoda, and Sally Casad, Joseph and India Tatman, and scores beside? Gone, gone to a long eternity; and here I am, through the mercy of God trying with all my ransomed powers to win souls to Christ.

For some time I made my home at uncle Aaron Casad's, and had a very pleasant time. Uncle, it is true, had a large family, and there was a great amount of hard work to do. Of course I did my share, without hope of fee or reward. But I had learned by sad experience that people who have no home have a hard lot—a life of dependence. I knew I was very welcome to share with his family at his board and shelter and bed. But he had a large family to clothe; so I must replenish my wardrobe from some other source. This I was ready and willing to do; but the difficulty was in getting a paying situation. My mother was a good housekeeper,—having a practical knowledge of every department; and as I looked upon her in that light and had observed her management and methods very carefully and practiced them, my services were doubly needful and beneficial at aunt Rhoda Casad's, as uncle Dunn's folks were not especially particular in their housewifery. This was my opinion, but was not theirs. A discussion of the subject one day resulted in a contest

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between the Ohio plan by aunt Rhoda and cousin Sally, and the Jersey plan by me. The test was in dressing chickens. When all were ready we were to start at once. But they got the start, and consequently aunt Rhoda and Sally soused their chicken in the hot water first, so I must wait until they were through; and while mine was scalding, of course they could be finishing up. Uncle's house was a double log-cabin, with an entry between; and the only door to the cabins went in the entry. When they went out with their scalded chicken they went north of the house. When I got mine scalded I went to the south end, jerked the feathers off as I ran, and then ran back and jammed my chicken in the blaze of the fire to singe. I then caught up the butcher-knife, ran to the spring, and finished the dressing, when I then returned all complete, and they were at the fire-place singing theirs. They were badly taken aback.

Sometime after this, aunt Rhoda had made up a large amount of "dipped candles," and uncle Aaron took them to Fairfield and sold them to the hotel-keeper. In a few days he went to town, and the landlord hailed him in the street and asked him what on earth was the matter with his candles. He swore that to light one made a faint twilight, to light two made it dusk, and to light three made it total darkness. Uncle came home bringing the candles, and asked me if I knew how to make "dipped candles." I told him I knew how mother made them—the "*Jersey*" plan. "Well," said he, "I think that will answer." So I set about it, and aunt Rhoda and cousin took items. Indeed, they learned several things about candle-making. They found out that hemp or flax

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would not do for wicks; that the wicks must be well saturated before the process of dipping is commenced; that to prevent scorching or coloring the tallow, the kettle should be about half full of water, and all together should be heated a little below the boiling-point—the tallow, being of less specific gravity would float on top; that there should be no salt in the tallow or about the candle-wick; that to give good shape to the candles, as they are liable to be too slender at the top, insert them nearly to the rod, draw half up, hold a little, then let down again, and so on in this way about every other dipping, until the right shape is had. The dipping was a perfect success, and the candles found a ready market and gave general satisfaction.

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Chapter XVI.

Generous Uncle Aaron Casad — Learn the Tailoring Trade with Mr. Patterson, down on "Beaver;" Good Family of the Shaker Persuasion — Shaker Hymns — Home, Home.

But for all my work, none felt willing to pay me. Indeed my uncle was unable to pay me, if willing. Wheat was worth only one shilling per bushel, and coffee four shillings per pound. So you see one pound of coffee would sweep away four bushels of wheat. Besides, in that newly-settled part of Ohio improvements were very low; and outside of prairie there were but small tracts of cleared land. Uncle Aaron had taken his home on the east side of a prairie, in the timber, and had but a small patch cleared around his cabin. The produce raised upon these few acres was all he had from which to support his large family. He had about half an acre for garden and "truck-patch," a few acres for corn, and a few for wheat, in all not exceeding at this time fifteen or twenty acres.

As I said, they paid me nothing for my work, especially as there was no necessity of their hiring me; so with all my helping I felt that I was a kind of supernumerary, and began to look around for a new home. Looking over the whole field I concluded to go down on Beaver, and so made my way to a Mr. James Patterson's. While there I learned the tailoring trade, which in after

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life was of service to me in providing for the support of myself and two orphan boys in my widowhood. They were very peculiar in their religion. The elders always aim to make all believe that they have divine revelations direct from heaven—and indeed some do believe it just as devoutly as I believe the Holy Scriptures. All their poetry shows that they claim to be the true people of God. The following is one of their hymns:

O Zion! thou city where God is revealed,
Thou treasure of goodness from devils concealed;
Thou art that bright city by Babel abhorred,
The household of David, beloved of the Lord.

Long time in great anguish I wandered abroad
And sought for Mount Zion, the city of God;
Till late, as I wandered, I came to the door,
My soul cried, "This is it, I will wander no more."

I asked the porter if I might come in.
He answered, "You can not! you're laden with sin;
Your soul is quite welcome, but you never can,
For all this whole city abhors your old man."

My sins I confessed; with pain I began
That God-fearing work, to put off the old man.
My soul soon found union with those at the door;
I lay at the threshold and labored for more.

At length I'm admitted to enter the court,
And feel in a measure what prophets report;
And while this hot furnace is burning my dross,
I've peace and salvation in bearing my cross.

And when I'm sent forth to the nations abroad,
I go in the gift and protection of God;
And all who receive the same word I live in,
They soon find salvation and freedom from sin.

And when I return from my labors abroad,
I go for my strength to the household of God.

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My father is righteous, my mother is kind,
My brethren and sisters all of the same mind.

Come you that are called in this gospel day,
Your faith came by hearing, your life to obey.
If you keep your union as I have kept mine,
Your light in Mount Zion forever shall shine.

ANOTHER.

We read of a people, in ages that 's past,
Who wished their neighbors no ill,
Yet were persecuted and daily harrassed,
And driven from mountain and hill.

Those innocent souls made no lawful defense,
But if persecutors now say
Abandon your faith, or we'll banish you hence,
In reason we answer them nay, nay, nay.

The Lord was not deaf to his people's complaint,
When in former ages oppressed;
But graciously promised his innocent saints,
A day of salvation and rest.

When this blessed period has truly begun,
And God puts an end to the fray;
Shall peaceable men to the wilderness run?
Each promise of God answers, nay, nay, nay.

We have not the laws of a Nero to face,
Nor the horrible edicts of Rome;
This new dispensation has altered the case,
And fixed us a peaceable home.

While men of sound reason are widely awake,
Asserting the rights of the day,
Must harmless believers their country forsake?
The good Constitution says, nay, nay, nay.

Away with those fellows, their doctrine I hate,
Though despotic kingdoms may roar,
While under the laws of this happy free state,
How strong is the voice of the w———e.

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The true independence of this happy land,
The nation is bound to defend;
In this independence we'll virtuously stand,
And heaven and earth say, Amen! Amen!
And heaven and earth say, Amen! Amen!

ANOTHER.

On Zion's mount behold the Lamb,
As the beloved John foretold,
United in one social band,
New scenes of glory to unfold.

An hundred thousand years and more,
Of virgin followers clean and bright,
The life of him they did adore,
By which they are all clothed in white.

A voice from heaven next was heard,
Like waters great and thunders loud;
In vision then to John appeared
The Lord in his mysterious cloud.

The heavenly harpers sweetly sound
The glory of the latter day;
Ye souls who have salvation found,
From death and darkness flee away.

Now these are they who were redeemed
From among the fallen race;
And full redemption they have gained,
And obtained the holy place.

Lift your head, you righteous nation,
Soon the kingdom you shall own;
And in the power of full salvation,
Ye shall there surround the throne.

Oh, come ye souls of upright spirit,
Bear the cross and wear the crown;
True peace and love you shall inherit,
When all evil is put down.

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Pure metal runs the furnace through,
And every heat is to refine.
They rasp, they file, and varnish too;
The more 'tis rubbed, the more 'twill shine.

Lonely and sadly did I brood over my hardships. I could not but complain of my brother Anthony W. Casad, after reposing so much confidence in him as to leave mother and all, relying on his watch-care, but now to be turned adrift; and the thought occurred to me, sleeping and waking, that the

Old house at home was no dwelling for me,
The home of the stranger henceforth it must be;
Yet still in my slumbers sweet visions will come
Of the hours that I spent in the old house at home.

But with one of the Carey sisters—Phebe I think—I might sing:

One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er;
I'm nearer my home to-day,
Than I ever have been before;

Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea;

Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer gaining the crown.

But the waves of that silent sea
Roll dark before my sight,
That brightly the other side
Break on a shore of light.

Oh, if my mortal feet
Have almost gained the brink,

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If it be I am nearer home,
  Even to-day than I think.

Father, perfect my trust,
  Let my spirit feel in death
That my feet are firmly set
  On the Rock of a living faith.

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Chapter XVII.

Return to Fairfield — Experience Against Labor — Did Four Hundred Yards of Weaving — Work and Proceeds to be Equally Divided with Sister-in-Law Jemima — When I had Done all the Work, Jemima had Collected all the Money and I had all the Experience — Start to School — Rival Teachers, Joseph White and Allen Farquhar — White as a Dreamer — A Kind, Villainous Lady — Marry Isaac Cox, of Fairfield — Father John Cox Leaves for New Orleans with a Boat-load of Grain—Earthquake Region at New Madrid, Missouri — Very Significant Dream and Fulfillment — Living on the Cox Mill-Property—Advent of a Young Personage, whom we Name John T. Cox — Happy Times.

I will say here that I never in all my life had a more pleasant time than while at that place. I was not there long when my mother heard the news and resolved to come to Ohio. After she arrived at Fairfield she immediately came to see me, and to see how I was situated. Had it not been for their strange doctrine she would have liked them very well. But the thought of men living by themselves and women by themselves! God has said, "It is not good for man to be alone;" and it did appear that this came very near the fulfillment of Paul's prophecy, I. Timothy iv. 1–3, where he states "that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits, and doctrines of devils; * * *

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forbidding to marry," etc., thus repudiating the marriage covenent, and dancing to worship God. All this was repugnant to her ideas of the true worship of God; and she could not bear to stay one week there, or even let me stay. So I left the Patterson family and returned to Fairfield. I was now really without a home. Of course I could go to my mother's; but step-father Wintermoot had a very large family of children, who were, by their rudeness and coarseness, obnoxious to me; so my stay there would be very disagreeable. I will say right here that father Wintermoot was always very kind to me; was a kind father and a kind husband; a good neighbor and a good Christian. Now that I was dependent only upon my own exertions, as I had some knowledge of weaving I went to work at that in good earnest. I made an arrangement with my sister-in-law Jemima Casad, by which she was to do the spooling and quilling and I was to do the weaving, and we would share equally in the profits; but Mima had no time, so I had to do the spooling, quilling, warping, drawing in, and all, by myself, besides help Mima enough to pay my board. There I wove four hundred yards, for which I never received one cent, as all my customers managed to pay brother Abner, with whom they appeared to have had business relations, so he became paymaster to me. I could have wove five hundred yards more in the same way; but I proposed to quit the weaving business and try something that would pay better, although it might be but little.

Kitchen-work I did not fancy, and only in cases of necessity would I do it,—as in case of sickness. At tailoring I sometimes could get situations at twenty-five

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cents per day—which was better than the customary wages of seventy-five cents per week for house-work. But the trouble was, I could not get constant employment at tailoring. Mima could not see why I did not weave, as I could get employment all the year round at fifty cents with them. As I had already given my experience on the four hundred yards I will not say further, except that I think I see the hand of God in all my struggles. All who gave me a helping hand were blessed, and *vice versa*.

Sometimes in brooding over my troubles, trials, and deep waters I am overwhelmed with grief; but as the good Lord has delivered me from them all, and restored my soul, I exclaim with one of old, "It was good to be afflicted; afflictions made me learn thy law, and lean upon my God." Whatever my sorrows or afflictions, I never yielded to despair however dark and heavy the overhanging cloud, I hoped on and hoped ever; and in all my life I never saw a day wherein I would harm a mortal being. I therefore had few enemies, and those very few stimulated alone by some low envy, as my history shows my true disposition to be to discommode myself to accommodate and prosper others. Indeed, I have had many chidings on this account, as it amounted to a fault. Often have I loaned my best clothing, shoes, or anything I had, to benefit or please others. I must confess that my later experience has modified my views and disposition in this respect, and I am glad to know that loaning or borrowing a wardrobe is not now in vogue.

My mother's counsel was for me now to go to school, as a school was being opened at Fairfield, with a Mr.

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Joseph White as principal. There was also another school there taught by Mr. Allen Farquhar. Mr. White was an old bachelor, very near-sighted, his hair naturally as white as wool, and withal very homely and unpopular with the young people, although an excellent scholar. On the contrary, Dr. Allen Farquhar was a good-looking young man, very popular with the ladies, and hardly half-witted.

On one occasion he was telling me what a great blessing it was to be educated. Said he, "I would not have been smarter than a common man had it not been for my education." As for White, he was not only a good scholar, but withal a great wag and a practical joker.

One incident in his history I will mention. He had a fashion of telling his dreams, in which I think he had a twofold purpose—to ridicule the prevailing superstitious ideas concerning dreams, and also to dish out a little sarcasm toward certain persons he disliked. On one occasion he was telling us, in a kind of semi-confidential way, that he dreamed he died and went to hell. He had been there only a short time till Sam Casad (a distant relation of ours) came, and the following colloquy ensued:

Devil. "What brought you here, Sam?"

Samuel. "For pretending to be religious, making a great ado about sacred things to get people to think well of me, and thus get an opportunity to cheat them out of their property."

Devil. "File off to the left and make room for your brother, Ben Casad."

Devil. "Well, Ben, what sent you here?"

Ben. "I came here on account of cheating people

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out of their horses and other property, and tippling and debauchery."

Devil. "File off to the left, for here comes your brother John W. Casad."

Devil. "Well, John, what on earth or hell brought you here?"

John W. "I came for lying, preaching false doctrine, and acting the hypocrite."

Devil. "File off to the left, for here comes Squire Billy Casad."

Devil. "Well, squire, what brought you here?"

Squire B. "Fo-fo-for ta-ta-taking brub-brub-brub-bribes fo-fo-for ju-ju-judgments and verdicts, an-and fo-fo-false swa-swa-swearing."

Devil. "Nonsense, nonsense. File off; here comes your father."

Devil. "Well, old sanctimonious, what brings you here? You are the last man I would have expected. I am curious to know why sentence was passed on you."

Father. "I came here for hiding my wife's faults."

Devil. "Well, well. File off; here comes your wife. Well, old woman, what brought you here?"

Old Woman. "I wonder what that is of your business?"

Devil. "It just is my business; and if you don't tell me at once you'll be made to tell."

Old Woman. "So you have changed your tune a little since you betrayed mother Eve."

Devil. "No more of that now! I am running this establishment myself. Talk it out, old lady." (Holding a brimstone taper under her nose.)

Old Woman. "Well, if I must I will. It was for

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acting the hypocrite, lying, cheating, getting drunk, pretending to be sick, robbing the widow, robbing fatherless and motherless children, training my children to all manner of meanness, and ——".

Devil. "I have heard enough, you shall have the hottest place in my kitchen; so go at once."

Old Woman. "Not I; I never obeyed any man in my life."

Devil. "Go at once!"

Old Woman. "Not I, indeed!"

Devil. "Then I will be compelled to hurl you there?"

Old Woman. "That is a game that two can play at."

So they both went into the hurling business; and after a while when she became very much fatigued she proposed to talk the matter over, as there was no use of being in such "hot haste." So they sat down together to chat over the matter, and finally got on a trade; and she swindled him out of his crown.

Now I never would have recorded this long, tedious harangue, only for this: A little while after he told this he took very sick, and that very same old lady went to see him. He was dying, and requested her to pray with him. She would not do it. He died; and not long after his death that family began to die off, one after another,—and what is most singular, in the order of his dream,—until all were gone. From their daily walk and conversation we are warranted in the fear that they realized much of what was fancied in poor Joseph White's dream. Although we are authorized to judge a tree by its fruit,—and surely theirs was of unrighteousness,—yet we would refrain from *pronouncing* judgment upon them; for with whatsoever judgment we judge, by

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that shall we also be judged; and with whatsoever measure we mete, it shall be measured to us again. As for poor White, he appeared penitent; for he besought the prayers of all around.

Jesus forgave the penitent thief on the cross in the last hour, just before he expired, and it is possible that our heavenly Father will forgive every dying penitent sinner; but the chances and example of the dying thief can not be recommended for imitation. "Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation. To-day if you hear his voice harden not your hearts."

As advised by mother, I attended school for several months. I was then about twenty; and now, as I look at it after a period of sixty years, I think, under all the surroundings, I made fair progress. But my mind was somewhat diverted by Isaac Cox, a young fellow-schoolmate, apparently about my age then, but as I afterward learned was my junior by about two years. Our partiality and friendship was mutual, but at that time did not extend further than a future, vague probability of marriage. Sometime afterward, however,—(I suppose some of my readers of mature years would rather I should leave out all this about love and matrimony; but as I am talking also to the young, my experience in that respect, sandwiched with a little wholesome counsel, may be beneficial; so, girls, I will go on with my story,)—there was a young gentleman living near Fairfield of a very honorable family, and in every way worthy of me. Indeed, under all the circumstances I was highly honored in having his affection. But still I waited, to be better satisfied of his purposes, character, etc. A mutual acquaintance of ours whispered to me confidentially that my

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lover had made his boast that he was not in earnest; was only fooling,—only a harmless flirtation; might talk marriage, but never marry me. So sure enough, the next time he came he kindly and tremblingly asked my hand in marriage. But I was prepared for him. I told him what I had heard, and supposed that now he was carrying out his programme. The poor man was perfectly astounded, and in the most solemn manner declared his innocence. I told him haughtily that a man who would make such threats could practice the worst of deception; that I did not wish to make it a matter of public gossip, but I would see the girl again and hear what she had to say. He wanted me to see her soon, and still protested his innocence. I told him I would write. I went to the girl, Fanny T——, and asked her again, questioning her very carefully. She declared, under oath, that what she said was true, and that he was only deceiving me. I wrote him a spicy letter, reprimanding him severely for thus trifling with me. He responded to me very kindly; expressed his sorrow at my want of confidence in his declarations; that he had done all in his power to disabuse my mind, and concluded the letter with the avowed purpose of leaving for Indiana. He soon left, and did not return until after he was married. When I told Fanny T—— of his marriage, she broke out into a loud laugh, and said to me, "I was just in time to break up the match between you and L. R." I said, "What do you mean?" She said, "I never heard him say a word against you in my life." "Why, Fan," said I, "what made you tell me such a lie, and swear to it in the bargain?" Said she, "It was my only chance to break off the match." You may imagine how my conscience re-

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proved me for the ill treatment of him, my contempt for his honest declarations, and, as I believe, sincere affection. His after life showed him to be an honorable and highly-respected gentleman. But the wicked wretch who wrought the mischief, added to her perjury a seven years' life of shame and a horrid death.

Sometime after this, while at Fairfield, my acquaintance was renewed with my school-fellow, Isaac Cox. He belonged to a very large family of respectibility and wealth. Notwithstanding some opposition by the families on both sides,—as my affianced was a minor,—we were married on March 17, 1820, leaving about two years' service due father Cox. We went on the home farm, Isaac taking charge of the saw-mill which was situated on the farm, and propelled by the waters of Mad River.

Soon after our marriage father Cox, who had several farms, got up a boat-load of grain for the New Orleans market. He hired several hands to man the boat and started down the river, leaving the boys (his sons) in charge of his farms. He left about June 1, 1820. Before they reached the mouth of the Ohio his hands were taken sick, and when they reached New Madrid, Missouri Territory,—on the west bank of the Mississippi,—John Tatman died; and there in a land of strangers he was buried.

Only ten years before this there was an earthquake at New Madrid and vicinity, and a region of country embracing nearly a million acres of land sunk from ten to a hundred feet; and now most of the country is under water. Poor John Tatman,—he was a noble young man, and his death was greatly lamented. He had a

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brother with him when he died, but he went on and had to leave John in the silent city of the dead near New Madrid.

It makes no difference where I die,
It makes no difference where I lie,
We'll all rise together in the morning.

Long and sorrowful was the time, as it moved on leaden wheels, for nearly a year's absence of father Cox—seldom hearing from him, and subject as he was to malarial fever, or perhaps stricken with the fatal epidemic prevailing at New Orleans every year. About June 1, 1821, we heard that he had returned as far as Cincinnati with what was called the "river complaint," and was then recovering and would be home on a certain day. We all went home—the big brick house in Fairfield, where mother Cox and her unmarried children were living, for a general reunion and to welcome him home. When he came, oh how emaciated! His clothes hung loosely about him, and we were all greatly alarmed at his condition. He only lived a few weeks after he arrived home.

Isaac and myself were still living at the old home farm, on Mad River. One night I dreamed we were all invited to a wedding at father Cox's. When we went there we found a large concourse of people. And such a confusion! There appeared to be a great scramble for something to eat. I asked mother Cox where we would get meat for dinner. She took me to the east front room; and there under the west window lay something covered with a clean white sheet. Mother raised the sheet; and there lay a large sized shote, nicely dressed and ready for use. At this stage of my dream I was awakened by

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some one who came to have us go over at once to father Cox's, as he was dying. We arose and dressed as soon as possible, and went over. I was wondering all the way at my singular dream and its probable import. He died soon after our arrival, and was laid out in the east front room, under the west window. There was an immense concourse of people present. He was buried by the Masonic fraternity, on the old Isaac Cox ("granddaddy Cox") place. Though I attach but little importance to dreams, I have never been able to account for this one—so ominous, and so bitterly fulfilled. After the funeral was over, how sad and dreary. The gloom was almost impenetrable. Most of my readers who have arrived at the age of maturity know how to sympathize with us. Grandfather had made a will, giving his estate to a few favored children. To mother he gave the home place, embracing six hundred acres and the mill. I suppose that Isaac was not remembered in the will for the reason of his disobedience in marrying while yet a minor. I think, however, if he had made his will after his return he would not have cut him off. The reader will please go back with me some six months to an important event in family history.

On the 7th day of February, 1821, a very welcome visitor had put in his appearance. He was a kind of olive-branch between two strong, rival families—the Casads and Coxes—the most numerous families in that part of the country. This was a day of general rejoicing on both sides. Isaac's mother, Sarah Cox, and my mother, Abigail C. Wintermoot, were both present. The newly-arrived was named John Thomas Cox, in honor of his grandfathers, John Cox and Thomas Casad. Here

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now was a new object for my idolatry; and to mothers holding in their arms their first-born I need not undertake to describe my rapture as I looked upon and caressed my darling boy. And again would I imagine the possibilities of a separation that might come, and take the child or the father, or me, the idolatrous mother. Thus I rejoiced and wept, covering my head to hide my emotion.

Oh! if I could live to see him grown up to manhood's estate. What plans and promises I made in my mind for his training, culture, education, etc., etc. This was the tenor of a thousand reflections, day and night, sleeping and waking. With all my bodings, these were the happiest days of my life. I had a husband that loved me dearer than life itself. With these two I could be happy anywhere—in a hut, with a crust and cup of water.

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Chapter XVIII.

Husband Seeks a New Home in Indiana — Fatal Accident — A Widowed Mother and Orphan Child — The Child in Danger — Grandmother Casad Blind — A Destitute Mother and Child — Peril of the Boy again — A Home at Williamson's — Johnny's Temporary Home with Father Kurtz — Mother very Ill at Greenville, Ohio — Brother Finch and I go to see her — Cold Winter Weather — Dangerous Crossing — Perilous Journey — Hospitality of Mr. McCoole and Family — Thrilling Narrative of a Tornado — Arrival at Kurtz's and Williamson's.

Not long after grandfather Cox's death, claims came on from the East to sweep away a large part of the estate, and we could not expect any help from there; so my husband, hearing of the opening up of the new territory of Indiana, determined to seek a home somewhere near Indianapolis. I used every means of persuasion to induce him to remain, with the hope that business prospects would improve, and that I would shortly have more help from the Jersey estate. No, he could not lose time and opportunity; so I gave him what money I had of my last drawing, put his clothing in order as well as I could; and with a heavy and bleeding heart he took leave of us. I stood in the door and watched his departure down, down the broad road toward Dayton, until his figure faded and vanished from my sight, as it proved to be, *forever*. Brother Thomas was boarding with us at the time my husband left. He knew nothing

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of his intention to leave. I never knew why, but it was generally regarded that emigration to Indiana was a kind of "wild-goose chase." I had only my dear brother Thomas to look to, as my mother Wintermoot was living near Greenville. After his departure, an incident occurred which greatly frightened me. I was sleeping in the second story of the brick house in Fairfield. The moon was shining brightly, and about midnight I heard a noise at the window at the side of the bed. One pane was out, and, half wakening, I saw some object moving. I gave a scream of alarm, and at once saw that it was my John T. trying to crawl out. The window was directly over a large stone door-step at the front door. The reader can imagine my alarm, and the peril so imminent.

Soon after this we moved to brother Thomas' house, he still boarding with me. It was some time in November, 1822, when the letter came from Indiana, notifying us of the untimely end of my husband by accidental death. The letter stated that he had rented a saw-mill, and had gone out early in the morning, before breakfast, to make some repairs. While up on the saw-frame something gave way, and he fell through. He was picked up below in an unconscious state, and never spoke. Oh, what a sad and shocking return was this for all my watching and waiting for tidings from my new home in the West. O God! my heavenly Father! is there no end to these my sore afflictions? Widowed myself, and orphaned my child. Spare me, reader, the pain of opening again the wound that well-nigh proved fatal.

About this time my brother Thomas received word

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that our dear old grandmother Casad was blind at Dundee, New York, so he went immediately to her relief. Now was I indeed homeless, and almost friendless. Though I had those who sympathized with me, yet so abstract and distant was their sympathy that, taken altogether, it would not subsist my orphan child five minutes. I could get employment myself, but families did not want the bother and hinderances of a child.

"Can a mother's tender care,
Cease toward the child she bare?"

No! I kept my child with me, and did the best I could until my boy was about three years old.

I will mention an incident which occurred in Fairfield. My boy, when nearly three years old, was presented with a whip with a good long lash to it. He slipped out with it from under my notice, and soon was down to where some horses were hitched at a rack. Here he was cutting away at the horses' heels, and they kicking over his head, to his infinite delight. By accident cousin Reuben Casad's wife saw him, and called his attention long enough to prevent any fatal result. Here, again, had my heavenly Father, by his mysterious providence, saved my child.

About this time I became intimately acquainted with the kind, good family of Williamsons, who were held in very high esteem by the entire community in which they lived. While living here with Mr. Williamson, sewing for them, in the course of a conversation one day he suggested that there was a rich old man by the name of Kurtz, a few miles distant, over on Mad River, who had no family except a wife and step-daughter, and that it would be a good place for my boy, as he would be

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very comfortably provided for, and very likely become heir to an estate. I was very determined in my opposition to any such arrangement, and would certainly oppose any separation. He arranged for our visiting the old man. They were very kind Dutch folks, and everything looked very comfortable about them. At last they assured me I could visit my boy as often as I wished, and they would frequently bring him over to see me. So we all went over again to Kurtz's and spent the day. In the evening I left him, and notwithstanding all their efforts to please and quiet him he was crying. As I retired at night I was perfectly overwhelmed with grief, and my loneliness was insupportable. I wept all night. Every Sunday, while others went to church I went over to see my boy. A messenger came from Greenville, notifying us that mother was very dangerously ill, and that I must go at once to see her. I immediately arranged to go. I first went to see my child, and then left for mother's—a distance of about sixty miles. We traveled two days and part of two nights. We arrived there about midnight, and I was so eager that I went at once to the door and knocked. I heard, in response, the faint though familiar voice of my mother, saying, "Come in." Oh, how thankful that mother was still in the land of the living, and was improving a little. I stayed four weeks; and mother kept mending, though rather slowly. I now became uneasy about my dear boy; and I felt I must go home, or rather go back and see my boy. But how could I get there? It was winter; and the ground west of Greenville was very flat and covered with water, which was frozen hard enough to bear a person, but not to bear a horse; conse-

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quently, if I went at all I must go on foot. But they would not hear or entertain such a proposition a moment. I told them I must see my child at all events; and go I must, and go I would! Then my brother Isaac Finch said, "Well, Lydia, if you *will* go, I will go with you." I then took leave of my dear mother. I tried to hope that I would see her again, but I had fearful forebodings that it was the last time. Oh, how my heart bled at that parting.

Off we started, early in the morning, afoot, on the rough, frozen road and ice and logs and corduroy, until we arrived at Painters Creek. There was no bridge across the creek, and no ferry-boat, canoe, or skiff, and no person living within five miles of the usual crossing-place. We looked up and down the stream some distance, and at last found a drift of wood reaching across the stream. Notwithstanding its dangerous appearance, we made the venture. Brother told me to go before. I knew not why he wanted me to go ahead until we had crossed; then he told me he feared I might fall in, and he wanted to be in a situation to give immediate relief. How considerate? Sure enough, when we were about half way across the logs began to loosen and roll over, and in I went. Immediately my brother went at the risk of his life, caught me, and rescued me from a watery grave. I felt very thankful to my brother for his forethought in walking behind me—ready for the rescue. Oh, how thankful I was to my heavenly Father for my deliverance, and that my dear brother had volunteered to accompany me on this perilous journey. We traveled on five miles, and came to a house which, as we soon learned, was occupied by a family named

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McCool. The house was on the bank of Ludlow Creek. Our clothing was frozen, and we found a hearty welcome. I shall never forget the kindness of Thomas McCool and his kind companion and family toward us. It could be said of them truly,

"They help the stranger in distress—
The widow and the fatherless."

As soon as Mrs. McCool had assisted me in divesting myself of my wet clothing, she had me lay down in bed, and covered me up warm and close that I might rest until she would make me a warm cup of coffee, and prepare us an excellent supper, which I assure you we eat with a good relish, as we had traveled ten hours without seeing a person, house, or any fire. As soon as our supper was over, Mr. McCool commenced giving us a sketch of their pioneer life. "On such a day," said he, giving the day and year (which have now slipped my memory), "my wife, myself, and four children were here. We heard a roaring; and when I looked out I saw a tornado moving to ward my house, crashing the timber, twisting off large trees, and filling the air with limbs, leaves, rails, and earth. There was no possibility for us to flee, so we sat down near the fire-place and awaited the result. As it come over us my wife and children clung around my feet. The roof soongave way, and was carried off. The house was built of hewed logs, well notched down at the corners; and one log after another went, until at last the floor began to raise under my feet. That was the last I knew," said he, "until I heard some of the neighbors at work helping us out of a pile of logs in the field. The ground had been taken off plow-deep where the house stood, and for an acre around. My

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wife, myself, and two of my children were taken out of the rubbish alive. One of my children was crushed among the house-logs, and the other one was taken up in the air and carried out into the field, where its brains were dashed out against a hickory tree that was twisted off in the storm. My wife said she had a piece in the loom ready to weave; but they never found any of the loom except the cloth-beam, and about one gear of the thread, which were found about three miles from Dayton, Montgomery County, Ohio. I had sixteen dollars in silver lying on a shelf overhead (an honest Quaker's deposit), and I never saw or heard of a dollar of it afterward. One of our feather-beds was found near Dayton; the others were torn into pieces. Some of our house-logs were found sixteen miles away from the place. One of our pewter plates was also found near Dayton." I said, "Where did your house stand?" Said he, "Exactly where this one stands which we are now in." This was ten or fifteen miles north of Greenville, Ohio. I looked at the old man and his kind companion, and thought to myself, does God indeed direct the storm, and hold the winds in his fist? Oh, why was it that such good people as these, so kind, so benevolent, should be so terribly afflicted, while ruffians, blasphemers, hypocrites, thieves, robbers, murderers, drunkards, and all manner of criminals are left unmolested. But thy works, O God, are mysterious, and thy ways past finding out.

My earnest prayer is that Thomas McCool and his wife and family may live long and see many good days. May the good Lord divide their sorrows and multiply the joys of life with them. While Memory holds her empire in my mind, bright and unfading will be the image of those

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very kind friends as they hurried about and busied themselves in ministering to our wants and comfort.

Early morn found us on our journey again. We traveled all day and late at night. We stayed all night with a friend Quaker. On the evening of the third day we landed safely at Mr. Kurtz's and found my boy well. We stayed with him all night, and the next day went on to Mr. Williamson's.

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Chapter XIX.

Moses Moore in the Foreground — Marry Him — Remove to Middletown — Scholarly Attainments of Mr. Moore — Teaches — His Appointment on Miami Canal — Moses Finley Moore Born — Sudden Illness and Death of Mr. Moore — Gloom Impenetrable —Mrs. Dana — Burial — I Teach School.

Sometime after this, while living at Mr. Williamson's, I became acquainted with a gentleman named Moses Moore, who was also boarding there. He was very reserved in his manners, and his conduct showed a good degree of culture. He had been engaged on a United States survey of lands, in the vicinity of the Maumee and Auglaize rivers, and was now engaged in making out the final report to the principal contractor,—Captain James Riley, of Arab notoriety,—verifying the work of two winters and summers,—preparing field-notes, plats, etc. He was a gentleman who had read a great deal; and his ripe scholarship and extensive travel made his society and conversation very interesting. He proposed marriage, and was accepted. I considered myself honored by an offer from one so highly cultured; for it could not have been expected, especially as I was a widow and homeless, with no means, not even a good wardrobe. We were married at Mr. Williamson's on the —— day of April, 1824. I could now be happy if I had not given my boy to Mr. Kurtz. Mr. Moore had obtained a situation as principal of a school in Middletown,

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Butler County, Ohio, and we had to remove to that place. I immediately went over to Mr. Kurtz's and talked and pleaded with him to let me have my child. But he assured me it would have every care and attention; that it would be unjust to take it away from them then; that he would make it the child's best interest to remain with him and grandma Kurtz. So I went without my boy—sad and sorrowing. I could have been superlatively happy with such a man as Mr. Moore, who sought every possible means to render me happy. But still, my happiness was marred by the absence of my boy; and many were the nights spent in weeping and deploring his absence. I was just in that mental condition when signs and dreams and various superstitious notions had their full play. Every ill omen pointed directly to my child; and my soul would be burdened with anxiety until I should hear from him again.

In the course of human events,—nearly a year after our marriage,—a second son made his appearance. He was born on the 28th day of January, 1825. His father called him Finley Moore. Happy, happy days were these. Of course my infant engrossed every care and attention. Every succeeding day was a round of joy and sunshine, made doubly happy by a doting husband and father.

On the 6th day of August, 1825, Mr. Moore was attacked with a severe headache; and although suffering intensely, he protested against my getting a physician. But I was so alarmed at the symptoms that I hurried to a neighbor's house and had Doctor Van Dever sent for, who lived about three miles distant. Before the doctor arrived he was delirious, and continued in that condition until a few hours before his death.

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The doctor came with all speed; and when he saw the very critical condition of his patient, he called in Doctor Eaton for consultation. They did everything in their power for his relief, but to no avail. On the 9th day of August, 1825, he seemed to recognize his babe Finley, and motioned to bring it to him. He then motioned for them to bring his watch, which I handed to him. He put the watch in the child's hand, then closed my hand over his, and by his motions told me to keep it for the child as a memento. When I saw that he was indeed dying I gave a scream, which greatly frightened the child and set him to crying piteously. I held the child a moment over the dead husband and father, then fled out of the door and fell prostrate in the yard-door. How long I lay there I do not know; but when they took me in, there lay my dear husband, father of the orphaned Finley, asleep in death. O! Father in heaven how shall I endure all this? Father of mercies, what have I done that thy chastening rod should be laid so heavily upon me? These were the bitter complaints of my murmuring heart. Father of mercies, thy will be done. Peradventure in my idolatrous devotion to the creature thou hast given me, I have forgotten the giver; and I might say with Mrs. Dana,—

"With woman's devotion she laid her fond heart
At the shrine of idolatrous love;
And she anchored her hopes to this perishing earth,
By the chain which her tenderness wove.

But I saw when those heart-strings were bleeding and torn,
And the chain had been severed in two;
She had changed her white robes for the sables of grief,
And her bloom for the paleness of woe.

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But the *Healer* was there, pouring balm on her heart,
And wiping the tears from her eyes;
And he strengthened the chain he had broken in twain,
And fastened it firm in the skies!
There had whispered a voice,—'twas the voice of her God,—
'I love thee! I love thee!—*pass under the rod!*'"

I never can forget the kindness of my neighbors in my sore affliction, several of whom I will here mention. The Denises, Sutphens, Schencks, Dennys, Bennets, and Burnetts,—all these and many others,—gave all the consolation in their power, a vivid recollection of which is fresh in my memory, though half a century has passed, while the names and faces of thousands that have since been written on the tablet of my mind have faded and vanished long ago. But the faces and kind offices of these dear friends stand out in bold relief as though written but yesterday. How sad and sorrowful are the whisperings around for the funeral preparations,—the coffin's muffled sound, the darkened room, the soft and silent foot-step, the friends and neighbors circling around, as the minister—my husband's friend, Elias Vicars—comes in to perform the last sad rites over the mortal remains of his esteemed friend.

My brother-in-law Finley Moore selected a hymn for the occasion, and had me hand it to the minister. But I was sorry I did so when I heard it read, as it was so very inharmonious and discordant to the sorrowing heart. It commenced as follows,—

"Ah, lovely appearance of death,
What sight upon earth is so fair?"

I thought that instead of death being lovely to my sight, its appearance was heart-rending and terrible.

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Indeed, all the changes of forty years have not effaced the horror of that hour. I can, in a measure, understand how the Christian may die in triumph, but the "*appearance of death*" can have little of loveliness. Our dearest friend, Jesus, our Redeemer, dying upon the cross, endured intense agony and suffering, which certainly could not be regarded as lovely and fair. At any-rate, I could not possibly see the appropriateness of such a hymn under any circumstances. The fond mother looks upon her dying infant, so innocent and pure; and though she knows that "of such is the kingdom of heaven," yet you can not get her heart to admit that the appearance of death is lovely. Yet a portion of the hymn was literally true,—

> His languishing head is at rest,
> Its thinking and achings are o'er,
> This quiet, immovable breast
> Is heaved with afflictions no more.

We followed him sadly to the grave in the burying-ground by the old Baptist meeting-house, near Abner Enoch's mills, two miles north of Middletown, Butler County, Ohio. While they were burying him I sat, or rather sunk—for I could not stand. I clasped my orphan babe Finley to my heart, and in my agony thought, oh, if we could only accompany our only stay down into the grave and thus end our mortal woes. Then, when the ceremony was ended, and the friends had fashioned the mound and planted the head and foot marks, I thought, oh, how can I leave him here? How shall I turn my back upon him?

> "My friend, my guide, my earthly all,
> Where affection ripened with each waning moon,

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Had heaven for many years delayed its call,
Still I had thought it called too soon."

We went home with Mrs. Burnett; but how I went, and in what manner, has ever since appeared to me as a vague dream. My brother Isaac Finch Casad was at that time reading law with Messrs. Wood & Corwin (Tom Corwin), at Hamilton, Ohio. I had sent for brother Isaac as soon as Mr. Moore was taken sick; but he was absent on a visit to Mr. Jonas Meeker, and did not get my message until two weeks after Mr. Moore's death. I did not return home until after his arrival. While absent, my kind friend Mrs. William Denise had her children and hired help go over to my house, get my things and carry them over to her house, and wash and iron them and put them back in place. My brother Isaac and a young lady named Sally Loomis, and some others of the neighbors went with me home, and did all in their power to console me.

My husband, Mr. Moore, had taken a school for six months, with the expectation that the Miami and Erie Canal Company would employ him to survey the line from Middletown to the lake. A few days before he was taken sick he was at Middletown at the breaking of the soil. De Witt Clinton of New York and Governor Brown of Ohio took part in the ceremonies, and addressed a large multitude of people.

Mr. Moore had only taught his school three months at the time he was taken ill. By common consent of his employers, I went into the school and taught it out. My brother and Sally Loomis stayed with me until the close of the term.

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Chapter XX.

Administer on the Moore Estate—Return to Kurtz's after John T., who was Nearly Crippled by Polly Shoup — On our Return Stop Over Night with Brother Thomas — Wonderful Discovery — Close Clipping Remedy — Kurtz's Dutch — John T. Joins an Excursion to Cincinnati — My Alarm — He Turns up Safely — Remove to Jacksonborough — Subsist by Tailoring — The Moore Estate, How Concealed — Superiority of Men's Sewing Over Woman's, on Account of "Grip in the hand" — A Joke on a Whimsical Customer.

I then administered on the estate and made full settlement of all the business, closing out with an administrator's sale. I took my babe, whose name I changed to Moses Finley Moore, and went to old man Kurtz's and got John, who had been nearly crippled for life by a tin scoop, thrown by Polly Shoup, striking just above the heel and almost severing the *tendon achilles*, and returned by way of Dayton and stopped with my brother Thomas M. Casad over night. A general inspection developed the fact that Johnny's head, like Colonel Sellers' enterprise, "had millions in it," and a prospect of riddance so hopeless that a very close application of the scissors was necessary. Then followed a thorough and vigorous scrubbing of his person, the memory of which, I suppose, will never be effaced from his mind; for it surely has not from mine, as I call to mind the fair promises

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they made, and the gross neglect and actual abuse of my poor fatherless boy

I returned to Middletown about the time of the completion of the canal to that place. A grand opening excursion was given to Cincinnati and back. The day was very rainy; but the excursionists went all the same. My shave-head boy had attracted some attention by his odd appearance and broken English (Kurtz being Dutch), and he got on the boat and made the trip. As soon as I noticed that he was missing I ran out among the neighbors, making inquiries about him, and soon a general search was commenced. I was soon told by William Oglesby that my boy was all right; that he was with good friends on his way to Cincinnati, and would be well cared for.

I felt exceedingly mortified as well as alarmed, and passed a very restless, sleepless night. But sure enough, the next morning my young mariner returned safe and sound, although his face and hands were greatly disfigured with a composition of dirt and molasses. He had not washed during his trip, and the cloudy patches of dirt about his eyes and cheeks showed that he had been crying, but I never could find out on what account.

Soon after this I removed to Jacksonborough, in the same county, where I bought a house and lot, and made arrangements with a tailor named Hiatt for jobs of tailoring. The chivalric gentry of that craft had prejudiced the public against woman's work,—insisting upon it that they did not have the "grip in the hand to do good sewing." By combining tailoring with the millinery business I could do very well, and, as long as

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health lasted, support myself and two children. The private papers of Mr. Moore showed that he had an estate in the State of New York; but it was not available, and all my efforts, and the efforts of my sons some time afterward, failed to realize anything from that quarter. The reader will please pardon this digression. Some thirty years after this the post-master at Bath, New York, died; and the administrator, on examining his papers, found that the letters of inquiry written to our friends had been withheld by him, and had been opened, consequently no response. My brother-in-law, Thomas Moore, had lived on the place until the statute of limitation would run agains it. He then defrauded the heirs out of the property, drove his own mother from the premises, and he himself died a drunken sot, and his family became destitute. But to resume. With my two boys, a pleasant home, and good friends and neighbors, I felt quite happy, though lonesome. But the hurry of work modified my lonely condition and diverted my attention from gloomy reflections.

As before intimated, the tailors, though they had educated the people against women tailors, would get us to do most of their work; and the customers somehow never knew the difference. One time I happened to be at the tailor's,—in the parlor with his wife—the shop was adjoining,—and while we were talking a man came in for an overcoat. As good luck would have it, I had just finished it. He inquired if the coat was done. "Oh yes," said Mr. Hiatt, "all done in first-rate style." Said he, "Hiatt, they tell me you have a woman sewing for you. If so, tell me; for I don't want my coat spoiled. If it has been made by a woman I will throw it on

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your hands; for it is fine cloth, and you shall pay for the cloth if a woman has made it. If I wanted a woman to botch it up I could get it done for three dollars, instead of paying you seven." The coat was what they called a "new market"—fine drab cloth, single cape, double stitched. Mrs. Hiatt and myself were listening to hear how he would get out of the scrape without lying. He produced the coat. "Here, sir," said he, "is your coat; and if you think a woman ever made that coat I will pay for the cloth." Mrs. Hiatt and myself could hardly conceal our hiding-place for laughing; for we became so interested that we actually found the key-hole of the door, to peep through. We took turns in peeping, and saw him examine the cloth very carefully. "No," said he, "I don't care who says women sew for you, they never made that coat, and they *haven't got the grip* to do such a job." "Now," said Mr. Hiatt, "if any of the people come to you with such news just tell them to mind their own business. They tell people such stuff to injure my custom." The man paid his seven dollars and went away perfectly satisfied, and fully convinced that "no woman had the grip to make a coat." Now, reader, there was a wrong somewhere. Where was it? The fact is he had more work than he could do; and he had not put a stitch in the coat. I had made the coat entire; but I dare not say so, for I would lose Mr. Hiatt's custom. I only mention this anecdote to show that whenever it can be done, even down to the matter of needle-work, men are inclined to monopolize all branches of labor, as well as the professions. Ay, even into the kitchen they come, and immediately demand and receive double wages. Based on the same

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theory, what in the name of common sense should hinder a girl from standing behind the counter and telling the price of calico and ribbon, and measuring off a few yards, and even changing the money, or do charging on the book, if need be?

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Chapter XXI.

A Struggle for Bread — Woman's Disabilities — Mother's Death — Step-father Marries Again — A Few Years Afterward He Dies —Sick Unto Death — Charity of Friends to Self and Two Boys —Slowly Recover — Joseph Sexton in the Foreground — After Debating the Question for Some Time we Decide to Marry — Brothers Thomas and Finch Visit us — They Persuade us to Remove Near Dayton — Remove to Ebberts Cross-Roads, where Mr. Sexton Manufactures Wagons, Axes, Plows, etc. — The Lutherans — The Tunkers — The Sexton Family — The Enoch Family.

Why can not merchants give ladies employment in this way, and save them from the tavern kitchen, from idleness, and sometimes a worse life? How many, oh, how many girls get discouraged who are out of employment that would be an honor to their parents and the community, if it were only fashionable or customary for girls to be employed as clerks, or have the right to choose and follow some profession? Thanks to God and our countrymen—the Yankees—for the founding and establishing an institute of *Materia Medica*, where ladies may obtain a thorough medical education; and we look forward to no distant day when our side of the house will be supplied with physicians for the treatment of such diseases at least as are peculiar to her own sex—one to whom we can freely communicate our ailments.

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You say that women could not endure the hardship of riding out to practice. In reply, I would say there are many physicians of the masculine gender who from physical causes or want of inclination never do more than a town or city practice. What would have hindered a lady from stepping across the street in New York City the other day and waiting on that lady patient, thereby earning ten dollars,—which would amply pay her for her hour's time,—instead of paying a gentleman fifty dollars for doing the same? I am gratified to see that ladies are visiting France to attend medical lectures, and qualifying themselves for medical practice among our own sex, without being subjected to the embarrassment of calling in one of the opposite sex. In the profession of teaching, some sixty years ago, it was considered very indiscreet and indelicate for a young lady to teach school,—that she was physically and intellectually incompetent to teach and govern a school. Now they are teaching in every part of the country; and in many places women are directors, trustees, and voters. Thus have they shown themselves not only competent to teach, but trustworthy and able to direct and vote with the citizen.

On the 20th day of August, 1825, my mother died at her home near Greenville, Ohio. I received a letter informing me of the fact, and that mother had great anxiety concerning my religious convictions, or rather my apparent indifference on that subject. She had heard of Mr. Moore's death just before she died, and greatly lamented my lonely condition and no friend near to look to. She told me once she feared she had not faith enough to die; therefore she hoped she would have no

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notice of it to brood over. She had her wish; for I was informed that when she came to die she got sleepy at the table while eating her dinner, and told my step-father Wintermoot to put her on the bed, for her heart seemed to be asleep. He helped her to bed, and she went into a profound sleep from which she never woke. After she had slept a few hours they tried to arouse her, but all to no purpose. They called in medical aid, but it was of no avail,—she was sleeping the sleep of death. She had none of her children with her; but she had my very kind step-father, and his daughters Margaret, the widow Brown, and Eliza and Charlotte Deem. They, no doubt, rendered all possible aid and service that love or kindness could suggest. The news of her death was terrible to me. I was just preparing to visit her. Fare thee well, mother dear; rest in peace in thy deep, damp, dark grave. I trust thy released spirit is enjoying the society of the just made perfect, the glorified spirits, and best of all, our dear Redeemer.

Some time after mother's death, step-father married again and moved some fifteen miles distant. In a few years he died also; and his dying request was that he should be buried beside mother. But my new step-mother said it was no use; it was too muddy and far. It was about fourteen miles. So she had him buried beside her *other* husband. But his daughters Eliza and Charlotte with some of the neighbors got together and took him up and buried him by mother, at the old Wintermoot farm—afterward called the Bodle farm. There he sleeps,—the kind and good father to the orphan children of Thomas Casad. The welcome plaudit surely awaits thee,—"Well done, good and faithful servant."

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I continued to struggle along, single-handed and alone, subsisting my two children,—keeping John T. in school while in session,—until I was attacked and lay for several weeks very sick, and very dependent upon the kindness and charity of good friends and neighbors. Health in a measure restored, I resumed labor again in the very unequal battle of life. Soon after this I met a young man, then about twenty-two years of age. He was a blacksmith by trade; good looking and of good character, though a little frolicksome; played the violin very well, and took a leading part in all the dancing parties in the neighborhood. He followed up his acquaintance with partial attention, until at last he proposed marriage. I was not prepared for the question. First, I had resolved never to marry again. But even if I had any such purpose, he was a very young man and I was a widow and some eight years his senior. The disparity was too great; and observation had shown that such a marriage would not be a happy one. I urged these reasons against my accepting his offer. But he did not regard them good and sufficient reasons; and following up his suit, we were married the 12th day of September, 1829. And upon his strong arm I have leaned for nearly fifty years.

Soon after our marriage, my brothers Thomas and Isaac came to see us, and persuaded us to remove from Jacksonborough to a place nearer Dayton, called Ebberts Cross-roads. Here Mr. Sexton rented a smith-shop for one year, and did a fair business, especially in the manufacture of wagons and axes. During our stay at the Ebberts place Mr. Sexton bought a two-acre lot at the crossing of the Union road and the Eaton and Alex-

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andria road. Before leaving the cross-roads, however, we will give the reader some idea of the population of that part of the country. Politically, it was intensely Democratic, and the worship was at the shrine of "*General Jaxon.*" The religion was Tunker and Lutheran (German). The members of the Lutheran Church were somewhat strict on Sundays. They would seldom get drunk or swear on Sunday; but they would swear like troopers and get drunk as Bacchus during the week. Though even this was toned down a little during Lent, and what the youngsters called "catechise." They never frolicked during Lent, but the next day and night made up for all lost time. The Lutheran Church at this place demonstrated what a powerful influence a religion had in controlling men; for the church-officers and Sunday-school superintendent would almost without fail get drunk on Saturday, yet would straighten up and be sober as judges on Sunday—their appetites under full control.

The Tunkers (or Dunkards, as they are sometimes called,) were a frugal, sober, industrious, honest people. Their religion was not only for Sunday, but for the week, month, and year round. They held to the orthodox faith generally. They believed in the ordinance of feet-washing, and that baptism should be performed by triune immersion, face foremost—first for the Father, second for the Son, third for the Holy Ghost. During our residence at Ebberts Cross-roads several of Mr. Sexton's family visited us. They were then living at Mansfield, or Enoch's Mills—two miles above Middletown and about fourteen miles distant from us. My mother-in-law was a sister to Abner Enoch; but the

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family could never harmonize. Zadok Sexton, my father-in-law, was a man of very general reading—a ripe scholar; but he had no faculty for acquiring property. The Enochs were very wealthy,—unscrupulous and overbearing. I suppose the Sextons envied their prosperity, and the Enochs looked down with contempt upon the Sextons. But the lapse of twenty years wrought great changes in the two families,—the Sextons becoming honored and highly respected, while the Enochs became poor and degraded moral wrecks.

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Chapter XXII.

Henry Enoch's War on Mother Warner's Hen-Roost — Renfro's Dog — Eliza Sexton and Tom Keys — Narrow Escape — Removal to Union Cross-Roads — Mr. Idle, the Shabby Class-Leader — Happy Days in this Jersey Settlement.

Henry Enoch, a nephew of Abner, came to stay with us. He was a stranger to most of them; but as we became more acquainted with him, we found many very bad traits and very few good ones. He would work in the shop very late; and after all had retired and were sound asleep, Henry and others with him would have what he called his midnight "Burgout" (Burgoo) or lunch. There was also another noticeable fact — our landlady's (old Mother Warner) nice pullets disappeared very mysteriously. Her son William Warner soon settled upon the "damt Yenks" as the guilty party. They had only ten pullets left. "Now vat moos I tu mit em? I vill take em toun tu Mauney Mayers and make em ruce rite ober de hoont-stable" (dog-stable). He did so; taking down feed for them daily. Mauney Mayers, was about a quarter of a mile distant. Henry found out the pains she had gone to in order to save her poultry, and that they really whispered around that he had taken them. So he borrowed a small iron pot of me to "slack" in—to temper steel; and one after another of her pullets were missing until they were all gone. He

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could "charm," or come on friendly terms with any dog. He would keep up a hammering to make us believe they were hard at work. Oh yes, they must have those axes done,—ready for the market; and they must have candles, to see to forge them. Instead of forging axes, they had a crowd of ruffians around, playing cards and eating old Mother Warner's chickens. Sometime afterward he told all about it. You can well imagine my feelings. My first move was to get rid of Henry Enoch; for by this time I found him a born thief and liar, and a dangerous man to have about the house. Now, how was it to be done without provoking some relation on his part? As good luck would have it, among others that called to the shop was a hunter, who had a very fine hound. "Yes, indeed; few such hounds—best blood, easily trained," etc., etc. In a few days here came Henry Enoch with Rentfro's hound, which he had bought at a high price, and wanted me to let him put him in the upper room until he was weaned from home a little. "Oh yes, I will feed him," said he. "All right." All went on quietly until evening, when Rentfro came along with a team. The dog seeing him, set up a howling and prancing about the room in such a way that it attracted Rentfro's attention. He stopped his team and called in to see what on earth we were doing with his dog shut up in the room. I told him the dog belonged to Henry Enoch, and I would call him. I went to the shop to call him; but yonder he goes, as fast as he could "streak it," to the woods. I told Rentfro that Henry pretended he had bought the dog. Just then one of the shop hands came up to patch up the theft with a lie. He said that the dog followed Henry when he was hunting,

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and he had it shut up until his master would come along—part truth and part lie. As for hunting, he was hunting Rentfro's dog; and by a trick he was master of, he made the dog follow him home, and had shut him up until the master had come. But he did not expect or wish for him to come. Rentfro took his dog home; but Henry was so uneasy about the matter that he left for Middletown—a distance of about twenty miles. But when he left he slipped around by Rentfro's and stole his dog. Rentfro came over to see if his hound was there. We told him that Enoch had been discharged, and had left, as we understood, some days before for Middletown, Butler County, Ohio. Away went Rentfro to Middletown, and found his man and dog. He took the dog home and kept him a few days. Suddenly his dog was again missing. This time Henry appeared to be more successful in hiding him; for Rentfro went to Middletown and made diligent search for the dog, but could get no clue to him. A long time after that, I learned that Henry still had the dog. He was certainly a good hunter's dog, for he kept Rentfro and Henry hunting him most of the time.

One time some men came to our house, hunting for Henry Enoch. A horse had been stolen about the same time the dog was stolen the last time. He had left sometime before. The next we heard of Henry, he was in Pennsylvania at his father's. I was rejoiced to know that he had left forever; for he was a miserable wretch, and a very dangerous person. I regretted to see my husband's people giving him any countenance; but I suppose they were like us,—while we despised his friendship we feared his enmity. But I shall not follow the

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history of this unfortunate man. I should bury his foibles in oblivion and proclaim his virtues on the house-tops—if he had any. While we were strangers to grace and the blood that bought our pardon, of course we were exposed to such associations. But the religion of Jesus and the society of Christians has little attraction for them, and of course they seek more congenial spirits.

While we lived at the Warner property, at Ebberts Cross-roads, my sister-in-law Eliza Sexton would frequently visit us and remain a month or so at a time. During one of her visits a bachelor named Thomas Keys became desperately in love with her,—becoming very prolific in his presents, etc., which she generally very politely and respectfully declined. This, however, did not abate the ardor of his affection, but rather intensified it. On one occasion, while Eliza was down home, Keys went over to Miamisburg, hired a livery team,—carriage and driver,—and away he went to mother Sexton's, and told Eliza that I was very dangerously ill, and wanted her to come at once to my bed-side, etc., etc.,—must return at once, that same evening. Mother Sexton told him that Eliza could not leave that night; if he went with them he must wait until morning. So he very reluctantly waited until morning. In the morning mother Sexton told him she could not possibly spare Eliza. Mother Sexton was an excellent judge of human nature. She had studied the problem over night, very carefully, having some misgivings in the matter which amounted to forebodings. So the gent had to leave without her. It is proper to state right here that Eliza revolted at the idea of going with him. It was soon ascertained that I was not sick at the time he mention-

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ed, and the whole was a fabrication. Curiosity was then awakened as to his object and purpose. It was ascertained through one who was in his confidence, that he aimed to take her direct to the Ohio River, get on board of a steamer for New Orleans, and from there embark for England. But he went there himself, and after an absence of several years returned a cripple; and it was hinted to me that he had served a sentence in the penitentiary, and was wounded while being captured. Oh, what an awful fate dear Eliza escaped. How dreadful to contemplate, that one so good, so amiable, should so narrowly escape such a terrible calamity. My readers may ask, What has this story to do with my own history? Well, in the first place, she was a relative made very dear to me by her kind offices, and she was my associate during over thirty years. Our mutual affection was used as a means to perpetrate a horrid crime; and besides all this, I mention it as a warning to the young, that they can not be overcautious in their communications with strangers.

The time was now near at hand when we were to remove to the cross-roads up on the Union Road. We had made many acquaintances in that neighborhood,—several of them originally Jersey folks,—and time lagged until we should make the change. When we arrived at our new home, there was a family living in an old house on the premises. They were very poor and had no other place to move to; so we bought another house and put up for ourselves. Mr. Idle was a Methodist Episcopal class-leader. His wife was a good woman; but as for him, he was generally considered a consummate hypocrite. On one occasion, after our removal there, he had

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an evening prayer-meeting at his house, and was very anxious we should attend,—which we did. Old Father George Huffman came to the meeting, and was called upon and preached. Among other things he said was, "As I came along to-day," (it was Sabbath evening,) "the Lord have mercy on me, I heard a gun go off." I was expecting he was going to tell us about a young man who shot himself that morning; but that was all he said about the shooting. His object appeared to be to strike horror at shooting on the Sabbath-day. After he concluded his discourse, Mr. Idle turned the meeting into a prayer-meeting, and called on this one and that one to pray. At last he bowed in prayer himself,—with his eyes wide open (as he would always watch as well as pray); and the first sentence was, "O Lord, have mercy on my ungodly neighbors." "Amen," said Brother Huffman; and I do wish I had said Amen, so mote it be. But I could only "grin and bear it," and pity him. His own private life was a stumbling-block to others, and brought the cause of the Lord to open shame.

Happy days were these which we passed at our new home, which I will distinguish as the Rohrer place (we sold it to Rohrer). It was here I received the pardon of my sins; and it was here I enjoyed happy neighborship with my good and tried friends, Mrs. Compton, Heck, Reicher, Shively, Marshall, Mayhew, Rohrer, and many others. It was here that my darling son Thomas Theodore was born—a God-given blessing to our household.

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Chapter XXIII.

Falling Stars — The Effect upon Community — Some Rejoice, Some are Alarmed, and Some Feign Indifference.

One circumstance, or rather natural phenomenon in nature, occurred on the 13th day of November of this year, 1833, which caused much alarm to most of those who beheld it. I refer to the "star-shower,"—meteoric shower, or the "stars falling from heaven." I suppose my readers have read of it, and some of you may have seen it; so a description, so difficult, would be unnecessary. If you can imagine the shooting of millions of rockets from a point in the canopy overhead, (astronomers say, "from the constellation Leo, near the handle of the cycle,") and falling apparently to the horizon all around, and leaving a trail behind each, thousands of miles in length, and extending over sixty degrees, and bearing in mind that this flood of meteors was being poured out constantly, without a moment's cessation, for over four hours, you will have a faint idea of the grandeur of the spectacle, and the joy or terror and alarm to those who give a literal interpretation to the declaration of our Savior, that "that the sun shall be turned into darkness, and the moon into blood, before that great and notable day of the Lord come, and the stars shall fall from heaven." It was a matter of great moment. In Liberty almost the entire population were

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praying, though some were shouting and rejoicing. Among them were uncle Wm. Nicholas and aunt Rachel and Brother Kelly. How anxiously they awaited the coming of their Lord—the grand and glorious event, of which the "falling of the stars" was only a very small part. Although they were for the time disappointed, yet they knew that their great Redeemer liveth and that they would stand with him in the last day. In those who were not prepared for the great event of the Lord's coming it awakened a new class of reflections; and in searching the Scriptures they found that these things would come to pass *before* the day of the Lord's coming, and that such events should be regarded, to say the least of them, as timely warnings. Our family—husband, myself, and my two boys, John and Moses,—remained up, watching until morning, when as the sunlight approached the fiery lines faded and became more indistinct, and vanished apparently at sunrise. Myself and my son John went to a neighbor's house—a Pennsylvania Dutchman named Wertz. They were in bed; but we knocked. The old man told us to come in. As we stepped in we saw that the old folks were in bed looking out of the window "Well, Father Wertz, what do you think of this?" Said he, "Don't know; never see him before in all my life in Ohio or Pennsylfauney." After a pause of a few minutes I said, "What does it mean? What ought we do?" "Oh, notting, only let 'em cum down; we can no hol 'em up." We left them sweltering between their feather-beds and returned home. It was asserted by some of our neighbors, who were digging a well, that they saw, from the bottom of the well, the "stars fall-

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ing" until ten o'clock on the morning of the fourteenth. wery little business was done the day following the "shower," in that neighborhood. People met and commented and philosophized and reasoned together upon the event which had no parallel in history.

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Chapter XXIV.

"Day-Dawn up my Heart"—The New-Lights—Feet-Washing—Father Worley—Almost Persuaded—Great Concern of Mind—Found the Friend of Publicans and Sinners—Was Baptzied in the Miami River at Dayton—Spirited Discussion with my Sister-in-law Margaret Casad—Halted at the Threshhold.

My husband's family, that is, mother, two brothers, and three sisters, were all irreligious. My husband took great interest in dancing and fiddling. I had accompanied him frequently and taken an *active* part. So with these surroundings there was very little prospect for reformation. On one occasion it was proposed that we all—mother, husband, and myself—go to the New-Light meeting and feet-washing, which was to be at the Liberty school-house, one and a half miles distant. I promised myself a great deal of fun, especially when it came to feet-washing. When Father Worley was done preaching he came out in front of the stand and said, "The Master laid aside his coat"—and suiting the action to the word, he pulled off his coat and laid it aside; "then he tied a napkin about him"—at the same time tying a napkin around himself; "then he poured water in a basin"—at the same time pouring water into a basin; "and he began to wash the disciples' feet." Father Worley at the same time, while quoting the Savior's words, also commenced washing the feet of the brethren. The men

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and women, all the professors generally, followed suit. Some of them as they put their feet in the water would raise the shout in high praises to God. I looked on with deep heart-felt interest, to see the humble simplicity of the ordinance and the effect upon their minds and feelings this conscious obedience had. They had a glorious shouting-time—"times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord." When the ceremony was all over Father Worley put on his coat and stood up with his silken locks and emaciated countenance, and with his sunken eyes looked as though he could penetrate beyond the shores of time—far beyond the vale, into the realms of the eternal world. Meanwhile the stillness of the silent city of the dead pervaded the house for a minute or so; then he said, "I have a word to the careless." I thought if there was a careless wretch on earth I was one. He went on and said, "If you know these things, happy are ye if you do them." I heard nothing more that he said. My mind ran back over the hills and mountains,—far away to my childhood home,—to my parental teachers, where I had learned my Christian duties around the family altar and the family hearth. Awakened anew were the reflections of sad November 19, 1808, when father kissed us all farewell until the resurrection morn. I remembered how I used to pray when at home with mother, eventide and early morn; and here I was, fatherless and motherless, without God or hope, on the way to everlasting ruin. Father Worley need say no more; my own reflections were enough. I wept like a poor, miserable, forsaken child of sin and sorrow. Father Worley set out a mourners' bench and invited all that were tired of sin and wanted to turn

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from their wicked ways to come and kneel down there, and God's children would pray for them.

I would gladly have gone at once, only I did not know what my husband would think. I wept, and thought I dare not go; and while I wept and trembled old Sister Rachel Nicholas and her daughter Margaret (Peggy) came and took hold of me,—one at each arm,—and urged me to come to the mourners' bench. I whispered to Margaret, that my husband would not like it. Aunt Rachel asked her what I said. She told her; at the same time letting go my arm. But Aunt Rachel was an old soldier and had been in many a battle. She told me to come right along, God would make my husband willing. So I started; but when I had got about half way to the bench I felt a hand grasp my arm. I looked around to see if it was my husband; but it was his mother, who gave me a pull toward the door. I paused long enough to promise my Maker that if he would save me from everlasting woe I would serve him all my days.

I went out with my mother-in-law; and as she went she beckoned to my husband to come out. When he came she told him not to let Lydia go to meeting again, as she was too weak-minded to attend such Indian hoots. We all went home. Meanwhile I determined to keep my solemn pledge to my God, say what they might. Day after day I prayed in secret, but still found no peace to my troubled soul.

One time I asked my husband to go with me to visit the family of a Christian preacher. I did not stop to consider how it would look for a fiddler and his wife—a noted dancer—to visit a preacher and his fam-

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ily. I did not care either; for I wanted to hear of Jesus, and what a poor sinner like me must do to be saved. That thought shut out every other. We paid them a formal visit; and if it had been Prince Albert and Victoria they could not have made a greater ado, and got up a better supper. But not a word of instruction about the way of salvation. The minister and Mr. Sexton were deeply engaged in talking politics, and the price of grain and pork—almost everything but the plan of salvation. That was what I wanted most to hear about, above all others. My soul was starving for the bread of life. I wanted to hear about my Savior, and how I might obtain the one thing needful—the pearl of great price. I went home disappointed and greatly discouraged. Not long after this I went to visit old Rachel Nicholas, and see if she would tell me anything about the plan of salvation and how a burdened sinner could find peace and comfort. She was then quite a stranger to me; I had seen her a few times only. I called in and inquired after my geese—as she lived on the bank of Bear Creek, about three quarters of a mile distant from us, where the geese would sometimes frequent. She told me about my geese, and where I could find them. She told me to take off my bonnet. I did so. She then sat down by me and began to tell her Christian experience. Oh, this was a feast to my hungry soul. She told me how she had prayed and struggled to obtain the pardon of her sins. That experience of a blessed mother in Israel was a glorious consolation to me; and like St. Paul when he saw the three taverns, I "thanked God and took courage." After a few days of mourning in consequence of my sins I could truly

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say with the poet, "Then my sins, like mountains high, raised and reached to heaven," and oppressed my poor heart so that I could scarcely eat or sleep. One day I sat down to try to sew. All the while I felt forsaken of God, and thought eternal ruin was my portion. I came to the conclusion that if I went to hell I would go praying, and trusting on the mercy of God alone for salvation. I then picked up my Bible—for I generally kept it close by me—and opened it, hoping that God would direct my eyes to some words of comfort. I opened to the eleventh chapter of Matthew, and my eyes rested on this passage, "Behold a man gluttonous, and a wine-bibber, a friend of publicans and sinners." Those words —"friend of sinners"—took all my load—my awful load of guilt away. I felt as light as a feather, and tears of joy and gratitude poured down my face. I sprung to my feet, and, weeping, ran upstairs to the place of prayer,—my closet,—and fell down on my knees and thanked my God, and thanked, and thanked, and praised my God for this great deliverance. I could now see how God could be just and the justifier of them that diligently seek him through the atonement of the dear Redeemer. After I had poured out my soul in gratitude and thank-offering to my God, I came down stairs and looked out of doors and thought the sun never shone half so bright. The trees were all pointing and reaching heavenward; and the birds—sweet children of song —were warbling their notes of vocal praise to God.

"Oh, happy day that fixed my choice
On thee, my Savior and my God.
Well may this glowing heart rejoice
And tell its raptures all abroad.
Happy day! Happy day!
When Jesus washed my sins away."

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I loved all. I thought I never more could have trouble. Day after day I felt unsullied bliss. True, my husband was not religious; but I felt such a sacred trust and such an assurance in the power, the goodness, the mercy and love of God, who had so kindly shown me my evil heart and the pardon of all my sins, I had such strong faith, I thought there was nothing too hard or too kind for my God to do. I set to the work of secret prayer.

Not long after this I happened to be at a meeting held by the Christians (Campbellites). My brother Thomas and cousin Aaron were to be baptized. I went forward and was also baptized by Brother Alyatt Raines, in the Great Miami River at Dayton, just above the upper bridge—at the same place where my son John T. Cox, eight years afterward, was buried with his Lord in baptism; and the people went from the river to their homes. There was at that time quite an ingathering of membership. I lived about nine miles from Dayton, in a southwest direction, near a little village called Liberty—heretofore mentioned.

About four weeks after that time I went to a "big meeting" at Dayton, held by that people. Myself and Sister Williams had come from the First Christian (New Light) Church, to attend the Second Christian (Campbellite) Church. While at my sister-in-law Margaret Casad's house, we commenced to tell our religious experience, and how we had known Jesus in the pardon of our sins. Sister Margaret, who was a Campbellite, roared out laughing and said, "Oh, Sister Sexton, I thought you were too smart to believe in dreams." The truth is, we had not been telling dreams; we were just telling how we had passed from "death unto light."

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Margaret. "My Bible says that we know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brotherhood."

Lydia. "But we have the Spirit of God witnessing with our spirit, that we are 'born of God' and that 'we are the heirs of salvation.'"

Margaret. "The Bible says, 'If we receive the witness of men, the witness of God is greater: for this is the witness of God which he hath testified of his Son. He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself: he that believeth not God hath made him a liar; because he believeth not the record that God gave of his Son. And this is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in his Son.'"

Lydia. "But then how about the Spirit bearing witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God."

Margaret. "Certainly; but that is the heritage of the saints, or rather the earnest of the inheritance. The Spirit is the comforter of the Church."

Lydia. "But we have the consciousness that separate and apart from the Bible our sins are pardoned."

Margaret. "Moonshine! Moonshine! Our feelings are very uncertain guides. Our minds and our intelligence must be enlightened. By this we know that we love the children of God, when we love God and keep his commandments; for this is the love of God if we keep his commandments, and his commandments are not grievous."

Lydia. "The blessed Savior says, 'Marvel not that I say unto you, ye must be born again.'"

Margaret. "That is certainly true. We 'must be born of water and of the Spirit.' There is considerable con-

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troversy as to what that paragraph means. I think to be born of water means the baptismal birth. By receiving the ingrafted word in our hearts, the word of life, the gospel truths, conceived or impregnated in the heart, bring forth fruit unto everlasting life. All that pertains to our spiritual nature is immersed or born of the Spirit of God; and thus are we born of water and the Spirit. Some, however, think that there is a birth of water in the ordinance of baptism, and a birth of the Spirit when delivered from this mortal clay, still holding, however, to the obligations of a holy life and the influences of the Holy Spirit. But most of those passages speaking of the miraculous descent of the holy Spirit refer to the miraculous gifts to the apostles."

Lydia. "But, 'the letter killeth, but the Spirit maketh alive.'"

Margaret. "The letter, I think, refers to the old Jewish law, which had not the hope of eternal life, but the law of Christ maketh alive. His reign was and is a spiritual reign over the will, mind, affections,—in a word, over the spiritual natures of his people *in the church.* The word of truth is a great means for the purification of our hearts, and should be our meditation day and night. Does not Jesus say, 'Sanctify them by thy truth,—thy *word* is truth?' There are the Methodists, [there were no United Brethren in Dayton at that time] who pray for the Holy Ghost to come down from heaven, and even pray to be baptized with the Holy Ghost, and with fire. If their prayers were answered it would scare them to death."

Lydia. "But does not our blessed Savior say, 'If ye being evil know how to give good gifts to our children,

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how much more will your heavenly Father give the Holy Ghost to them that ask him?'"

Margaret. "I have been baptized for the remission of my sins. That is witness enough for me. He had promised me that if I would believe with all my heart, repent of all my sins, reform my life and be baptized, my sins would be pardoned. God promised it, and I confidently believed him; do you?"

Lydia. "I have been baptized too; and if ever my sins were pardoned or remitted it was in my own house at home. God pardoned my sins and set my burdened, captive soul at liberty without a drop of water."

"And that is my experience," said Sister Williams.

Margaret. "Pshaw! you have come in at the wrong door to think to be a reformer and believe in such foolishness."

After our short discussion was concluded we repaired to the house of God (as they called it) for worship. There the minister came over such a harangue about the Methodists praying for the Holy Ghost, as the lady had. I thought, is this worshiping God? And I thought, as I looked at the preacher, it would be a good thing if you were only as good as the Methodists.

After he had finished his harangue he invited those who had been baptized to come forward and be received into full membership. I did not go forward. I thought, if the main feature of their religion is to make fun of the Holy Ghost and the Methodists—a people, as I then believed, to say the least, as good as they were, and to-day I consider them as far before the Campbellites as light is before darkness,—I am not quite in at the wrong door, and I will bolt before I get any

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farther. There are many Campbellites whom I esteem very highly—Brother Raines of Kentucky, Brother D. S. Burnett of Cincinnati, Brother L. H. Jamison of Indianapolis, and Brother Casad of Jasper County, Indiana. It is not the members that I am faulting, but the principles or doctrines of the church; namely, denying the operation of the Spirit of God on the heart, getting the pardon of sin in the act of baptism, and the everlasting ding-dong about "the Word," "the Word," and a continual warfare against discipline, and professing to be the only true church, and nobody right but them. I heard so much of that kind of stuff that I got sickened out at the threshhold.

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Chapter XXV.

A Dance or Religious Frolic — First Call to the Ministry — Study Bible-duty — United Brethren Meeting — Jacob King — "Went Forward"—Susan Catterman's Conversion—Sarah Sexton "Goes Forward" — Her Missionary Work in Dayton — Has a Protracted Meeting There — We Remove to the "Beach Woods" in Clark County — Rent "School Section" and Return to the Same Neighborhood we had Left the Year Before — Adversity and Prosperity go Hand in Hand — We Lost our Beach-Woods Home —Jared Sexton "Comes Forward."

After I had realized the full pardon of my sins, and before I went to Dayton to be baptized, or had made any public profession of religion, husband and myself were invited to a cotillion-party. Husband wished me to go. I concluded if I went with him he would be more willing to go with me to meeting. Whether it was proper under the circumstances I can not now say. However, I went. As soon as they began to dance I felt awful. I thought I must get up and reprove them for their wickedness. These dancers were nearly all members of the church—Lutherans, Dutch Reform, and Presbyterians. I felt that I must cry out against their wickedness and their heaven-daring sin of dancing. While contemplating their folly and my obligations to reprove them, this passage of scripture came to my mind, "Give not that which is holy unto the dogs, neither cast ye

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your pearls before swine, lest they trample them under their feet, and turn again and rend you." I paused and studied. I thought, these all belong to meeting; and if I reprove them they will say, We belong to church and have taken sacrament. And who are you? You don't belong to anything but the world. How dare you reprove us? 'Physician, heal thyself.'" Here in this dancing-hall I first felt an irresistable impression to call sinners to repentance. I believe to-day that that impression was from the Lord; and I should have obeyed the call and reproved them. My heart felt as though it would burst. A young gent came and asked the honor of my hand in a figure. I thanked him, and said that my dancing days were over; that he must excuse me. I was known to be very fond of dancing; and my attending on that occasion, and then declining to dance, without any reason,—for the person was a gentleman highly respected in the community,—placed me in an awkward position.

They moved "on with the dance." All was indeed a maze before me. And when the music began and the graceful and the gay moved out, all appeared to me as a place of enchantment. But with all their glitter and gayety and folly, an irresistible influence impelled me to rise up and tell them that they were dancing their way down to the domains of eternal woe. The tumults of my mind held me in a most terrible suspense. I paused and reflected. At last I turned from the sickening sight; but in spite of every effort to restrain any exhibition of my emotion, I wept bitterly. My husband noticed my tears and came to me and asked me if I wanted to go home. I told him that home was

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the best place for me; and before the first dance was over we were out and on our way home. My reflections run in this tenor,—

Dear husband, while the busy crowd—
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud
In folly's maze advance,
We'll choose the safe and better way;
I could not here with pleasure stay,
Nor join the giddy dance.

From the gay world we will retire
To our home and family fire;
For they are fools who roam.
The world has little to bestow;
Substantial joys alone can flow
From God and our dear home.

Those were my sentiments; and more than that, I thought of my ingratitude to my dear Savior who had so graciously pardoned my sins and bestowed upon me the divine favor.

Reader, there in that very dancing-hall I had a special call to the ministry. Some people embrace religion, or think they do, and join a church; the next we hear of them they are off at a ball—badly back slidden. In my opinion such people were never soundly converted. Father of Mercies, have pity on poor back sliders! For my own part, I promised my heavenly Father in deep agony and contrition of soul that if he would save me and show me the joys of his salvation I would serve him as long as life should last.

I lived out of church with the hope that I might have a chance to join the same church that my father and mother and many others of my kindred belonged to. But there was none of that denomination near me. I

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read the Bible daily, always giving the preference for that denomination. While I was partial to my family church, yet a thorough examination of its church-government and its countenance of some things which were hurtful to piety and holiness of life led me to continue my investigations until I found one more in harmony with my views of true Christianity.

I however read the Bible daily, and improved every opportunity to attend church. I also entertained the delusion that I could serve God as well outside of a church as in. But my experience taught me that this was counsel from the enemy of all unrighteousness.

For two years I thus lived out of church, and until I attended a meeting of the United Brethren Church, conducted by Rev. Jacob King of Germantown, Ohio. As it was week-day, I attended the meeting alone. But a glorious time we had as we recounted our religious experience—the loving-kindness and tender mercies of God. Before the close of services Brother King said he had another duty to perform, and that was to give all who might desire an opportunity to unite with the church. At that time I knew but little of the rules of the United Brethren Church, and, as before stated, I had a decided preference for the Baptist. But still, I thought I might unite with many of my friends in the same church, who were an ornament to society, to advance God's glorious cause. After debating the question in my mind at some length I, in company with Mrs. Wallace,—a lady of rare accomplishments,—went forward; and we gave our names as applicants for church-membership.

After we went forward others came, until eleven joined that Monday. Susan Catterman was the last that

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came forward. When she gave her hand to the minister she jerked her bonnet from her head—with all her fine fixings of ribbon, bows, veil, and artificials,—and threw it on the floor and jumped on it, stamping it with her feet into the dust, exclaiming, "Jesus has pardoned all my sins, and I am as clean as a new pin! I have no use for such a bonnet as that! I can go to heaven without artificials! I can go to Jesus without artificials!" You should have seen Susan Catterman shout.

Well, that was the beginning of good days with me. Although I knew very little of the usages of the Brethren Church, I found on perusing the Discipline that there was not a rule in it but was in harmony with the word of God and the teachings of the New Testament; and although I had not a relation on earth that would join the church with me, I soon found fostering fathers and nursing mothers there. Brother King often called at our house, and even had an appointment to preach there, although only a mile and a half from our place of holding meeting. Would not worldlings say that he did it to influence Mr. Sexton and his sisters? But suppose he did,—indeed it was so; and the great importance of the enterprise justified the means. What did Brother King care for what the world, the flesh, and the devil would say? He was an embassador for Christ, and was considering his cause above any other cause; and he knew that if successful God would surely approve and bless and justify the means.

Not long after this my sister-in-law Sarah Ann Sexton joined the United Brethren Church. No wonder poor frail mortals like us are in an ecstacy of joy when a sin-

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ner turns to God—when there is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth than over ninety and nine just persons that need no repentance. She was an influential person—highly respected by all, and loved most by those who knew her best. The next day after she joined the church she started to Dayton to attend high-school. She was soon employed as an assistant teacher. She preferred to board at a private house. On strict inquiry found a United Brethren family named Keifer, and as they were considered very respectable people she arranged to board with them.

Her whole soul was enlisted in the good work of her heavenly Master, and she began to cast about for some means to hold a Brethren meeting in Dayton.

She called upon my brother Thomas Casad, then a deacon in the Christian (Campbellite) Church, for use of the house of worship—a little white brick with yellow doors, on Main Street, near Water Street. He agreed to let her have it for two dollars a day. Over she came after Brother F. Whitcomb, now deceased, whose body sleeps in Pleasant Plain Church-yard, Elkhart County, Indiana, and whose spirit is gone to his God—the giver.

Brother Whitcomb went to Dayton at her request and held a meeting, protracting it until he formed a class. I was informed that it was the first class ever formed in Dayton. As to sister Sarah Ann Sexton, she has ever been an ornament to the church. Though many joined about that time, they have now all passed away.

About this time we became involved in debt, and it was necessary for us to sell our place. I had been in constant apprehension of this for some time. But Mr.

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Sexton had kept this matter from me; indeed, he was too hopeful in all his business calculations. He always estimated all his work and property too high—underestimating the expense of producing and overestimating the value of the products. When we sold out we went to the Beech Woods, in Clark County, Ohio, on eighty acres of land given to us by mother. We were now out of debt. Here we put up a house and shop in the woods, and went to work as best we could to clear up the land. My husband exchanged shop-work for land-clearing and labor on improvements; but after a few months Mr. Sexton became discouraged, and by the advice of my brother Thomas concluded to return to "Liberty Settlement" and rent what was called "School-section"—a farm of one hundred and sixty acres called the school-land, or school-farm. So we moved on this farm. But how on earth was he to run so large a farm without stock or equipage of any kind? Brother Thomas could do the wind-work admirably. In a short time he was head over heels in debt. He must buy horses, wagons, plows, harrows, spades, forks, rakes, harness, indeed, all kinds of farming utensils. The place was rented to us for three years. During the first three years we did very well, as corn sold high and our rent was comparatively low; but when the next day came to rent, the place was bid off for three hundred and one dollars per year, making nine hundred and three dollars for three years. Well, we could stand that now, as times were, seeing we had done so well during the other three years at one hundred and fifty dollars, for we now had teams and farming utensils. On the 4th of July, 1832, President Jackson vetoed the bill for the re-charter of the

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United States National Bank. The charter allowed the directors until the third of March, 1836, to draw in all the bank-circulation. This caused a stringency in money-matters which was felt most keenly in 1837. Of course, this affected the price of farm-products, so that corn had little or no value, and good cows sold for five dollars. I saw in time what was coming, and wanted husband to sell out; but he would not agree. So I mounted my horse, and away I went to Dayton to see brother Thomas. I told him we would be broke up if we did not get out of our farm contract at once. I wanted him to urge Sexton to sell. He told me to go home and tell Sexton to come and see him. So home I went and had him go. Thomas and Sexton commenced figuring and calculating—counting up stock on hand at high figures, and counting our indebtedness, showing a balance in our favor. All this time I was not allowed to say anything. After they got through Thomas turned around to me and told me to go home and count my baby-clothes. I could not blame Thomas; for from the showing that Sexton made, he thought I was unnecessarily alarmed.

But it came out as I had predicted, and Thomas was forever done with Sexton,—then he went too far over the other way. Sexton was still the same as before, but he viewed Thomas in a different light.

About this time some of our kin moved to Liberty, and during this time were living off of us, by begging or borrowing. I have not time here to state particulars, nor indeed have I the disposition, as it would revive some very unpleasant recollections. There was one incident of a business character which I will mention, however, to show the nature of our embarrassments and their causes:

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One day the constable—George Patton—came to our house, and my curiosity was excited to know what on earth he wanted. On inquiry I found that Sexton had gone security for his brother David Sexton, and the constable had come to levy on some of our property. The constable gave him a few days to raise the money. He happened to have a chance to sell the best horse we had; and as father was sick and not able to go to town I went to the squire's, afoot and alone, to settle the docket. When I went into the squire's office, there sat David. I paid no attention to him, but went on and settled, and then left for home.

When my brother Thomas found out how Dave was leeching us, and knowing he was Sexton's bail for six hundred dollars, he came down and took a mortgage on my place in the Beech Woods, giving us six years to pay off the mortgage. Before the time expired brother Thomas died, and by an arrangement to secure the estate and make full settlement we deeded the place to my brother Finch, with the understanding that after satisfying the mortgage the balance was to be paid back to me. He sold the place for twelve hundred dollars, and when he died willed me one hundred dollars. After some years his son Horace made me a present of one hundred dollars in cash and gave me his note for one hundred more, which I afterward sold, discounting it fifty per cent. So I may say that the estate is still indebted to me to the amount of six hundred dollars, including a previous account besides, of four town lots in Fairfield.

Now, what is the use of all this experience and history—all this uncertainty and tribulation? The lesson

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is that all worldly affairs and friendships are very uncertain and full of vanity and vexation of spirit. There is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother.

After Sarah Sexton returned from Dayton the Protestant Methodists held a meeting in the old school-house at Liberty—Rev. Reuben Dolby Flood, Rev. John Thomas, and Rev. T. Fall co-operating. We all went to the meeting and helped in the singing; indeed, we all wished success to the glorious work. At this meeting my two brothers-in-law joined; and when Jared, the youngest, came forward mother Sexton could hold back no longer. She arose and moved toward the mourners' bench, in the same place where she had prevented me from going. Reader, how do you suppose I felt on that occasion? I could not tell; nor will I attempt it, but can only say I realized the presence of God and shouted aloud, "Victory! Victory!"

When they went home that night Jared, who was about seventeen years old, and who had gone to meeting that night to mock and deride, had stayed to pray, and went weeping to the mourners' bench. As he knelt there his burden of sins was gone. As soon as I could crowd through the dense mass of people he grasped my hand exclaiming, "O Lydia, glory to God! Glory to God in the highest!" As I said, when he went home that night he planted the corner-stone of the family altar—the first ever erected there. The next day he went from house to house and from shop to shop to hunt up his associates and tell them the good news of salvation and freedom from sin and pray with them and urge them to seek the Lord. The day following he came to our house and told us all about

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This glorious hope, this perfect love,
That lifts the soul to things above,
That bears on eagles' wings,
That gives the ransomed soul a taste,
And makes him for a moment feast
With prophets, priests, and kings.

He tarried with us all night. Oh, what a glorious season of refreshing we had. When it was time to retire Jared called for the Bible; and with as earnest soul as though he had been in the ministry a score of years, he led in family prayers, not forgetting to ask God to give his brother Joseph and sister Lydia grace to keep the fire burning upon the altar. We have kept up family prayer ever since. Often have I thanked my God that he sent our dear brother to us, to awaken us to duty to our heavenly Father, our children, our neighbors, and our never-dying souls.

Sometime after this Brothers Collins and Antrim held a meeting at the same place, and my husband joined the church. "Glory be to God, who has promised; and his word can not return to him void." He hears the prayer, the fervent, effectual prayer of the righteous.

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Chapter XXVI.

The Sexton Family all in the Church and at Work — Brother Joseph Huffman — Brother Shingledecker—"God has a Work for You" —Sister Sexton.

Now, by the blessing of God, we as a family are in the church—that is, husband, myself, mother, David, now Dr. David Sexton, Jared, now Rev. Jared Sexton, were all workers—all but myself. As for me, I would not pray in prayer-meeting nor speak in class. Oh, no, indeed! that was not woman's place—so I tried to make myself believe. I would say, when called on, or rather when the brethren and sisters would urge me to duty, "Let your women keep silence in the churches." I considered that unanswerable, and sufficient to silence all importunity. Of course, I knew that Paul told us to admonish one another with psalms and hymns and spiritual songs—making melody in our hearts unto the Lord. Why, the old Baptist Church never thought of letting their women pray or exhort. But of course, singing was not included—was not prohibited or at all referred to, as it would be quite difficult to keep silence and at the same time sing so as to be heard half a mile. But that is no preaching or praying or exhorting. Oh, no. Woman was made a helpmeet for man, and she ought to know she was not called on to help in the ministry. I

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was so fixed in my ideas and conceptions of my duties and sphere of action by my early training, that my prejudices yielded very stubbornly to my convictions—indeed little short of alarm at my very unpardonable neglect of Christian duty.

Of course, I would pray at home—around the family altar and in secret. Indeed I was fervent in mental prayer, but took no part in public worship. On political questions I was (for a woman) considered quite eloquent; and I felt a deep solicitude for the success of some of the political party and questions of the day. In this also I was a helpmeet—so far as talk was concerned; but my expression was not sufficiently tangible to be counted in footing up those of my masculine helpmeets. Once at a quarterly meeting old Brother Joseph Huffman was presiding elder; and of course it was his duty to "hew to the line," as we say—that is, to arouse every indolent and slothful member to a lively sense of duty. Among other things, the elder said there were some sisters who in prayer or class meeting had never a word to say for Jesus, but only touch politics; and their tongue would run as though it was loose at both ends. I felt guilty before God, and was afraid or ashamed to look up for fear some one was looking at me—in short, I was ashamed of my neglect of duty; and I felt sure that Sister Sally Nicholas was grieved at me, and told the old man all about me. I was convicted, humbled in the dust for my shameful neglect of duty and indifference in so glorious a cause. I then formed a resolution, God being my helper, that I would never neglect a known duty again.

Soon after we arrived at our new home I began to

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inquire about for members of the United Brethren Church. For some time we attended the Methodist Episcopal Church, which was held at Brother Black's house on Honey Creek, and sometimes at the Honey Creek School-house. After awhile we found a class a few miles west of us; and it was arranged, after we had attended several meetings, to borrow what was called the "Mitchell Meeting-house" to hold meetings in. Old Father Shingledecker was presiding elder. There was to a love-feast meeting on Saturday morning—the elder to preach at eleven o'clock, and quarterly conference at three in the afternoon. I think Brother James Winters, conference preacher, opened the love-feast; and after he sat down they sung a verse, waited, and then sung another verse. Brother John Helvey got up and said a few words. After he sat down they sung another verse, and waited for some one to get up; then sung, then waited, then sung, and then waited.

I thought the members were backward because we were in the Methodist meeting-house, and that the Methodists would not take part for fear we might have a good meeting. I sat and studied on the awful state of affairs until my heart ached, and my bones also. I arose and told the people that I thought if ever a person was bold it should be in the cause of his Savior. I gave them a sketch of my life-history, of my religious experience, and how I was getting along at present. I told the congregation that I would be glad to hear from them, as I was comparatively a stranger among them, but as they appeared to have nothing to say I would try to say something in this glorious cause of Jesus and his dealings with my poor soul. I witnessed the lukewarmness

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with some pain to me. I make this statement in support or in justification of the part I have performed in the ministry,—Exodus xv. 20, 21; Micah vi. 4; Judges iv. 4, 5, 6, etc; Romans xvi.; Phil. iv. 3; I. Samuel ii.; Jer. i. 6; Matt. xxv. 25,—and because of the indifference of those professing Christianity; and in my enthusiasm, I spoke to the class at some length of the love of God manifested toward them, and their seeming ingratitude and unfaithfulness in not performing their part by testifying of his loving-kindness and tender mercies. This was in the class-meeting, and of course was considered in place, as it was certainly appropriate to the occasion. I spoke without regard to limit, and consumed so much time that Father Shingledecker could not fill the appointment for eleven o'clock; but shortly after I had concluded speaking he arose and thanked God for such a rebuke and closed the meeting. He appeared to enjoy the meeting unusually well; and it seemed that Heaven's choicest blessings were resting upon all.

After Father Shingledecker had closed the meeting he came to me and said that God had a great work for me to do, and if I desired the quarterly conference would grant me a license at once. I replied that I could do all my talking as well without license, and declined his generous offer. Still, I did so against my convictions of duty, and certainly felt the more guilt.

Some days after, I met with Brother Winters; and he said to me in his half-joking manner, "Sister Sexton, are you aware that you filled Brother Shingledecker's appointment on Saturday last?" The truth of the matter flashed across my mind. I had not thought of the appointment from the time it was given out until

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then. I was frightened to hear any one speak of me preaching, yet I was in such trouble that it worried me day and night. Sometimes I coveted means to better fit my mind for the work, and in that hope I toiled and labored from year to year until the Lord taught me. Peradventure, I was restrained from duty by a want or desire of excellency of speech or of wisdom to declare the testimony of God with enticing words of man's wisdom. But the Master clipped the pinions of my pride, and wealth was denied me. We became impoverished, and I learned the lesson of "Jesus Christ, and him crucified. And I was with you in weakness, and in fear, and in much trembling." (I. Cor. ii. 2, 3.)

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Chapter XXVII.

My Call Pressing upon me—Encouragements by my Brethren and Sisters.

There was all this time a secret monitor within telling me I should be calling sinners so repentance. I could not get clear of that reflection by day nor by night. All the day long and during the silent watches of the night, waking or dreaming, I seemed to have a large congregation before me, all in tears, as I told them the story of the cross. Thus for ten long years did I debate and falter and hesitate, and, like Jonah, trim my sails for Tarshish.

I thought, if I were only a man it would be no hardship to me, nor even a cross, to preach, but rather a pleasure. But for me, a woman, to preach, even if I could; to make myself a subject of ridicule and comment among my friends and kindred, and thus also bring reproach upon our glorious cause! Always before when I had trouble I would flee to the stronghold of my faith and grace and prayer; but somehow when I went in secret to pray the words seemed to come to me, "You deny me before men, I will deny you before my Father and the holy angels." I found no relief in secret prayer. Ah, me, the awful reflection. I would say to myself, "How would it look for me, a woman, to preach? Surely

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it would bring shame and disgrace on the cause of my Savior and my dear church." Then I would go to my dear Bible for comfort and guidance, and search for Bible-teachings and examples. Yes, yes; who made sport of Miriam when the poet said,—

> "An elder sister led the band,
> With sounding timbrels in her hand;
> And virgins moved in order grand,
> And after her they shouting danced?"

Again the Lord put his erring people in remembrance of his great blessings to Israel. "Did I not send thee Moses and Aaron and Miriam to be your leaders?" Again the prophetess was ordained of God,—or at least God ordained her a prophetess,—there was trouble on hand. Barak dare not meet the enemy unless Deborah led the van. The noble woman, always ready to work for God and his cause, said, "I will surely go. God's people must not be a prey to his enemies." Oh, no. "Call out the men of Israel, Sisera's mighty hosts are gathering. We must away."

As I perused my blessed Bible I saw that in all ages of the world the good Lord raised up of his own choosing, men, women, and children, Miriam, Deborah, Hannah, Huldah, Anna, Phebe, Narcissus, Tryphena, Tryphosa, Persis, Julia, the Marys, and the sisters who were co-workers with Paul in the gospel, whose names were in the book of life, and many other women whose labors are mentioned with praise. Even children were made the instrument of his praise and glory. See Romans xvi; I. Samuel iii. and iv.; Jeremiah i. 6; Numbers xxii. 28. While reading these examples, I could

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only think of my want of courage and heroism in so noble a cause. I was hoping that by the search of the Scriptures I might find something that would justify my conduct. But all would not do. The more I investigated, the more I found to condemn me. There was the master giving one, two, and five talents, and the moral obligation of each person receiving them and their several rewards. I was the one having the one talent which was hidden.

> The way of the cross to the transgressor is hard,
> No peace in the gospel they find;
> But those who are faithful shall have a reward
> Of heavenly peace in the mind.

How true. How very true.

With all this grief and burden on my mind day after day,—and I write in sorrow,—year after year I struggled on with all the diffidence and evasions so common to professors, amounting almost to downright cowardice, like Jonah above mentioned, or like Elijah who fled to the caves in Sinai. The Lord through the Apostle Paul commanded, "Not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together, as the manner of some is; but exhorting one another: and so much the more, as ye see the day approaching." And again: "They that feared the Lord spake often one to another: and the Lord hearkened and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon his name. And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels."

The encouraging words of Brother Shingledecker rath-

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er embarrassed than helped me. The warm expression of his opinion of my ability to do work in the vineyard of the Lord intensified my sense of my obligations to preach; and his opinions were freely expressed, and had great weight with others as well as myself. We have many very excellent and able ministers in our church, such as the Kumlers, the Kenoyers, Father Griffith, Bishop Edwards, Bishop Davis, Professor Shuck, Bishop Shuck, Thomas Hamilton, the Terrills, Brother A. N. Walker, and scores besides that I have heard; and there are many others whose praise is in all the churches. With all these before me as a standard of comparison Brother Shingledecker stands well along in the front rank, in point of natural ability. It would be very difficult to describe him, either personally or in manner of address. He was very tall, and straight as an arrow. His style of preaching was, to say the least, sometimes very eccentric. On one occasion he was addressing an imaginary man of *straw* (people of the world); and in a conversational tone he carried on a dialogue with the man of straw, who appeared to have a treble, squeaking voice. He went on telling the straw man all the faults of his people—of the scandalous pride of his people, some of them poor as beggars, who, like the turtle or snail, carried all they were worth on their backs, and if they could only by dint of a hard scuffle with poverty and the tailors succeed in getting a satin vest and top out with a silk stove-pipe hat and sport a pair of shining boots they were all right.

"As for that," said the man of straw, "the less you say about it the better. Just look behind you in the pulpit." He whirled around and looked at the preachers sitting there. After eyeing them well he turned to his

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man of straw, exclaiming, "See here, Straw, if you will quit I will."

The elder and class had offered to license me to preach; and I did believe firmly that it was my bounden duty to preach. But oh! that man-fearing spirit. Why, I fairly shudder at the thought. But at the same time, I resolved that "let others do as they may, as for me and my house I will serve the Lord, at least all of them that I can influence."

We still had kept up family worship ever since the family altar was established at our house.

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Chapter XXVIII.

We Remove to Jasper County, Indiana, in 1843 — Brother Kenoyer — A Sorry Prospect — A Wonderful Sermon and a Glorious Disappointment.

In the year 1843 we removed from Clarke County, Ohio, to Jasper County, Indiana. That part of the country was very new, and sparsely settled. Some of the Iroquois Indians were still living there, and we had to encounter all the hardships, trials, and privations incident to frontier settlement (excepting Indian troubles). Many, indeed, were the cases of suffering and want that I could narrate of the early days of that country. The year 1844 was one of very distressing want, as the season was so unfavorable that but little was raised; and all being very poor, great destitution prevailed.

But while our temporal wants were poorly supplied, our spiritual wants could always be supplied from the inexhaustible fountain of grace. There being no church-organization in our neighborhood at this time, it was an open field for missionary labor, which was improved by the Methodist and United Brethren. It happened that we were visited about this time by a young minister named Jeremiah Kenoyer—a name that afterward became very familiar to the church in general, and to the people of Oregon in particular, where he is now laboring, we learn, with all the zeal and devotion that charac-

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terized his early labors. My readers must indulge me in a brief sketch or pen-picture of the young pioneer minister in our church, and certain peculiarities of style, etc., etc.

Brother Kenoyer came to our house intending to fill an appointment near by on the succeeding Sunday for his father, Frederick Kenoyer. He was mounted. His horse was a pale sorrel with white main and tail,—badly crimped with burs,—a very inferior animal, whose gait was seriously retarded by a stiff knee. The saddle was in keeping with the horse's knee, and the stirrups in keeping with the saddle—one of which was repaired with hickory-bark. An old, dilapidated blind-bridle comprised the head-gear. The dress of the minister was quite as ludicrous, and consisted of a coon-skin cap, an old-fashioned shingle-cape overcoat, and "jeans" coat, pants, and vest, with a pair of patched shoes. Add to this in your imagination the appearance of the man as somewhat homely, with dark hair and eyes, uncomely, heavy eye-brows, and you have a picture of our preacher. I must confess that I felt much chagrined at his uncouth appearance, and then thought that the newly-arrived could do more good in his father's corn-field.

Saturday night came, and we repaired to the place appointed for the preaching in company with our preacher. We found at church two very able and worthy ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church. As Brother Kenoyer approached the pulpit I noticed a general smile was flitting around upon the countenances of the congregation, which settled upon the faces of the Methodist Episcopal ministers; and I am sorry to say that I could

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not suppress a smile at his novel appearance. His actions, however, seemed to be characterized by such a reverential awe, and his manners bore such dignity as he surveyed his audience, that it seemed to make the deepest impression on all present. He opened the services by singing in the most melodious and impressive manner one of the songs of Zion, and then followed with a prayer that seemed to open heaven. The sermon was one of unusual power and tenderness, as he not only administered to the wants of the humble believer, but reproved the ungodly and portrayed their final doom in language that none could fail to comprehend. Some wept and praised God, while many trembled.

The meeting had been appointed and given out as a union meeting of the United Brethren and Methodist Episcopal churches, to be held in the new log meeting-house just built by the Methodists. Father Kenoyer had been invited to assist. As he could not come he had sent this young preacher in his place. Taking his age and wardrobe into consideration, I thought then, and have not changed my mind since, that the Methodist Episcopal Church folks thought, if we let him preach on Saturday night he will be out of our way, and as the very idea of a union meeting with the United Brethren will call out a large crowd of people, we will not need to have him up on Sabbath. But they, as well as myself, were wonderfully and gloriously disappointed. Such eloquence and oratory were not expected even from Father Kenoyer, much less from one so young. But they saw very plainly that his time had been employed more on books than blacking boots. Suffice it to say, Brother Jeremiah Kenoyer had all the preaching to do

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Saturday evening, Sabbath morning, and Sabbath evening.

After preaching on Sabbath evening one of the Methodist Episcopal ministers excused themselves from further protracting the meeting for want of time, and then dismissed the congregation without consulting Brother Kenoyer. So as soon as the congregation was dismissed he arose and stated that if there were any present who desired to hear him further they could do so to-morrow evening at Brother William Moore's.

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Chapter XXIX.

The Chiding of the Spirit — My First Appointment — Johny Moore, a Non-professor, makes the Announcement — Opposition at Home — Fear and Trembling — My Opening Hymn — Preached an Hour — Brother Hinkle — Words of Encouragement — Young Matthew Simpson's (Bishop) Early Ministerial Experience — "Don't Want Him;" Send Him Somewhere Else — He Captures the Stronghold.

On the following evening at Brother William Moore's, after an able discourse, he invited forward to the altar of prayer all who felt their need of an interest in the blood of Jesus. Fourteen came forward, most of whom professed to have an interest in Christ's atoning blood.

Before closing the meeting he gave an opportunity to all who might desire to unite with the church. Fourteen came forward at once and were received. Then after completing the organization of the class, Brother Kenoyer said he would visit and preach for us once a month if we would pay him one dollar for each visit, as he would have to ride twenty-five miles to reach us, and that he would necessarily have to use Saturday and Monday and would have to hire a hand to fill his place on the farm, which would cost him fifty cents per day. As for Sunday, he charged nothing for preaching on that day.

We proposed that he should continue his visits until

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the annual conference convened, when we would be attached to some circuit and regularly supplied with preaching. Thus was organized in our own neighborhood a class of the United Brethren Church, with which I had the privilege of meeting regularly. Many were the seasons of joy and ecstacy of soul I have experienced on those occasions. But how many were the days of despondency and gloom that I passed while neglecting to follow my convictions of duty in the work of calling sinners to repentance. But I was possessed of a man-fearing spirit, and continually resisted the monitions of the Spirit in not declaring the word of life and warning to dying sinners. While beset in this manner, with my convictions of duty on one hand and the fear of the world on the other, one of my sons was taken down with a very dangerous fever.

In vain did we resort to the best of medical skill; futile were all our ministrations for his relief. He continued getting worse and worse until the doctor despaired of his recovery. It may appear to my readers a weakness on my part to now rely on the efficacy of faith and prayer for the recovery of my son. But in times of affliction we are always to approach God with a humble and contrite heart—yea, we are willing to yield the utmost obedience to his admonitions; and I surely felt this affliction to be a dispensation toward me, and that if I permitted the love of my family to intervene between me and the full performance of my duty one of the idols of my heart would be torn away from me. As I looked at my pale boy sinking so fast I took his cold hand in mine and knelt by his side and covenanted with God with earnestness of soul and in agony of mind

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that if he would spare my boy the remainder of my days should be devoted to his service, whatever might be the inconvenience or consequences. I had implicit faith, too, that God would provide for his recovery, as the destiny of all men is in his hands.

The doctor called again the next morning, and as he approached the bed-side I could notice that he seemed greatly elated. He remarked to me in an undertone after reaching the bedside, "I have hope that your boy may yet recover." Though the doctor was skilled in his profession I felt that I had a better, and so dispensed with further use of his medicines and threw them into the fire.

It was not long after this that I had an opportunity of fulfilling my vows. It came about in this manner: As we were attending a meeting with some of our neighbors I took occasion to reprove in a very kind manner a young man named John Moore for his extreme profanity. John turned quickly and said to me, "Mrs. Sexton, when are you going to preach?" "I am preaching now, John," said I. "Well, but I want to hear you preach. I was telling mother that I believed you could preach if you would try; and I would like to hear you." "Would you come and hear me?" "Yes, indeed I would, and every one else that I could get there." "Well, I will tell you, John, if you will give out an appointment for me I will try and fulfill it unless I am forbidden." "When, and where?" "Next Thursday evening at my own house; for it is the night for prayer-meeting, and as it is about to go down perhaps curiosity to hear me may cause the people to turn out." "Very well, your appointment shall be duly announced," replied John. This meeting was being conducted at Brother William

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Moore's, in Barclay Township, by Brother Ball—a very active and zealous worker in the vineyard of our Lord. After his meeting had closed and all the appointments were announced and the congregation dismissed, etc., John Moore arose and in a very clear and distinct voice said, "There will be preaching next Thursday evening at the house of Mr. Joseph Sexton, by Mrs Sexton."

It now seemed that my greatest trials were upon me. As I had taken the decisive step, there was no alternative—only to virtually deny my Master and break my vows.

As we went home in company with some of the brethren and sisters, Brother Sampson Hinkle, who at that time was a very worthy member and an elder in our church, remarked, "Well, Sister Sexton, you are going to preach, are you?" "Yes, brother," I replied, "unless some one forbids me, and in the position you occupy you have the right to do so. If you think I am taking a wrong step I would like for you to say so now." He answered, "Does our law condemn a man before it hears him? I will come and hear you, and then I can tell you more about it." Brother Bice then said, "Sister Sexton, I want you to come and preach at my house." "Hold, my brother," said I, "I don't know whether I can preach. If God helps me and I am spared, I will comply with your request sometime." This conversation was a relief to me, as I felt that I had at least the good wishes of some worthy members of our church. My husband seemed greatly troubled at the course I had taken, and upon our arrival home made known his discontent. I then told him what my reflections were, and had been for ten or fifteen years, and what my vows had been at

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the bedside of our son. Moreover, I told him that if I could feel that I should reach heaven I would prefer to die now than to preach; but for me there was no peace in time nor eternity aside from the performance of duty in the work my Master had assigned me. "But," said I, "my appointment is conditioned that I will preach unless forbidden; and as you are my husband and class-leader you have a double right to object. And now, if you think I had better not preach on next Thursday evening I will forbear and get Brother Hinkle to fill my appointment." "Not by any means," replied Mr. Sexton. "If there is no peace for you otherwise, fill your own appointment; the boys and I can hear it for the sake of adding to your happiness, and I will not object under any circumstances. I was thankful to God for that decision. Perhaps many will think that I should have consulted my husband first; but I realized the full import of these words, "He that loveth father, mother, brother, or sister more than me is not worthy of me." I felt indeed that the ratio of my temporal to my spiritual duties was no less than that of time to eternity.

The next morning my husband handed me the Bible and requested me to conduct the worship, as had been our custom ever since I first united with the church. I took the Bible, praying God to direct my opening to something that would encourage me if my step was in accordance with his divine will.

I opened to the book of Micah and read the fourth chapter, concluding as follows, "Arise and thresh, O daughter f Zion; for I will make thine horn iron, and I will make thy hoofs brass: and thou shalt beat in pieces many people: and I will consecrate their gain unto the

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Lord, and their substance unto the Lord of the whole earth." After reading that precious chapter my trembling left me and I felt renewed, so that when I bowed in prayer the cloud that had hovered over my spirit for many long years gave way and light from the great Fountain seemed to illumine my benighted soul. Indeed, I felt that half the work was accomplished already. I had now started in the work that had been a dread and great heaviness upon my mind. My faith smiled at impossibilities, and I could say with the great apostle to the gentiles, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

I was happy all the week 'till the evening came for me to preach and the people began to gather for meeting. I then began to tremble. I put the room in order for services and then slipped out into another room to have a word of secret prayer. My soul was reaching out for help. My son Thomas saw me and followed me. He was weeping and trembling. "O mother," said he, "You are not going to preach, are you?" "Yes, my son, I am going to try, God being my helper, and I have come in here to pray for help. Come, Thomas, let us kneel down and pray." I knelt and pleaded with my Maker for help. The Lord gave me victory. My listening soul heard the sweet accents of my Savior, "I am with you." I realized that the pulsations of my heart beat in unison with his. I arose; and taking my son by the hand I said, "Come, Thomas, let us go into the meeting-room"—which by this time was full to a perfect jam. Among the crowd were Brother Sampson Hinkle and three other ministers. There was the stand, Bible, hymn-book, candles, and empty chair. How can I go

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forward and take that chair while so many ministers are present. But there was no retreat now, so I pressed my way through the crowd to the chair and sat down and commenced to sing the following:

Great Shepherd of thine Israel,
Who did'st between the cherubs dwell
And led thy tribes, thy chosen sheep,
Safe through the desert and the deep.
Thy church is in the desert now,
Shine from on high and guide us through.
Turn us to thee, thy love restore;
We shall be saved to sigh no more.

Hast thou not planted with thy hand
A lovely vine in heathen land?
Did not thy power hedge it around
While heavenly dews enriched the ground?
How did the spreading branches shoot
To bless the nations with their fruit;
But now, dear Lord, look down and see
This lovely vine a mournful tree.

How is her beauty now defaced;
Why hast thou laid her fences waste?
Strangers and foes against her join,
And every beast devours the vine.
Return, almighty God, return,
Nor let thy bleeding Zion mourn.
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
That we be saved to sigh no more.

Lord, when this vine in Canaan grew
Thou wast her strength and glory too;
Attack in vain did all her foes
Till the fair branch of promise rose.
Fair branch ordained of old to shoot
From David's stock, from Jacob's root;
Himself the noblest vine and we
The lesser branches of the tree.

'Tis thine own Son, and he shall stand
Girt with thy strength at thy right hand,

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Thy first born son, adorned and blest
With power and grace above the rest.
Oh, for his sake attend our cry,
Shine on thy churches lest they die.
Turn us to thee, thy love restore;
We shall be saved to die no more.

No one assisted in singing the hymn. Perhaps no one knew it. Then I arose to my feet and read the fourth chapter of Micah—also hymn number 681 United Brethren Hymn-book, then lined it out; and Brother Sampson Hinkle led in the singing, the congregation generally assisting. Then I prayed, and Brother Hinkle sung, "Children of the heavenly King," etc. I then arose and announced my text—Isaiah, iv. 3—reading, however, the context, including the first, second, and third verses.

I told the people that here stands Isaiah, calling as a mighty auctioneer, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price. Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labor for that which satisfieth not? hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness. Incline your ear, and come unto me: hear, and your soul shall live; and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David." I told them how God had touched Isaiah's lips with a live coal from the altar; that he had been describing the birth, growth, travail of soul-suffering, passion, and death, although there were seven hundred and fifty years to intervene before the greater portion of those prophetic utterances would be fulfilled. But when I got

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on the covenant I nearly forgot who was making the first effort to preach. I talked more than an hour, then called on Brother Hinkle to conclude, to which he readily responded, and exhorted the people to give earnest heed to the things they had heard lest at any time they should let them slip; that they should not be forgetful hearers, but doers of the work; and with many other words of exhortation did he urge them to profit by the lesson of the hour. He then gave out a hymn, which was sung, and called upon a Disciple minister to pray; and thus ended my first effort to preach.

After all my travail of soul and spirit, I felt that I had barely entered the great field that was now white for the harvest, with sickle in hand; that I had in the great harvest-work given my mite, had done the best I could, and of course felt conscious that God would approve and bless.

The next day our friend and neighbor,—a Disciple minister,—who had heard me preach the night before, came to our place to congratulate me on my success; that the effort was not only good, but could not be beat, and would challenge the admiration of all. And the way I went to work,—no notes, no papers, only my Bible and hymn-book,—that was just what he loved to see. For his part, he could not see why a woman had not as good a right to preach as a man. Now I think of it, I saw something in the *Harbinger*—one of the back numbers—about women preaching. When I go home I will hunt it up and see what it does say. Oh, how I did want to tell him, That does not sound well from one who is such a stickler for the *word*. Why not go to the Bible? You will say, Why did you not tell him so?

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Well, for this reason, I did not want to get into a controversy with him, nor sour his mind, as he appeared to be pleased with what I had said; and a controversy with him might efface whatever good impression I may have made. He was determined to have me go to Bradford and hold a meeting at his house.

I felt that my great work was truly begun in good earnest. I had only preached once and had two invitations already to preach,—one by Brother Bice, a United Brethren, and one by a Christian minister. I will here state for our good Christian minister, that he encouraged me very much. When a child is just beginning to walk, oh, how it helps to take it by its frail hands, to lead and steady it until its weak limbs acquire strength and its mind fortitude. On the other hand, if you throw a stumbling-block in its way and it falls, it may be so badly hurt that it will fear to try it again.

I once heard a story of one of our bishops in the Methodist Episcopal Church—one that to-day has a world-wide fame. When he commenced the ministry the elder gave him a small work, perhaps four appointments; and the elder went around with the young preacher to put him to work and introduce him to his charge. The young man was stoop-shouldered, and had a fine, squeaking, treble voice, and was withal not very prepossessing in appearance. It so happened that one of the appointments was in a little village, and when they visited that place they stopped at a good sister's. While there the young man overheard a very refreshing conversation between the elder and one of the good old sisters. "For mercy sake, elder, I hope you ain't going to send that stripling here to preach to *us*." "Yes, my

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sister, he will be your preacher this conference-year." "Ah, me, we would rather do without one. He will kill off the Methodists in this place. You can't imagine how particular the people about this town are." "If they were five times more particular, they must submit to the judgment of those who have the care over them. You must all pray that God will bless the young brother and make him an instrument of good to this place. And pray for more religion." "Well, I do think he had better not come here. Let him go to the other appointments, but not come to our town, and we will try to get along without a preacher this year."

"That will never do. He must come here." The young man heard all this talk; and when the elder was about to leave him to go to the next round alone, oh, how he pleaded with the elder to let him drop that appointment. "No, no," said the elder, "that will never do, we can't make any such distinction. You must pray and trust in God, and go on as though you had not heard a word. Go, my son, and the God of Israel go with you." Oh, how heavy did that thoughtless old sister make the cross for that dear young man. But the cross drove him to the stronghold for help.

When he came to that village he went trembling and trusting. After singing and prayer he announced his text, "And one cried unto another, and said, Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of hosts: the whole earth is full of his glory. And the posts of the door moved at the voice of him that cried, and the house was filled with smoke." (Isaiah iv. 3, 4.) Before the young man was through his first sermon the congregation was weeping and sinners were crying for mercy. He continued the meeting until

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eighty were converted and added to the church. The Lord be praised! Now, if that elder had listened to the pleadings of that young minister, or been deterred by the very unkind talk of the old lady, no one can calculate the possible harm to the cause of Christ. No one can imagine the real force that seeming opposition had upon that young man's mind, and the very embarrassing circumstances; for he very naturally concluded that this mother in Israel (?) had spoken the real sentiments of the church, and if not the sentiments of the church at the time, that she would have the matter well talked up by the time he returned.

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Chapter XXX.

Mother Sexton's Opposition—Sermon on the Ninth Chapter of Isaiah —No Further Opposition from Her — She is Taken Dangerously Ill —Sends for Me — Her Dying Blessing on my Calling — Her Spirit Floats Away Amid Songs of Praise — Sarah Pentzer's Remarkable Dream.

I consented to preach again, shortly after my first attempt. But before the time of my appointment arrived Mother Sexton, who was then living at Monticello, came to pay us a visit and bitterly opposed my preaching; so I prevailed on a Methodist brother to fill my appointment. She, however, stayed with us until quarterly conference of the United Brethren Church, when elder and preachers urged me so strongly to preach that I resolved to confer not with flesh and blood but to say what I could in behalf of the glorious cause of my Master. The good Lord gave me a door of utterance and a ready understanding of the lesson chosen—Jeremiah, ninth chapter. Mother seemed to enjoy the meeting splendidly; and never thereafter did she express any opposition to my work in the ministry. Some time after mother returned home she was taken sick and sent for us to come at once and see her, as her recovery was considered doubtful. As we lived about thirty miles distant from her, before we could reach her bedside she was struggling

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in death, but entirely resigned to her fast-approaching dissolution. After a few parting words to each of her children, separately, in which she counseled them to love and serve God, she said to me, "Go on, Lydia, in the discharge of your duty. The world and its cares, the smiles and frowns, look small to me now. Had I more time to live, I would do more for my Savior." She was too much exhausted to say more. After a few moments' silence she requested us to sing something. All being too much overcome by grief, we failed to comply with her request. Mother fixed her dying eyes upon me and said, "Lydia, you sing for me." How *could I* sing? But my second thought was, How can I deny her dying request? She will soon be beyond hearing my voice on earth. I must try. Just then her daughter Eliza whispered to me to sing that hymn mother loved so well to hear me sing. I then sung,—

"Repent! ye sons of men, repent."

I sung the hymn through; and when I came to the words

'He who sent his Son to bleed,
Will freely give us all we need,"

mother said, "How true indeed are all his promises." After I had finished the hymn mother looked at me and said, "Sing more, Lydia." I then sung the lines, which to the dying Christian must always have a peculiar beauty and pathos,—

"When for eternal worlds we steer,
And seas are calm and skies are clear,
And faith in lively exercise
And distant hills of Canaan rise,
The soul exulting spreads her wings,
And loud her lovely sonnet sings,
I'm safe at home.

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With eager glance her eyes explore
Each landmark on the distant shore—
The tree of life, the pasture green,
The golden streets, the crystal stream;
Ah! then for joy she spreads her wings,
And loud her lovely sonnet sings,
Vain world, adieu.

As nearer still she draws to land,
More eager all her powers expand;
With steady helm and free-bent sail,
Her anchor drops within the vail.
Ah! then for joy she folds her wings,
And her celestial sonnet sings,
I'm safe at home.

Just as I finished the last stanza mother turned over, and after a minute's silence her son, Dr. David Sexton, tried to turn her around. Alas! she was dead. The doctor chafed her temples, rubbed her hands, and called for her to speak to him, but in vain; her spirit had sought the realms of celestial light. No wonder that the grief of her family knew no bounds. She had been left a widow for twenty-one years; and no one can describe the care and maternal affection which characterized her many days of widowhood, and how many days and nights of despondency and gloom darkened her pathway of life. But blessed be God, whose promises are never broken. "Yea, and Amen!" "Joy cometh in the morning."

Her son Jared asked me what we should put on her tombstone, and how we should have it arranged. I told him if we could rear a monument to the clouds and fill every spot with applause we could not speak mother's worth. Farewell, dear mother, we hope to meet thee again where the inhabitants never say, I am sick. You

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must be very happy there to range the streets of the New Jerusalem.

When mother died, her daughter Sarah Ann Pentzer was not with us. Her husband, William Pentzer, was a minister in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and was traveling his circuit in Jay and Wells counties. But though so distant from us, Sarah Ann mourned with us. The night mother died she dreamed she was at home, and that the house was all in disorder—everything out of place, and mother's bed carried out of doors. She awoke weeping, and still continued to weep, comfortless. Her husband told her not to be so superstitious as to pay any attention to dreams. She told him she feared she would never see her dear mother again on earth.

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Chapter XXXI.

Sad Interpretation of the Dream — Epitaph — Josiah Turrell gives me License to Preach — A Rebuff — But Moved On — Had a good Meeting — A poor Soul in Trouble — The Comforter comes to her and her Family.

The next day they sent a letter in haste to see if all were well at home. When the answer came there was the black wafer—the death-token. On comparing dates, her death was the same night that Sarah had her dream.

We had a Methodist Episcopal minister—Bro. Leach, who was stationed in Monticello that year, and who visited her through her illness,—preach her funeral sermon. He said he never saw a clearer testimony that all was well than mother gave. In the course of his remarks he repeated the lines that I sung just before she breathed her last:

"And then for joy she folds her wings,
And her celestial sonnet sings,
I'm safe at home."

This verse is inscribed upon her tombstone. She was buried in the Monticello Cemetery, Indiana. Sleep in peace, dear mother, until the great awakening morn when God shall roll the stone away.

Burst the chains in glad surprise,
And in thy Savior's image rise.

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The disapproval of mother Sexton, whose judgment I prized so highly, was a great barrier to my preaching; but when she in her dying charge urged me to go in the discharge of duty, I looked upon her counsel as from a judgment enlightened by the immediate presence of the eternal world. Up to this time I had not a word of encouragement, with the exception of Father Shingledecker and my Campbellite brother—and he could not well decide till he would see the *Harbinger*. A sister also once told me if I would accept a license she would so inform Brother Shingledecker. She urged me to accept. I now think I should have accepted when it was first offered.

After I had preached about a year I was again urged to apply for license; but I again declined, telling the brethren that Brother Josiah Turrell had given me liberty to preach, and thought that sufficient for the present. One day while at class-meeting in our house, a brother preacher got up and said (without myself or any one else knowing his purpose), "There is a duty devolving upon us as a class. We profess to be sanctioned by the word of God for all matters of importance, especially such things as pertain to the officers of the church. We are trampling on our rules. Here is Sister Lydia Sexton, who has been preaching some time, and as a class you have never taken action in the matter. This is wrong. It is the duty of every member of the class to which she belongs to give some expression—either for or against. You are at perfect liberty to vote your sentiments; but act conscientiously, as doing work for God." He then called for the yeas and nays. The yeas were unanimous. He then made out the papers for the class-leader to sign,

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and requested me to attend the next quarterly meeting and present my papers. I attended the next quarterly meeting as requested, and presented my recommendation to the conference.

Brother Josiah Turrell was presiding elder. He called on me to tell before the conference my views, religious experience, call to the ministry, etc., etc., which I did, after which I was requested to withdraw. When I came in the presiding elder informed me that the quarterly conference had granted me license to preach. The license read as follows:

"This is to certify that Lydia Sexton is an approved minister of the gospel among us, the United Brethren in Christ. This given by order of the quarterly Illinois Conference, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-one.

JOSIAH TURRELL."

With this I felt greatly strengthened and encouraged, carrying with me the indorsement of those who knew me best, as well as the legal indorsement of the Illinois Conference.

But I was subjected, however, to another embarrassment—not one of my family would go with me to my appointments. This was a great annoyance to me. I could not blame them, however. I supposed then, and do yet, that they thought it a disgrace for me to go about preaching; but when I preached at our house they would stand their ground, and show every respect for my calling.

After mother Sexton died, my husband's sisters lived with us considerably; and they were like my husband and children in their notions of my preaching,—not one of them would go with me to my appointments. I had appointments every Sabbath, and one half more calls than I could fill.

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At one time I had an appointment about five miles from home, and my folks saddled my horse and saw me start as usual. When about half way to my appointment, as I was passing a house an old sister came out and hailed me, saying, "You are going to preach at Mr. L.'s are you?" I told her I was thus far on my way there for that purpose. "Well," said she, "if I were you I would turn around and go home." "Why so, my sister?" "Why," said she, "don't you think the woman that asked you to preach at her house was at a quilting last week at Mrs. English's; and old Mrs. English was going on about a woman preaching, and said she would not let one preach in her house. 'Well,' said Mrs. L., 'I did not ask Mrs. Sexton to preach at our house.' We all knew better; for my Beck heard her ask you to preach there, and also heard her deny it." I was on a stand as to what I should do, and finally said, "I will return home, I think." Her husband, who had stood a silent listener to our conversation, spoke up, "Well, Mrs. Sexton, you know I don't take much stock in religious matters [he was an infidel], but if my advice is worth anything it would be by all means to go on and preach. There is great excitement out there, and all the people for miles around will be there." He turned his eyes up toward the sun. "Yes, they are there now waiting for you. Go on, and if they frown, or even don't treat you with that civility you think they should, come straight here after preaching and we will give you your dinner and feed your horse. Go on; it would be very wrong to disappoint so many people. And if they really knew the cause, that would only make bad worse, and engender ill feeling. Do not intimate what has been

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said to you. I have no doubt it was said without due consideration in conversation with Mrs. English, who is a Presbyterian and don't believe in women preaching. Not one of them has aught against you personally."

So on I went with a heavy heart. My family and kindred are ashamed to have me preach; and here also is a friend who has invited me and now denied it. What shall I do? Will it, indeed, bring a stigma upon the church. "I will go to the stronghold a prisoner of hope." Yes indeed, how quick would I be on the roadside on my knees, where no one could see me but that God who alone knows the anguish of my soul. Though I have not time for delay, I will

> "Pour out my sorrows like a flood,
> Impatient of restraint;
> Into thy bosom, O my God,
> I'll pour my sad complaint."

I prayed as I rode along, and wept as though I had no comforter. O Father in heaven, what shall I do? As I was weeping and praying, these words came vividly to my mind: "And one shall say unto him, What are these wounds in thine hands? Then he shall answer, Those with which I was wounded in the house of my friends." O blessed Savior, hast thou received those wounds in the house of thy friends? and shall I shrink from the cross?—me, a poor unworthy being like me, be overwhelmed with anguish on account of a little opposition from an unexpected source? I then made this earnest prayer: "O Lord, if all this is in accordance with thy pure and holy will, give me this day one soul as a seal of my ministry." I never before had made so bold and pressing a request in that behalf.

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I went on. There was a great crowd of people assembled. The man of the house met me at the gate and offered to assist me to alight; but I declined, and rode to the stable. I hastened in and made my obeisance to the congregation, took off my bonnet and gloves, and commenced by singing a hymn. I then read a chapter and another hymn, and asked the brethren to assist me in singing. I then prayed and took my text. As I preached, the worth of immortal souls seemed to press upon my heart; and the weeping audience seemed to feel the royal presence of the Master of Assemblies. Preaching over, I must stay for dinner. I spoke of an invitation on the road home. No, no, that would never do. My horse was put up, and must not be saddled until after dinner. All right. It was just as I expected; and I had studiously avoided a promise to take dinner with my friend on the road, though it would have been a great pleasure to have accepted his kindness and hospitality.

The people of the house appeared well satisfied with my sermon, and seemed to enjoy the meeting; nor would they be satisfied until I left another appointment. After dinner I returned home. On my way I called for a few moments upon my friend to apologize for not returning there for dinner, and requested my dear old sister not to name the conversation to any one, as it could do no good but might do great harm.

The next morning before my morning chores were done two persons—a lady and gentleman—rode up to the gate and alighted. They were very respectable in appearance and livery. I met them on the porch and invited them in. A soon as they were seated the

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woman said, "We have come here on rather a strange errand. My sister heard you preach yesterday, and she has had no peace of mind since. She is in great trouble, and is very anxious to see you. She has been a very wicked girl. Mother has often talked with her and tried to get her to forsake her evil ways." I inquired if she herself had ever embraced religion. She said she never had. All the time she was talking she seemed very much overcome. I inquired of the man—her husband—if he had ever enjoyed religion. He said he never had. I rather thought then, and still think, that the excuse for coming was largely in their own behalf. As they told me their errand I thought, there is the soul I asked for. God gave me good measure—pressed down, shaken together, and running over.

The young lady embraced religion, as well as the gentleman and lady who came for me, and also the heads of the family where I held the meeting. In all, fourteen souls were the fruit of my brief labors there. A United Brethren class was formed in the neighborhood. To God's name be all the praise, now and forever.

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Chapter XXXII.

Several Appointments Out — Remarkable Solicitude of a Stricken Soul — He Must Have an Appointment — Started to fill the Appointment — "The Old Man is Dead"—Changed Place of Meeting to Preach Mr. Cooper's Funeral — Text, Genesis vii. 1 — Bro. George Surface — Ladoga.

I was earnestly solicited to hold a meeting near Duryville—about twenty miles from home. I went alone, as usual. There was a large concourse of people present, and the best of order and attention; and I trust and believe lasting good was done. I stayed there all night. In the morning an old man came to where I was stopping and told me he was sorry he had not known of my appointment, as he certainly would have heard me, though he had not attended church for seven years; and he said, "I have come here this morning to get you to send an appointment to my house. There is no house around here that will hold the people who will come; but I will have a shaded bower before my door, covered with bushes, and seated, and you can stand in the porch." I told him I would come, but it would be some time, owing to prior engagements. "Now," said he, "I will fix for the meeting, and I do want you to come." I had an appointment the first Sabbath following at the Hanging Grove, the second at the Kenton settlement, the third a "basket-meeting" at our class, and the fourth at Crawfordsville.

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I could not disappoint any of them. "Well," said the old man, "When they have the basket-meeting you can come." So I arranged with him accordingly.

When the day arrived our boys hitched a gentle horse to the buggy, and all alone I started for my appointment. When I got nearly there I stopped to inquire the way to old Mr. Cooper's. "Have you heard nothing of the old man since you left the appointment? The old man is dead and buried, and they want you to preach his funeral sermon."

I repaired to the place and found a large congregation in waiting. I sung what I thought the most appropriate hymn, commencing

> "Death, he is a king of terrors,
> And a terror to all kings," etc.,

After which I read the chapter, "Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble;" then from the text, "Come thou and all thy house into the ark." (Genesis vii. 1.) I preached as well as I could, showing first the similarity between the antediluvian world and the present degenerate state of mankind; that, as in the first case there was no refuge or shelter outside of the ark of God, so likewise at the present time, we must enter into that kingdom of God established on earth; that as there was but one door by which they could enter the ark, so now there is but one way open for entrance into the kingdom of God—"for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved," only through the name of Jesus Christ; that as in consequence of unbelief the human family was nearly all excluded from salvation by the ark, so now faith was the only key by which admission could

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be secured into the spiritual kingdom; that also as the ark was lighted only by one window, likewise now have we no spiritual light to illumine our benighted pathway, only as it emanates from our Father in heaven, the fountain of light; and as the different stories of the ark must have had different degrees of light, as they were situated near or remote from the window, so indeed is our pathway brightened, or happiness increased, as the light of his divine countenance is reflected upon us. After dwelling upon all the points of comparison at considerable length, and showing as best I could the amazing love of God in providing this great refuge for sinful man, I earnestly exhorted them to effect an entrance *now*, before the door be finally closed, or lest through indifference they should forever let the opportunity pass; for it is said, "My Spirit shall not always strive with man." As to the death of Father Cooper, I was not sufficiently acquainted with him to know his state of mind, or his hope for the future; but for the consolation of the friends I could only suggest that he was in the hands of a merciful Judge who would do him no injustice; that he was now "where all things seem as they are," and that we should emulate and cherish his virtues, while his faults—if he had any—should sink to forgetfulness and oblivion. The fact of his coming to me to get me to preach for you to-day, I accept as an omen that he was exercised in relation to an entrance into the kingdom of God. Then we may find consolation in this glorious promise of God: "A bruised reed shall he not break, and smoking flax shall he not quench, till he send forth judgment unto victory." Tell me, you that question the providence of God and his mysterious dealings with the

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children of men, what was it that so suddenly moved this mind that had slumbered for seven long years, now, at the third watch of the night, to rise up to set his house in order for the great and wonderful change so near at hand?

By the next Sabbath I was at Bro. George Surface's—west of Crawfordsville. In this neighborhood was a lovely girl who felt that she was called to preach; but her friends were opposed not only to her preaching, but even to her attending United Brethren Church. Thus between fear of her parents and friends on the one hand, and her duty to God on the other, she was sorely perplexed. When I first went into the pulpit the girl Martha went with me.

A very singular circumstance transpired, which I will relate as briefly as I can. For some days previous to my going to that neighborhood, a certain passage of scripture was continually in this girl's mind; but she did not know for certain whether it was in the Bible, and had spent much time with a certain lady in searching for it. The text that I chose on this occasion was from Isaiah i. 2: "Hear, O heavens, and give ear, O earth: for the Lord hath spoken; I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me." When they learned that I had no intimation of their search for this scripture her surprise was very great, and was most likely increased by the singular coincidence that Martha had previously dreamed that she was preaching from this text. While I was here, a Baptist minister living in Ladoga requested me very earnestly to visit their town. After consulting as to the propriety of doing so, and receiving a proposition that he would have his mother

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come for me in a carriage, I consented to go. I preached several times in Ladoga. While I was there I was sent for to visit a sick woman whom I found to be sorely afflicted. Her constitution was giving way to a mental depression caused by the untimely death of a son, who was very suddenly killed by falling off a bridge a short time previous. While conversing on the subject of religion she said, "I once had hope, but it is all, all gone now." I told her that God was yet full of compassion, and still mighty to save. She related the sad circumstances attending the death of her son substantially as follows: "When at work assisting to build a bridge, he was cautioned by one of his fellow-workmen that the position he was in was a dangerous one. He replied, with an oath, that he could take care of himself. Just at that moment he fell. His head striking a stone, his brains were dashed out; and in that condition he was brought home to me. Oh, if I only had one gleam of hope that all is well with my son. But alas, alas. I am completely heart-broken. I often felt it my duty to persuade my son to forsake his sins and turn to God, but just as often neglected to do so. Now he is beyond my entreaties, and I fear beyond the chance of mercy. Oh, if I only had him with me now but one hour, how I would show a mother's deep love by pleading with him to forsake sin. But I have failed to do my duty; and that is the dagger that pierces my heart. Could I only call him back again, how differently would I do it. But it is all over with him now, and I soon will be with him." I told her she should not give way to such feelings; that here were four beautiful little girls who need a mother's care to guard them over

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the slippery paths of youth; that there was nothing that would tend to cheer and support them so much as a mother's tenderness and affection. The living need your care, but for the dead your tears are unavailing. She told me it was useless to offer words of consolation; that the thought of her son forever barred her from a moment's happiness on earth; "and as for my family, I am not fit nor capable of raising them. Any one will do that better than I can." I tried to persuade her to forget the past and look to God for support in this time of need. But her oft-repeated answer would be, "How can I enjoy life, and my child forever lost?" I told her none but God could heal a broken heart. Despite all entreaties, she would eat nothing; and I learned shortly afterward that she died broken-hearted.

I would to God that all who have children intrusted to their care would feel the great responsibility thereby imposed, and realize the infinite importance of early religious instruction; for in general, manhood and old age will be characterized by virtue and happiness in the ratio of their early religious training. The lady above referred to was a member of the church, highly esteemed by all, and was regarded as a devoted, exemplary Christian. But her son had been associated with bad company, had contracted the vicious habit of swearing; but the mother had failed to exert her affectionate influence over him until the habit was fully formed, and this sore affliction fell upon her. O God! be pleased to grant that those parents who may read this circumstance will accept it as a lesson. Truly, in life we are in the midst of death.

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Chapter XXXIII.

Martha Brooks' Illness — Joel's Prophecy — Woman-Preaching, Acts ii. 18; xxi. 9 — Affliction in Bro. Finch's Family — I leave at once for Dayton — Find Sister Mary Bodle and her daughter Lydia in care of the motherless Children — Apparently no Comfort for the Mourner — The Dying Child's Hope — School-mates Called In — Bids them all Farewell — I Preached several times in Fairfield.

The great object in all my travels, and the most intense desire of my heart and soul, was to call sinners to repentance. Consequently I welcomed every opportunity to engage in the work, and accepted an invitation to preach in Fredericktown, where I trust my labors were accepted by the Master—as they seemed to be appreciated by the kind people. While there I was earnestly solicited by a Methodist Episcopal minister to preach in the Methodist Episcopal church in Crawfordsville. I willingly accepted the invitation. On my road thither I stopped to take dinner with a family; and I shall never forget with what seeming curiosity all eyes were fastened upon me, and how my feelings were overcome while meditating on the many opposing elements that seemed to meet me on every hand. Although there was nothing in their treatment that would warrant such melancholy, yet in this instance as in many others, I realized the cross that seemed to bear so heavily upon me, until I could in spirit and in truth sing:

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Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free;
No, there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

I found the house very much crowded, which encouraged me greatly in the proclamation of the gospel and saving grace of my Redeemer. After preaching, a Methodist lady invited me home with her. I accepted the invitation. There was also with them that night a young Methodist brother, who seemed greatly exercised on account of the part he had taken in opposition to me. Be that as it may, he showed such contrition of spirit that he took down the Bible and read a portion of scripture, and then offered a prayer that seemed full of penitence and remorse. Before he left he told me that the girl Martha, before mentioned, was very sick and very anxious to see me. "Her mother, however," he said, "was not willing, as she was very much opposed to women preaching, and was fearful it might encourage her in that work." I received a note shortly after this from Martha, requesting me to call and see her without fail before I left the neighborhood, as she was very sick and unable to visit me. On receipt of that letter I resolved to visit her, and was seconded by a lady friend who wished to accompany me. On arriving at the house we found all sick except the girl's father and the young Methodist brother who told me first of her illness. After talking to all the sick and ministering to their comfort as much as possible, the old lady, who had by this time found out who I was, began to upbraid and reproach me for preaching. She became very angry, and did not in the least try to control her feelings. I told her that I

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had done more good since I commenced preaching than in all my life before, and that I had once entertained the same views that she did; but now I saw the matter in a different light altogether. Just then I heard the faint voice of Martha calling me. I at once repaired to see her room; but in passing William's room he beckoned me to his bedside. He said to me, "How can you stand such abuse and still look cheerful." "Ah," said I, "we that are strong must bear the infirmities of the weak. The old lady can not throw me off my guard or make me do or say anything that I should be sorry for. She is feeble in body and vexed in mind lest I should encourage Martha in work." On talking with Martha I learned that she had preached some previously. And I learned also from others that she had an excellent character, a good education, and was highly gifted in speaking. Dear girl; what could I do for her? Only to go to God for help; and if she gained his assistance none could successfully be against her. I know with what doubt many will receive these statements as to the call to the ministry; and their skepticism is based upon what they construe as the teachings of the Bible. But I learn that ever since God has had a people he has occasionally had a place where women could render effectual service—in the olden times Huldah, Deborah, Miriam, and others, and of the new dispensation the Marys, Lydia, Priscilla, Tryphena, and many others. By the Prophet Joel we learn that one special feature of the gospel dispensation should be, "your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions: and also upon the servants and upon the hand-

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maids in those days will I pour out my Spirit." Hence it seems by the Prophet Joel that the last days were to be particularly conspicuous for this kind of prophesying. Make sport and laugh as we may, we can not revoke God's decrees; for it is said that heaven and earth shall pass away, but the word of God shall endure forever.

By reference to Acts ii. 16, it is readily determined that this prophecy by Joel was verified on the day of Pentecost; and it was fully warranted as of divine origin, and that the gift of prophesying was not confined to either sex.

St. Paul in his first letter to the church at Corinth,—xiv. 13,—defines prophesying as speaking, exhorting, edification, and comfort. If we are able to answer the important questions, First, Whose spirit was poured out? second, On whom was it poured? third, When, and for what purpose? we shall then also be able to decide somewhat as to the extent women are required to work for the advancement of Christ's cause upon earth. I maintain this much at least, that by the prophecy of Joel women were to participate in this work, and that the time had come for them to commence the work with their brethren, now, as the kingdom or new dispensation was set up by our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, and that their work was not only recognized at that time in a miraculous manner, but was acknowledged by the apostles as in fulfillment of said prophecies. Now, to those who are sensitive on this point I propose the inquiry:

First. Is there not as much to sustain the position that women are called, as there is that men are called? If you deny that there is such a call to the ministry, Then whence the authority for making the work exclu-

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sively for the male sex? What could have been the work of those women who labored with Paul in the gospel? (Paul's letter to the church at Phillipi—iv. 3.)

Second. How could they obey God and not prophesy? Acts ii. 18. Philip had four daughters who did prophesy. Acts xxi. 9. Was that by divine authority, although about thirty years after the setting up of the gospel kingdom or dispensation? And is it less becoming for women to labor in Christ's kingdom or vineyard now than it was then?

If you determine that there is no acceptable preaching only through a called ministry, who will arrogate to himself the power to determine the calling—seeing that none are invested with miraculous power? But should you deny that there is any divine authority by which the word is to be preached, why not offer the most encouragement to those who may labor the most successfully. There will be a time, I verily believe, when all good works will meet a just recompense; for it is said, "Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low: and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain: and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it." But without any controversy, I am willing to trust in whom I have believed for my justification. And never will I remove my cause out of his hands; but I will trust in his love and forbearance, and will cling to the cross of my Redeemer.

Shortly after my return home the sad news reached us of the death of my brother Isaac's wife—Caroline Casad—and a little daughter—Cornelia. This double bereave-

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ment was an overwhelming calamity to him. As soon as possible he came to our place and insisted that I should go to Fairfield and stay awhile with his little motherless family. My husband seeing how sorely brother was afflicted, advised me to go. Indeed I felt that this bereavement might seriously injure his mind.

It happened that a lady and gentleman—living near neighbors to us—were going to Ohio on a visit just at this time, so I would have their company. We all took stage for Madison; thence by steamboat to Cincinnati, and by stage to Fairfield, Greene County, Ohio. But on account of the incessant rains which had prevailed for some days, we had to take stage for Lebanon, where I tarried over night, and then took stage for Dayton, where I arrived just one hour after my brother Isaac did with a drove of horses. We then went together to his home in Fairfield, where I had not been for nine years.

On my arrival I found my sister Mary Bodle and her daughter Lydia keeping house for my brother and taking care of his motherless children. When I went in, how desolate my heart felt. And how I realized the inroads that death had made in my brother's family. Before when I had visited them, I was always met with a smile and a kiss of hearty welcome by his beautiful and loving wife. The contrast and the consequent reflections almost overcame me. I subdued my emotion the best I could, and called his little girl, Clara, to me. She was about seven years old. "Oh," said I, "what a beautiful little girl this is—a perfect picture of good health." My brother wept, saying, "My afflictions are more than I can bear." Said I, "Oh, think, my brother, God has

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still spared Horace, Flora, and Clara." I tried to comfort him by this means. I said to him, "If God should take Clara, you would see how wrong it is to weep so bitterly and grieve. Try and be thankful for this beautiful little girl." But all I could say was of no avail. He refused to be divorced from his sorrowing for the dead. He said, "Don't speak to me of happiness; I never will see any more in this life."

After remaining with him a few days I commenced preparing to return home to my family. Little Clara slept with me while I was there, and the night before my starting,—about eleven oclock,—she was taken with a violent spasm. Her struggling awoke me. I arose quietly and went to my sister Mary, who was sleeping in the same room, and whispered to her that Clara had a spasm. Said she, "Don't make a noise to wake Finch, but step softly into his room and get the lamp." "I did so without awakening him. Sister Mary and myself worked with Clara about one hour before we ventured to call Finch. When he awoke he at once sent for Dr. Green, who lived in town, near at hand, and he was present in a few moments. But Clara continued in the struggle about five hours—until 4:00 A. M.—and remained in a kind of stupor until 9:00 A. M., when she seemed to revive somewhat. The doctor told me that if she turned a violet hue he could no longer hope for recovery. About 2:00 P. M. I noticed that change in her appearance and called sister Mary's attention to it, and also sent Horace upstairs to tell his papa to come to me. As soon as my brother came in he saw the situation of Clara. He clapsed her in his arms to his bosom exclaiming, "Are you going to leave us too? Lord Jesus, are you

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going to take Clara too?" Clara in a weak and feeble voice replied, "Yes, pa, I am going to die and go to ma and Nelia. I am going to that beautiful world ma told me about. I will soon be there; and I don't want to stay here." "Don't you want to stay with Horace and me?" asked her father. "No, pa, you have the consumption, and will soon be with us. Horace and Flora, and the baby will come too, after awhile, and then we shall all be together in the good world. But pa, I want to see all my school-mates and bid them farewell." They were immediately sent for, and soon appeared. She received them calmly and told them that she was going to die, and she wanted to see them and bid them all good-by; and then, with the solicitude of a mother, she counseled them, saying, "You know of that beautiful land where our Savior is; and ma and Nelia are there, and I am going there too. You will all come too, after awhile." She then gave each one her hand in turn and bid them farewell. She then grew more feeble until the last faint spark of life expired. Clara Casad was dead! The unfettered spirit had taken its flight to join her glorified kindred and the spirits of the just.

But oh, the weight of grief that was crushing the heart of my dear brother. Said he to me, "Sister, you told me to think of that beautiful girl and thank God for the precious treasure. But when she was living I could only think of the dead. Now I feel the weight of the blow. Now I realize how dear she was to me. But alas, she has left me too." He then hurried to the babe Caroline and took it in his arms and pressed it to his heart and seemed to be inspired with a feeling almost of devotion for it. But within a few short weeks his babe

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was also slumbering with its mother and sisters in the house of many mansions prepared by human hands for mortal bodies, but whose spirits have gone to the many mansions above in our Father's house. Thus within a period of a few weeks his companion and six of his eight children were severed from him, leaving only Horace and Florence.

Before I left Fairfield I was earnestly solicited by the minister of the Baptist Church to preach in his house. I at first declined to do so; but hearing that it would be agreeable to my brother Finch and sister Mary,—who were members of the Christian Church,—I consented to do so. The church was densely crowded; and I yielded to further requests until I had preached several nights in succession. Upon invitation from the Methodist minister and brethren, who argued that their house would better accommodate the audience, I had the meeting changed on Sunday to the Methodist Episcopal church. But this was still too small for the congregations assembled. I felt great liberty in preaching in Fairfield; and, as was natural, I referred to many scenes and many of my associates of former years. "Right over there," said I, "stands the old house where I attended the dancing-school and studied the rules of social etiquette, the elegance and magic of the ball-room bow, and the giddy 'trip of the fantastic toe.' Where, oh, where now are the companions in those follies? Many of them sleep just out here in the silent village of the dead, and their spirits have gone to their reward for the deeds done while in the body.

"I once thought my follies and sins were so great that I could not be forgiven; that I had wandered so far that

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I could not retrace my steps. But I stand before you to-day a sinner justified through the atoning merits of Jesus my Redeemer; and by his long-suffering and tender mercy I am permitted to declare the glorious news, that Jesus has power on earth to forgive sins. 'Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.' The things I once loved,—which are temporal and everfading, and all vanity and vexation,—I now hate; and the things that are enduring, eternal, glorious, and approved of God, and in harmony with his government, —all of which I once hated,—I now love and make the study and pleasure of my life. You have the examples before you, during your own history, of the uncertainty of life and the certainty of death, and withal the end of the righteous and the wicked. Ponder upon them, and profit by their examples. In vain I look around on the faces of this large audience for my dear uncle Aaron and aunt Rhoda, who gave me shelter and home, and uncle John and aunt Sophia Casad, and Father Andrew Reed and family, and the Tatmans, Searles, Lamberts, Coxes, and the beautiful Margaret Dunn, who was buried on her intended wedding-day, and Father Gutridge, who used to stand between the living and the dead as a minister of God, warning the generation now past and gone as I warn this. He, too, is long since gone—fell in the noble warfare at his post of duty.

The voice at midnight came,
He started up to hear.
A mortal arrow pierced his frame,
He fell, but felt no fear.

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Soldier of Christ, well done,
Rest from thy loved employ.
The battle's fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.'"

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Chapter XXXIV.

Other Days—Leave Fairfield for Lafayette, where I Preached Several Times—Father Griffith, Presiding Elder—Universalism at a Discount—Twenty Additions—At Home—Estates in New York and New Jersey—My son David and Myself go East and Visit the Harpendings, Comptons, Blakemans, Andrews, Husons, Maltbys, Casads, and Elstons—The old Rockville Home.

I did desire to preach here in Fairfield, where in other years I had spent so many days in folly—where my influence may have contributed to embarrass and wound the cause of my blessed Redeemer. Let me come here to meditate on the uncertainties of this world and all its empty promises and point you to heaven—to the light upon the eternal hills beyond the shore of time, over the dark river and near by the everlasting throne of the eternal God—the blissful abode prepared for the redeemed of every nation, kindred, and tongue.

"The air is full of farewells to the dying
And mourning for the dead;
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying
Will not be comforted.

"Let us be patient! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But ofttimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

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"Oh, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day;
'Twas an angel visited the green earth
And took the flowers away."

After I closed my discourse I stated that if there were any present who had a word to say they should speak, as I would be happy to hear from any or all. An old man, gray-haired and trembling, arose and said, "I am a wretched old sinner, and on the road to hell. I have met that lady in the ball-room many, many years ago. She does not know me now. But she is on the road to heaven, and I am on my way to hell. O friend, pray for me;" and he fell trembling and crying for mercy. The brethren and sisters gathered around him to offer up petitions in his behalf. Thus was begun a glorious work in Fairfield, which was continued until many were redeemed from the thralldom of sin, and I trust a work that I pray will in a measure compensate for the follies of former days.

But I could not remain longer in Fairfield, and against the entreaties of the Christian friends of all denominations I bid them all farewell and started for my home in Indiana.

On my way home I called at Lafayette to see some friends, who at once "set about" having me preach. I first preached in the seminary. The Universalists then kindly offered me their church, which was gratefully accepted; and I continued the meeting there several days, being greatly assisted by Father Griffith, the presiding elder, who in his preaching and exhortations showed great powers of eloquence. I preached at night, and during the day held prayer-meeting at the houses of those

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attending the preaching. I thus had an opportunity of conversing with many directly in regard to their spiritual welfare; and with one lady in particular, who was greatly benefited by our conversation on this topic. I asked her if she had experienced religion. She replied, "I do not believe in a religion that requires its professors to attend class-meeting and make a great profession. No, that is not the religion I want; and I shall join some church that does not require one to profess so much expeperimental religion." Said I, "Have you a family?" "Yes." "Well, do you ever pray with your family?" "No, I never have." "Suppose you were called to die; could you part with your children and feel that you had performed your duty toward them as a mother? Could your children in kneeling by your grave say, 'Here lies my mother, who taught my infant lips to pray and lisp the name of Jesus?' Now, my dear strange friend, do not let the vanities of life lead you to neglect the duties that God has enjoined upon you as a mother." This appeared to be a new field of inquiry to her.

Among many others this lady came to the mourner's bench. After a season of prayer she arose and bore testimony that God was gracious in the pardon of her sins. She thanked God for the privilege she had of coming to the altar of prayer, and that she could now praise God disregardless of the frowns and reproaches of the world. She joined the United Brethren Church that night, and is still in that "narrow way" which leads to immortality and a crown of eternal life. I continued the meeting until twenty were converted; and twenty-three joined the United Brethren Church. I then returned to my home in Jasper County, Indiana, finding all well and prosperous.

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As I found opportunity from time to time, I responded to invitations to preach. While holding a protracted meeting in Iroquois County, Illinois, I was sent for to visit a man named Christian Bridgeman, who was very sick, but did not feel prepared to meet death. I went, and found him near death's door. Said he to me, "I have felt the need of a Savior ever since I heard your prayers in my behalf [he had been formerly in our employ]. But the time for this preparation is fast drawing to a close; for I must soon meet death." As soon as I learned that his convictions were not entirely the result of fear, and that for years he had felt the drawings of the Spirit, I felt greatly encouraged and had hope that he might find favor with God. I asked him if he felt himself a lost sinner. "Oh, yes," said he, "and have for many years." Then I said, "Cheer up; I have glorious news for you. Jesus came to seek and to save those who are lost. Do you feel the need of a Savior?" "Oh, yes, I do." "Then all the fitness he requires is to feel your need of him. So trust in him and all will be well." I commenced singing, shortly after which he commenced praising God; and his heart overflowed with gratitude. He lived but a few days and died in the triumphs of a living faith. Farewell, Brother Bridgeman.

Thy languishing head is at rest,
  Its thinking and achings are o'er;
Thy quiet, immovable breast
  Is heaved by afflictions no more.

Before he died, however, he requested that I should preach his funeral sermon, which I did, to a very large and weeping congregation. But they wept not as those who have no hope.

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About this time I had some unsettled business in New York and New Jersey that required my attention; and having for a long time a desire to visit my sisters in the East, and to see the old homestead after an absence of fifty years, I began to talk the matter over with my husband. His business engagements were such that he could not go with me; so it was arranged for my son David, who was then only thirteen years old, to accompany me. We went by way of Michigan City, Toledo, Dunkirk, Buffalo, Rochester. Stopping first at Dundee we found my cousin Samuel Harpending, proprietor of the Harpending Hotel. His mother—my aunt Hannah—was living here and was burdened down with grief, as were all the relatives, on account of the condition of cousin Asbury, who was so dangerously ill with heart-disease that none but his wife and mother were permitted to see him; so I did not see him until he was dressed in the habiliments of the grave. Poor man! There he lay, struck down in the prime of manhood his widow in her grief clasping her now fatherless children to her heart, and his poor grief-stricken mother comfortless and without hope—for he left no assurance of the future.

Aside from the gloom and sorrow attending this death, we had a most pleasant visit; and never could persons be treated more kindly than we were among our relatives in Dundee and the surrounding country. Here we not only found relatives among the Harpendings, but also among the Comptons, Blakemans, Casads, Andrews, Husons, Maltbys, and many other families, who lost no opportunity to make our stay as pleasant as possible.

We tarried among them about three weeks, then took

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the cars for New Jersey, by way of Elmira, leaving the cars at Jarves, New York, where we took stage for Deckertown, stopping at Coleville; thence by private conveyance to my sister Catharine Elston's, whose home we found to be very attractive and pleasant in every respect. We alighted at the front gate, paid for our conveyance, and leisurely walked up to the house and went in. Said I, "This is Mrs. Elston, I believe?" "Yes; but you have the advantage of me." Said I, "You favor my sister Christian Coddington. But I know who you are; and as for me, I am your sister Lydia." She caught me in her arms and cried and laughed and thanked God that she had lived to see that day; and I can assure the reader that her pleasure and gratitude were no greater than mine. While we remained with sister Katy she spared no pains to contribute to our comfort and pleasure. She soon had her carriage in readiness to accompany us to the old homestead and to our old places of resort. She first drove to the town of Rockville. "Here, Lydia," said Katy, "is one place where we used to spend much time in play and sport; but they have spoiled it so by building a town here." She made arrangements with a lady friend for tea on our return to town, and then she drove to what we used to call the York State place. As I was so very young when I left this place, my sister thought she could pass the place without my recognizing it. But as soon as we got in sight of it I said, "There is the old place; for I know the old barn and house and orchard." "Are you sure?" said she. "Yes, I am; but the barn is nearer the house than I thought it was." "Ah, Lydia," said sister Katy, "when you were here

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last you measured that distance with shorter steps." My sister thought it very strange that I should know the place so readily. I can not describe the sensation I experienced when my eyes caught the first view of the dear old home I had so long desired to see. Here is the place where I started on life's pilgrimage. Here father and mother together had embarked in the struggle of family life and responsibilities. Here I have sat on my father's knee. Here mother told me the story of the cross. Here father gathered his household around the family altar in morning and evening devotion. In those days very few dark clouds hovered over our pathway. All was sunshine, contentment, and happiness, and my days glided swiftly and sweetly away. Though a half century had passed, my attachment for the old homestead was rekindled; and never before until my return did I fully realize the beauty of these lines—

"The old house at home, where our dear parents dwelt;
Where, when a child, by the side of my mother I knelt;
Where she taught the prayer, where she read me the page;
Where infancy and youth were the solace of age.
My heart 'mid all changes, wherever I roam
Never loses its love for the old house at home.
But the old house at home is no dwelling for me,
The home of the stranger henceforth it must be.
Never more will I wonder, or gaze as I pass,
O'er the evergreen fields which my father possessed.
Yet still in my musings sweet visions will come
Of the hours that I've spent in the old house at home."

We went down the hill till we came to the house. But we found it the house of the stranger, who very courteously invited us in. I took a hasty glance around and then said to sister Katy, "Let us go down to the spring."

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We went; and oh, how sweet the water tasted. But where are those who fifty years ago drank with me at this spring, which is still pouring its crystal current, constant, incessant, unremitting, from generation to generation, from age to age, copious, refreshing, and inexhaustible? I thought of that Fountain of life—the fountain of living waters—where all who are athirst may come, and whosoever will may partake of freely. We then went to the old orchard. But Time had left his poisonous touch here. Some of the trees were still bearing, but most of them had withered away. How beautiful the family similitude. Many have finished their work—but few remaining; and they, too, becoming infirm and enfeebled. Here is the row of pear-trees that I held up as my father put them in the soil and tramped it around the roots. And now I can recall the kind answer of my father to my question, "How long, father, will it be until we have pears on these trees?" "I think in about seven years, my daughter." They had borne hundreds of bushels of fruit, but none for us who had planted them. Here, too, stands this beautiful weeping-willow which seemed to mourn the loss of its planter. I could hardly realize that I was indeed home again. The poet says truly,—

> "Each pleasure hath a poison, too,
> And every sweet a snare."

And now this old home-place is the loneliest spot on earth; and the thoughts of former years glide over my soul like the moaning sepulchral echoes through some long-deserted mansion. Everybody strange. Even my sister had changed from a bright and sprightly girl to

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quite an old woman, so that I could scarcely trace or recall her former appearance. How intently I traced every lineament of her face to recover some lost expression, as memory had cherished it through the lapse of a half century. After our long ramble of observations we returned to tea, and then to my sister's beautiful and pleasant home. I tried in vain to persuade sister to visit with us our other old place, in Sussex County, New Jersey, where father died, and also accompany us to the grave of our father. But she sent her son Thomas to take us to that cherished spot—dearer to me than all others in New Jersey. Before going, however, I was detained to preach a number of times in my sister's neighborhood. In visiting our old place in New Jersey my mind was again refreshed with the scenes of other years; and how sad, indeed, are the reflections that cluster around the memory of other years.

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Chapter XXXV.

The "Silent City" at Beemerville—Father's Grave and Epitaph—Coddingtons and Elstons—Unexpected Meeting of A. W. Casad—Preach at Mount Hope Chapel—Visit Richard Compton's at New York City—Very Pleasant Visit—Croton Reservoir—Crystal Palace—Want and Wretchedness—Potters Field Park—The Neptune—For Dundee—Uncle Samuel Casad—My Preaching at Whisky Hill.

After visiting the house where my father had bid me a last farewell, I went to the old grave-yard; and there I found father's tombstone covered with moss and the mold of nearly fifty years, upon which was traced very plainly the following epitaph:

SACRED IS THIS MONUMENT
TO THE MEMORY OF THE
REV. THOMAS CASAD,
WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE
NOV. 19TH
ONE THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED
AND EIGHT
IN THE
FORTY-FIFTH YEAR OF HIS AGE.
FUNERAL SERVICES BY ELDER LATHROP, OF
GOSHEN, STATE OF NEW YORK.

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On my knees I read the inscription and renewed my covenant with my God,—to imitate my father's good deed.

In company with my sister and brother-in-law—Mr. Asa Elston—we next went to visit sister Christian Coddington, living near Somerset, New Jersey, where we arrived about tea-time. We were preceded about one hour by my brother Dr. Anthony W. Casad and his wife, from Illinois. Surely this was a glorious surprise to all, as none of the party had anticipated such a family reunion.

We arrived at Mr. Coddington's on Saturday evening. As my brother Anthony was a minister in the Methodist Episcopal Church, I was very desirous that he should preach for us on Sabbath; and so were all the rest. But for the novelty of hearing a woman preach, they pressed me into the service. Their zeal was possibly increased by a letter my sister Katy had received from Fairfield,—written by sister Mary a short time previous,—stating that a wonderful revival of religion was going on in that place,—which seemed to be the result of my preaching,—and that already eighty had joined the Baptist Church, and quite a number had united with the Methodist Episcopal Church. At any rate, it was arranged for me to preach the next day at Mount Hope Chapel. I felt that my brother should have had the preference, as he was an able minister and much better educated, had the professional title of M. D., and was also eight years my senior; and besides, the Coddingtons were members of the same church.

I had a very large and attentive audience. After preaching once I had to preach again and again, as long

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as I remained with my friends. After enjoying a protracted visit with my sister,—and those days were among the happiest of my life,—I made preparations to return to Indiana. But I could not feel satisfied to return without first seeing my cousin Richard Compton, who was at this time living in the city of New York. Accordingly we took the cars and in a few hours reached the great American Metropolis. We alighted at the door of my cousin's beautiful mansion, and I introduced myself and son to Mrs. Compton, whose kind acts, countenance, and words spoke a hearty welcome. She ushered us into a parlor which from its beauty, size, and adornments was truly magnificent. As I had traveled some distance through the dust without opportunity to change my wardrobe, I told my cousin that I would be pleased to take a wash. She conducted me to a bathing-room, and I soon found out that the parlor was only an index to the general conveniences and comforts that surrounded them. There you could have either cold or hot water, as you might desire, by merely turning a faucet. This convenience extended throughout the entire house; inindeed, it was fully up to all the modern improvements.

Cousin Richard Compton seemed very glad to see me and my son, and lost no opportunity to make our visit pleasant to us. The next morning after our arrival he put some money in his son's hand and told him to take us to the Croton Reservoir and to the Crystal Palace. We took the cars on Fifth Avenue and were soon at our destination. After walking up, and up, we at last reached the top of the long stairway and found ourselves in a position that commanded a full and magnificent view of the city. Under our feet was an extensive platform in-

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closed by an iron railing; and here were two immense marble bowls containing hundreds of thousands of barrels of water. Turning again to view the surroundings, there was the great city in all its beauty and grandeur and deformity, with all its wealth and surfeit and all its pinching poverty, with all its lore and all its ignorance, with all its industry and all its indolence. Here were thousands who were living in great splendor, whose wealth was computed by millions; and here, too, were thousands who were not possessed of an hour's sustenance except a begged pittance, or a refuse crust picked up in the street or alley. While in the city, I picked up a daily paper dated June 18, 1853, which stated that there were now in the city two thousand people who had no homes; had nothing to eat only as they begged or pillaged; who watched around the market-house and streets and subsisted upon garbage, and had no bed or shelter at night. Oh, I pondered and wished that I might have wealth inexhaustible as the Croton fount. How I would relieve this suffering and distress. And then I thought, Whence this misery? Is not some of it, at least, the reward of iniquity—the direct consequence of gross dissipation? Then I looked at the subject from another stand-point. In the distribution of my beneficence the most unworthy would get away with the "lion's share;" the drunkard would get his supply and straightway resort to his grog-shop to pay tribute to Belial, and thus degrade and debauch mind and body.

But yonder, a little to the right, is a structure they are rearing almost to the clouds. "What is that?" "Oh, that is the Barnum Tower." "And what is the object of erecting such a tower?" "To us as an ornament to

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the city and also to perpetuate the name and memory of a noted person—Mr. Barnum." I thought, how much better to relieve the poor of the city, and still better for him to have his name inscribed in the Lamb's book of life. From Croton we went to Potters-Field Park—a plat of ground containing about fifteen acres, inclosed by an iron fence. The field was nearly square. A large gate was at each corner, with wide brick walks extending from gate to gate, diagonally, and of course crossing in the center, leaving four triangular grass-plats. The ground was ornamented with large trees and shrubbery. These parks are regarded as an important sanitary provision, and are called by some, "The lungs of the city."

I was told the reason they called this Potters-Field Park was, that many years ago a colored woman was hung on one of the trees for setting a house on fire. She was under the tree on which she was hung. It was afterward ascertained to a certainty that she had not set fire to the house. So the citizens concluded to reserve that plat of ground as a memento of her innocence and regret for their hasty judgment and criminal proceedings.

Indeed, these parks are not only indispensable to the beauty, but also to the comfort, health, and pleasure of thousands of inhabitants of this densely-populated city —affording recreation to the work-worn and invalid, the business man, or the poor inebriate, where they can for a time, breathe the pure air of heaven.

By the time we returned, my cousin and his estimable lady were in readiness to accompany us to the wharf to witness the sailing of the Neptune—bound for Liverpool. It was a grand sight,—especially to one like me, who had

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never witnessed any thing of the kind,—to see the massive structure moving about upon the water as a thing of life, also to hear the heart-beatings and pulsations of the engines and her iron muscles and steel sinews as they began to come in play. A crashing boom from a cannon was the farewell salute to the shore; and thousands of waving handkerchiefs were tokens of fare-you-well wishes and prayers. Thus did the Neptune glide out majestically toward the ocean main, loaded down to the guards with a cargo of hundreds of human beings, destined for another hemisphere, or perhaps another world.

We returned to cousin Compton's and stayed over Sabbath. We then took leave of our kind relatives and went across to Jersey City, where we took the cars for Dundee and made a short visit at aunt Hannah Harpending's and her son—Hon. Abram Harpending. They then accompanied us to my father's brother—Samuel Casad. Although uncle was nearly one hundred years old he was enjoying excellent health, and was able to move around with great dexterity—appearing to be as nimble as a boy of twelve. He was quite wealthy, and was living in luxury. He seemed to be a confirmed infidel; and as is the case with most infidels, he was not satisfied with his own opinions but was very sure to fault those of others. He soon commenced a harangue against religion. But I will not shadow this page with the profane epithets used by him about the Bible and our blessed Redeemer.

After he had indulged for some time in denunciations of the Christian religion and exhausted his supply of bitter epithets against its professors, he paused, awaiting my reply. Said I, "Uncle, do you think you will see aunt Rachael again?" She was his first wife—a very

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religious woman, and a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. She was also his first love—a beautiful woman, and the mother of his children. "No," he replied. To hear her name mentioned, who had once been the pride of his life, and by one who he knew revered her memory, was rather unlooked for by him. "Well, uncle, I have much the advantage of you. I do, indeed, expect to see her again and enjoy eternal felicity with her; and any one who would wish to destroy such a glorious hope is indeed indifferent to the duties and obligations we owe to each other. I am sure that my aunt Rachel and my father are in that happy home above; and it will not be long until I shall renew my acquaintance with them, which was begun in this vale of sorrow. My acquaintance was short with aunt and father in this world, but in that other world it shall be eternal. We shall never part again, and will have no fear of death or sickness or tears." Uncle burst into tears and wept like a child. He was not looking for the conversation to take such a turn; moreover, his thin white locks and advanced age told him plainly that he was near a crisis which perhaps would determine his future associations. After he had wept some time he related to me a circumstance that happened in the year 1833, in Fairfield, Ohio. He said that while in conversation with his brother Aaron in relation to the Bible, in which he denounced it in most bitter terms, his brother Aaron was so shocked at hearing him denying and denouncing the Bible that he had a paralytic stroke, from which he never recovered, and died soon afterward. He regretted this as the most melancholy part of his life, and accused himself of the murder of his brother, though he was innocent of

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such intent. After our interview, when we sat down to dinner he said to me, "Lydia, you are at home in my house; use your liberty,"—a signal for me to return thanks for blessings past, and implore the blessing of God on the present and future. When the time came for us to retire, aunt handed me the Bible—a signal for worship. Indeed, uncle seemed a different man, as far as I could see, during my stay with them.

While there I was called on to preach at a little village called "Whisky Hill." There were none but infidels living there, and they had egged out of the place all the Methodist Episcopal ministers who came there to preach. I did not know at first the path of duty, but I knew one feature in their faith and practice was to recognize woman as equal with men.

This rule, however, is not infallible, for in Fountain County, Indiana, the rule is to trample on all laws, human and divine, and to lower the standard of excellence to the lowest plane or type of human character—a fraction above the brute in theory, but far below in practice. But knowing their commonly received theory in regard to woman's rights and wrongs, and having firm reliance in that God who is able to protect and defend, I had the appointment made for Whisky Hill. When the time arrived uncle had the buggy in readiness for aunt and myself. He would go with us; but he was so deaf he could not hear to any purpose. We went by way of the turnpike road. We came to the toll-gate, and the toll-gatherer demanded toll. "Why," said aunt, "you don't charge ministers going to their appointments." (The tolls-man was a Methodist Episcopal.) "Appointment to preach!" "Yes, indeed; this lady is a minister of

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the gospel, and is going to preach to-night at Whisky Hill." "What on earth made them give it out as a lecture?" The reason was very plain, they wanted the infidel crew to think it was a female lecturer, and they all would turn out. "Well, well," said the old man, "I am glad you came this way. I was not going, but I will now be on hand. Drive on, and a hearty welcome. But a word more before you go, How did they come to invite you—an orthodox minister—to preach?" Aunt told him she did not know, and said, "This lady has a cousin living there, and she was visiting them; and although they are rank-poison infidels, they insisted that she should preach; and I suppose they have adopted that plan to secure a good hearing." "Drive on; I will be on hand to hear you. But I don't go to hear infidels —men or women."

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Chapter XXXVI.

Whisky Hill — Peculiar Manners of Some of my Hearers — Taming the Wolves — "The Sound of the Grinding Low" — Return to Indiana — Andrew Wimsett — Great Revival at Barclay School-House — At Saltillo.

On we went to Whisky Hill. The large school-house was full, with not even standing-room.

I went in and took my seat at the desk, laid aside my bonnet, shawl, and gloves, and commenced singing, after which I read a chapter in the Holy Bible, and then read and "lined out" my hymn. I invited the congregation to join in singing, which they did. Then I said, Let us all kneel down and pray. There were four drunken men standing near me. I felt good liberty in prayer. When I arose one of the drunken men said to the other, "Wasn't that damned well done, considering?" "Well, it was," said the other. A general titter went through the audience. I sung again, and then took my text. At first there was a little confusion. When order was restored, I stated that I was a stranger in a strange land, and propriety would seem to require that I should acquaint the audience with my mission here, who I am, and my claims upon my hearers for respectful attention, and said, "I am an accredited minister in what is know as the United Brethren in Christ. I have returned here

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after a lapse of forty years to see the grave of my father, —Thomas Casad,—and many others who have passed away during my absence. I have come to greet—with perhaps a farewell greeting—my dear sisters and others of my kindred and old friends who still survive. I have come to take a final view of the dear old homestead and its surroundings, and such other places which are in memory dear, and consecrated to the pleasures of childhood and to happy days so cherished and loved—now gone forever. They are past beyond recovery. But a happiness more grand and everlasting I see by faith before me, where I hope and believe my parents and your parents are now happy and awaiting our coming. Our every ache and pain, the trembling hand, the dimmed eye, and gray hairs summon us to lay off this mortality that we may be clothed with robes of immortality. There is but little rational, enduring pleasure to those of us here present in anything the world can give—at least to those who have passed life's meridian. Our house—the habitation of our souls—is failing us, and we should heed the voice of the great preacher who said, 'Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them; while the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars, be not darkened, nor the clouds return after the rain: in the day when the keepers [or hands] of the house [body] shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders [teeth] cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows [eyes] be darkened, and the doors shall be shut in the streets [mouth sunken and compressed], when the sound of the grinding is low, and

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he shall rise up at the voice of the bird [morning wakefulness], and all the daughters of music shall be brought low; also when they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way, and the almond-tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail: because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets: or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern. Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was: and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.'"

When I presented all the melancholy surroundings, my great loneliness, as I anxiously looked around for some face that was familiar to me in my youth,—all strange or forgotten,—how I realized the fact that nearly all had crossed the dark river. The audience seemed moved—some perhaps with sympathy and some with convictions of their unprepared condition. Even the four drunken men were also in tears, and losing their brazen impudence had retreated back to the wall and sat down on the floor, remaining perfectly quiet during the balance of the services. The best of order prevailed while the services lasted, and all were deeply affected. As soon as I had dismissed the congregation they invited me to leave another appointment. I expressed my regret at not being able to stay, as I had one more appointment,—about ten miles from there,—after which I would leave New York state for my home in Indiana. When I went to my next appointment I met the Methodist minister who had charge of the circuit. He had heard of my success at Whisky Hill. "Why," said he, "they have egged

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all Methodist Episcopal preachers who ever attempted to preach in their town. Indeed, we dare not go through there in the day-time. Now, my sister, God has a great work for you to do in that place, which perhaps no one else on earth can do. Go back by all means; go back at once; and when you get them down we will come and help you whip them."

I am sorry, and ashamed to say it, that I did not go back. I might have done a great amount of good with that people. The Lord, who knows all things, only can tell. I have always regretted that I did not go back. Half of our life-time we are making mistakes and blunders, and it takes the other half to mend them.

Soon after this we bid farewell to dear old uncle Samuel Casad and all the dear friends at Junius, state of New York. Cousin David Casad took us to the depot at Kingston, and we were soon at Rochester, New York. We stopped at cousin Steel's, who accompanied us to Buffalo. There we took boat—the Empire State—for Hammondport, where we took the lightning train, and after some adverse winds arrived safely at home again. We found all well, and my sister-in-law keeping house.

Soon after we got home conference met, and Andrew Wimsett was sent to our circuit. We were all glad in our hearts, as he was a great revivalist. And oh, how we had prayed for a revival of religion; and as the good Lord blessed his labors, we were not disappointed.

On his second round, after preaching he came to me and said, "Sister Sexton, there is a great amount of timber here to work on, and we must have a protracted meeting." "All right," said I, "the sooner the better." So preaching was given out—to be held at the Barclay

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School-house. The meeting resulted in the conversion of forty-seven, and as many added to the church.

Soon after this it was decided to have a protracted meeting at Saltillo—holding it through the holidays. We commenced our meeting a few days before Christmas. As usual, "Satan was there also" and got up a Christmas frolic. In order to give notoriety to the occasion, old Mr. and Mrs. Clark took it into their heads to have husking and sewing and call in all the young folks in the neighborhood, with the promise of a dance in the evening. Christmas eve, Brother Wimsett gave out that Sister Sexton would preach the next night; and as the weather was very cold, and we were out of wood, we would not have meeting to-morrow, as the brethren will have to get up some wood.

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Chapter XXXVII.

The Sewing Done and the Turkey Eaten — Mrs. Clark's Frolic — Mating for the Dance — "Pap's Partner" — "The Fiddle and the Fiddler" — But Sister Eliza and Myself Start for Meeting after Prayer — All Follow — Five, who left Home to Dance, Changed their Minds and Joined the Church — Return Home — Sojourning a few days with my Son J. T. Cox, at Indianapolis who was then Secretary of N. W. C. University and Superintendent of Construction — Preached During my Absence at Dayton Fairfield, and Erie Chapel.

My sisters-in-law—Eliza and Nancy Sexton—were living with us and were at the meeting. I proposed that Nancy accompany my husband,—who had to return home with the children,—and that Eliza stay with me. So they returned, and we were made the guests of Mr. and Mrs. McConaha. They had three or four daughters, —young ladies,—who had, only a short time before, joined the Methodist Episcopal Church on probation. On Christmas morning there came three or four young ladies to invite the McConaha girls to the sewing; and such tittering and whispering and dodging about, with stolen glances at me and Mother McConaha, was, to say the least, droll and seldom witnessed. Sister McConaha was greatly alarmed at the situation and was as pale as a corpse. She motioned for me to come out of the room. Said she, "I fear these girls will entice my

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daughters to go to that frolic, and although members of the church, being new converts, they may be persuaded to dance. What a disgrace it would be for them to take part, or even attend one of these low-down nigger hoots. And this thing is got up to break down this meeting." "What!" said I, "the devil stop the car of God! Stop our meeting! Tell it not in Gath." I do not know why I adopted the plan I did, only I felt impressed that the Spirit of God directed and overruled their wrath and folly to perfect his praise. I came out of the room and said, "Girls, why are you not off to the frolic?" "Why, we don't want to go and leave Eliza here." "Oh, Eliza can go. They need all the help they can get; and she is a good seamstress. Eliza, why don't you go?" "I will go, if you will." Of course no one thought of my going. "Mrs. McConaha, get me my bonnet and cloak; that old woman's sewing must be done and her turkey eaten. Yes, yes, I will go; come on, girls." The truth is, I wanted to talk with some of the girls that were to be there. I went with a purpose of turning it to the best possible account. When we came in Mrs. Clark turned pale as death, and looked upon me with a mixtue of suppressed indignation and ferocity. Said I, "Good-morning, Mrs. Clark. Do you believe it, not one of these girls would come until I had to come along? I was not invited; but that makes no differenc to me, or you either, I hope, so you have your sewing done and your turkey eaten. Give me something to sew." She gave me some sewing, and I threw off my bonnet and cloak and went to work. She gave me a shirt to make for Mr. Clark, and by tea-time I had it all finished except putting on the collar.

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When the men came in for dinner there was a continual talk about the "fiddle"—yes, those "two fiddlers" they had engaged; and "that carpet must come up," and pap,—an old, gray-headed man,—must open the ball. And there stood pap, grinning at the ruffian remarks of his young sprout, who was about seventeen years old —the very worst period in a man's life-time for ruffianism and impudent buffoonery; and by their side-glances they meant that I was to be "pap's" partner to open the ball. And he snickered and giggled until he could not suppress his titillation. I looked around at the young popinjay and said, "See here, my boy, I heard of a stripling once, whether true or not I will not say, who blistered his tongue because it outran his wit." He hung his head and blushed, while all the boys in the house—a dozen or more—roared out in laughter. The shock was so sudden and unexpected that it sealed his lips, and soon one by one they all glided out of the house. In the evening after tea two of the boys came in to make arrangements for the dance, go for the fiddlers, etc., etc. Just then Eliza and myself got ready to start to meeting. I said to Mrs. Clark, "If you please, I will have a word or two of prayer before starting." "Oh, yes," said she; and laying down her work, we all knelt. The good Lord helped me, so that sobbing went around the room. As soon as we arose from prayer the girls said if we would wait a few moments they would go along to meeting. "Oh, yes, girls, certainly; we will wait for you." So every girl went to meeting, and the boys followed after.

We had a good meeting that night; and five of those girls arose for the prayers of the church, who otherwise

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would have been engaged in the dance had I not gone to the sewing-frolic. In my discourse that night I portrayed the merits, death, and sufferings of the blessed Jesus, and the gross impropriety of celebrating the natal day of the Redeemer by revelry and dancing. We went on without further interruption and had a glorious meeting in Saltillo. We also formed a class and left it in a prosperous condition.

A few days after this a lady friend was going to Ohio on business; and as my business was to proclaim the glad tidings of salvation, I consented to accompany her, hoping, trusting, and praying that the good Lord would open a door of utterance to me. On our way we sojourned a few days at Indianapolis with my son J. T. Cox, who was then secretary of the North-western Christian University.

We arrived safely at Fairfield without further delay or hinderance. Soon after our arrival I had an appointment in Fairfield. There I met a United Brethren minister who wished me to go to Erie Chapel, five miles east of Dayton. I went and held a protracted meeting. While there I had the happiness and good fortune to hear Bishop Lewis Davis preach on the healing of the leper—Matthew viii. 2. His discourse was very able and instructive. He appeared shy of "female preachers."

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Chapter XXXVIII.

A Dear Friend of the Family, Eleanor Oblinger — Bread Thrown Upon the Water at Erie Chapel — Piqua — Sick Friend — Must, and did Preach There — A Glorious Revival — Brother Coons — Sister Benson — Brother Boggs — Dream-Land — Snakes — Most Remarkable Marriage in Modern Times — 105 to 65 years — Unpleasantness — Incompatibility.

About twelve years after the date of the foregoing occurrence I met with a lady near Lewisburg, Ohio, who asked me if I knew her. I told her that I did not. "Why," said she, "You took me into the church." "Ah, indeed." "Yes; at Erie Chapel. My husband and myself were on our wedding-tour. We had danced all the night before and were as wicked as our master we then served wanted us to be. But we heard that a woman was to preach, so we all went to hear her; and fourteen of us joined the church." "Well, have you lived faithful?" "Oh, yes; my husband is class-leader, and all are faithful as far as I know."

After I had concluded my meeting at Erie Chapel I heard that my lady friend who came with me from home was dangerously ill at Piqua, Miami County, Ohio, at the residence of her brother—Rev. Mr. Williamson, a Baptist,—and that she was anxious to see me. I hastened to her bedside and found her very low, with little hope of recovery. Of course I must preach in Piqua;

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and trusting in my heavenly Father—my preserver and benefactor, the author of my being, of thought, of truth, grace, and redemption, who can bring good even out of woman's preaching, or man's either,—I consented, and the appointment was made. I preached to a very large audience, and a glorious revival was the result.

I closed my meeting for the purpose of assisting Brother Coons and Sister Phebe Benson in holding a protracted meeting nine miles from Piqua. All were strangers to me at the town where the meeting was to be held, so I must go by stage. Brother Boggs—with whose good family I sojourned while in Piqua—had the forethought to write me a letter of commendation, or rather of introduction, in case Brother Coons or Sister Benson failed to come.

The night before I started I dreamed that I was in a strange place, and that just before me in my pathway was a large black-snake—the largest I had ever seen. I thought there were a great many people around, but none of them appeared to show the least solicitude for my safety, not even to warn me, but rather that it might strike me. I seemed to be going before the rest of the company, which increased the danger to me. I took up a stone and threw it on the serpent. The serpent floundered and rolled and hissed and died. Now you may ask, Why do you tell dreams? I will tell you. Because this one made a strong impression on my mind, the incident was apparently so real, life-like, and horrid; and I could not account for it by causes usually given,—which I might call the "indigestion or mince-pie" theory. While I do not affirm or deny all that is attributed to dreams,—as I have heard some, indeed

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many, wonderful fulfillments, and also some miserable failures,—I must acknowledge a grain or two of superstition, as it may be called. God in his providence in all dispensations of the world's history has made many wonderful revelations through his servants, and even through his enemies, by dreams, and also by revelation gave the interpretation thereof. The Bible-reader will not fail to remember the wonderful dream of Joseph, and its fulfillment; the dreams of Abraham, and of Isaac, and of Jacob; the dreams of the butler, the baker, and of Pharaoh; the dreams of Laban, of Aaron, of Miraim, of Solomon, of Job, of Daniel, and of Belshazzar; the dream of Mary and Elizabeth and Joseph; and even of the wife of Pilate the governor. In all all these God has seen proper to reveal future events or warn the ungodly. Whether this means of communication is denied to this Christian dispensation I can not say; but I do believe that as he has continued its use, it must be for some purpose. The failures in the true interpretation may be due to false rules that have been gathered through the dark ages—the necromancer, or the gypsy. But all this is by the way! You all know my readers, that, according to the old and familiar German rule, to dream of snakes and serpents is an evil omen, and to destroy them implies triumph over the enemy. I dreamed still further that we went to another point, and there found a nest of them, all knotted together like *Caput Medusa*. With heads protruding, they were hissing and darting at me with their forked tongues. I picked up a ponderous rock; and letting it fall on them, it crushed them all. In spite of my philosophy,—which is as the great preacher says in

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Ecclesiastes v. 3, "for a dream cometh through the multitude of business; and a fool's voice is known by multitude of words," and in the seventh verse, "for in the multitude of dreams and many words are also divers vanities,"—all the way along I could not help reproducing the frightful vagaries of my last night's dream. I tried to dismiss the matter entirely from my mind with the consoling fact that I was victorious over the enemy. But these reflections annoyed me until the stage halted at the place of my destination. On my arrival I learned that Brother Coons and Sister Phebe Benton were not there on account of sickness. This was a very serious disappointment to me, as I was anxious to meet Sister Benton; and besides this, the whole burden and responsibility of the meeting would very probably devolve upon me, an entire stranger, though I did have a strong inclination to preach to that people. I handed my letter of introduction to the gentleman addressed. He called his wife to one side and after whispering with her quite awhile he told me there would be prayer-meeting at his house that evening, and if I wanted to I could preach there. "Will there be a good turn-out of the people?" "No; only a few." I thought there was a distrust as to my authority or ability to interest his congregation. He looked and acted as though my feeble efforts might injure the cause; that it was very bad policy to countenance every one who came drifting along, etc., etc.,—a good precaution when exercised prudently.

When the time for meeting came I commenced services in the usual form. An unusually large woman came sweeping in and dashed into a seat in front of me with much flourish and ado; and having thus planted herself,

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she devoted her time in "looking daggers at me," and very frequently hunching her next neighbor. However, I went on with my discourse without appearing to observe her ill conduct. All at once she looked serious for a few moments; then the tears chased each other down her cheeks, and she commenced weeping bitterly, with her face buried in her hands. She had made some very unbecoming and unlady-like remarks about me; but after meeting she told her companions that she would take it all back. All this may look very trifling to many of my readers; but few are aware of the embarrassments that attended my labors, with a strong tide of popular sentiment adverse to my sex in the ministry and to my doctrine. But when we see the marked approval of God in breaking the stony heart of the most obdurate we are greatly encouraged. It might be regarded by some as the interpretation of my dream, and that by the word of truth from the rock that was hewed out of the mountain the head of the adversary was crushed and victory obtained.

After the meeting my very cautious brother told me that he would like to have me preach at the church in town. "Just as you like, brother." "Then we will have an appointment given out for the church up town."

Accordingly I went to the Christian (New Light) church. There I saw the end of my snake-dream. The kinship to the first one was strongly marked in actions and manners, and met with the same timely end; and those who came to mock stayed to pray. I kept up the meeting over Sabbath; and I trust and believe that great good was done, which will be a crown of rejoicing in the day of eternity. While there I was invited to dine at

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the home of Mr. Heart; and to my great surprise, who should I find in the person of Mrs. Heart but a lady that was once Eleanor Oblinger. She was a great favorite in our family, and had helped me many a day in her girlhood; and I never knew a better or more obliging little girl. Our joy was mutual at so unexpected a meeting. She was now married, and a mother, and was living in this town in good circumstances. Both she and her husband were members of the United Brethren Church, and were gathering a class about them and beating their march for the better land. She joined the church the same day that I did.

This Eleanor Heart was a granddaughter to William and Rachael Nicholas,—heretofore mentioned in this volume,—and neice of William and Sally Nicholas, who at the time I joined were pillars in the church at Liberty, Montgomery County, Ohio. She was an honored daughter of an honered ancestry. May the good Lord keep them faithful unto death, that they may have a crown of life.

I will here tresspass upon the patience of the reader by mentioning an incident in the history of the Nicholas family. About the year 1837 great-great-great-grandfather William Nicholas lost his wife—who was also great-great-great-grandmother in that large family connection. She died at the age of about ninety-nine. He He was then over the age of one hundred and five. The year following her death—having become very lonely, and concluding that it was not good for man to be alone, —he chose him a wife. I think she was an aunt of George Patton, a leading man in that part of the country, The bride had seen some sixty-five summers, and appar-

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ently about one hundred or more winters. The old gentleman—pardon me, the groom,—had a small farm about half a mile distant from us. He was making a new start in the world and, it was necessary that he should enlarge his farm. So to square out his field he made a deadening of about three acres, all of which he did himself; and surely the manner in which the work was done showed unmistakable signs of second childhood, mechanically and physically speaking. It looked as though the hero of the hatchet—"our George the First"—had been making a cherry-tree raid upon his woodland. He of course expected to live at least five or six years—the time generally calculated for timber to deaden for clearing.

A disparity of over fifty years of the married couple somehow or other produced a jar or two, which resulted in a conflict at arms and most generally terminated victoriously for the bride. On one very hot day in July there was an unpleasantness in the domicile of William Nicholas, senior. Hot words were passing, and hotter blows. Cries for help brought to the scene John Nicholas—a grandson then about forty years old—and my son John T., who happened to be passing at the time. When they entered the bride had her lord—the groom—by the throat, making his respiration very difficult. His grandson separated them. But the bride took down a tin-cup, and dipping it full of hot water sent it piping hot after her step-grandchild. The water struck the back of his neck, which greatly increased his speed. Now this was a very poor return for the "infair turkey-dinner" that this same John Nicholas had given the happy couple a few days after their marriage. Although

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all the relatives had used their utmost endeavors to prevent so silly a marriage, yet when consummated they could only make the best of it. It was given out that there was to be an "infair turkey-dinner" at John Nicholas'. My family and other neighbors were invited in. The "turkey" prepared for the occasion was the most antiquated and toughest *goose* on the place. And John Nicholas, who was a wag, in serving the guests gave the toughest portions to the toothless groom and mumbling bride. Indeed all the meats were too rare; but it was a rare occasion, and seemed very appropriate. The interest of the occasion was greatly increased by the appearance at the door, ever and anon, of a patriarchal one-eyed gander, who, with his head balanced over to the left, would call piteously for his mate, which we were trying to devour. As I have commenced the story I should gratify the curiosity of some by stating that in the course of the first twelve months this couple, even with the advantage of so many years of experience, and so few cares about them, discovered a want of congeniality and separated. At the instance of his grandson—John Nicholas—the old man made some effort to get a divorce, "to save his property"—but as John told it, "that they might marry again."

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Chapter XXXIX.

Land Matters — Sharpers — Piqua Gazette—Rev. Mr. Speaker a Positive Male Preacher — Revivals — Olive Branch — Stringtown — Temperance — Bro. Hill's Circuit.

But to retnrn to my narrative. I took leave of the brethren and friends—for by this time I had not an enemy in that place. Those who sneered at me at first were now my warmest friends. While in Fairfield I heard that a piece of timber-land which joined our place in Indiana was for sale. I knew that my husband wanted the land; so I wrote to my son J. T. Cox, at Indianapolis, for the money. He sent me a draft for the amount by return mail. I went to the Dayton Bank and drew the money. Hearing that the man who owned the land lived in Stringtown, Mercer County, Ohio, I started at once to see him. I took the train through Greenville, Darke County, Ohio, to Sidney, Shelby County. Calling at the hotel, I inquired for the Wapakoneta stage. "It has just gone." "When will it go again?" "Not before three days." Ah, me, what now? There I was, on heavy expense. But worst of all, there was a mystery connected with my adventure which prudence must conceal. The old adage is, "Children and fools will be med-

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dling." I dare not tell a lie to their oft-repeated inquiries, "Have you relatives or acquaintances in Stringtown or Wapakoneta?" "No, I have none." "Live there?" "No." "She appears to be traveling alone. She must be a widow." What I was most fearful of was that they might suspicion I had a little money, and by some means abstract it from me and thus defeat my purpose. My apprehensions possibly awakened some suspicion; for those who practice robbery are very close students of human nature. A gentleman enters a car and buttons his coat closely—even in hot weather. The sharper knows that he has property of value on his person. He scans him closely and sees that he frequently puts his hand into his pocket to be sure that his money is still there. Pretty soon, to his great surprise his money is missing, and also two very innocent-looking fellows,—one in the garb of a farmer, the other in that of a minister,—who got off at the station last past. Here we are—statesman, beggar, minister, robber, blackleg, tramp, merchant; so it was a nice point to maintain a proper equanimity while answering such questions as curiosity or duplicity might propound. At the hotel I told the landlord that I was in a great hurry to go on and requested him to keep a lookout for a team on its way to Wapakoneta, and if he saw one to let me know. His interest was not to see a team; and he saw none. I then placed my chair near a window toward the street. In the course of an hour a man drove up to the sign-post and commenced hitching his team. Here, thought I, is the person I am looking for, especially as he has other company with him. I hastened to the front door and spoke to the boy. His father answered, "Out north." "On the Wapakoneta

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road?" "Yes, ma'am." "Do you know where Stringtown is?" "I go right through it." "Ah, indeed. Could you take me and my trunk to Stringtown?" "Yes, if you can wait about an hour. I must go to the post-office and the store, and then I will be ready." So I settled with my landlord, and when all were ready we started. I told Mr. Hillburn who I wanted to see. "Well," said he, "if that is the man you want to see you had better go on to our house and I will let him know that you wish to see him." Of course I readily agreed. While he was putting up his horses and his wife was preparing supper, I picked up a paper he had brought home,—the Cincinnati *Gazette;* and glancing over it, I saw a notice of a revival of religion in the United Brethren Church, conducted by a female minister. How my heart was rejoiced at the news of there being another female minister, and her labors so successful that the papers were publishing it abroad I thought of Hannah Yingling and Phebe Benton. Who could it be? I read it again and cast my eye at the small letters at the bottom, which read—*Piqua Gazette.* I studied the matter over. If I tell these people I am a preacher they will say, Shame upon her; a preacher-woman, and coming here with a strange man and boy. What shall I do? Shall I cast my bread upon the waters to gather again after many days hence? The more I pondered over the matter, the more I concluded that the line of duty lay in me letting my mission be known. When Mr. Hillburn came in and sat down for a little rest I took the paper and showed him the notice. He read it mentally, and when he came to the words "female minister" he repeated them vocally, two or

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three times, and looked at me to see what reply I would make. Perhaps he expected me to repudiate the idea, as I had cited him to the notice. I said, "What if that female preacher is the person you brought from Sidney to-day." "Is it possible?" "The same." "I have entertained angels unawares." About this time a neighbor knocked at the door. On his entrance Mr. Hillburn gave me an introduction to the stranger—I giving my own name. Mr. Hillburn then showed him the notice. The then stepped out of the door. Soon they came in, and the stranger observed, "Mr. Hillburn tells me you are a minister of the gospel." "Yes, sir; that has been my business for some time." "Will you preach for us?" "I have license to preach anywhere; but as I am here alone—a stranger and unprotected,—perhaps it would not be prudent under all the circumstances." I told him that my lady friend who had come from home with me was taken very ill at Piqua, and would not be able to return to Indiana for some time; that I came here on an errand for my husband, on a business transaction with a gentleman in this neighorhood, and said, "Now, sir, if you can stand in defense of all reproach I would as willingly preach here as anywhere else." "That, madam, we will do; and I want you to preach at my house to-morrow night. There will be a barn-raising to-morrow; and I will make it known, and we will have a houseful." "All right." The house was full, and we had good order and attention. I requested that if I preached again the school-house should be procured, as the roads were too muddy to use a private house. When we went to the school-house I found opposition—an able-bodied person of the male persusaion, named Speaker. He said he had

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no faith in such work; that if it were in his power no female should preach in the school-house. But the people overruled him, and in we went. Squire Speaker told the children to go; he would stay with mother—meaning his wife, who was sick. During my discourse I saw Mr. Speaker before the door, looking in. The next evening he came to the door; and the next evening he came in, seemingly very much affected. At my first meeting I noticed a man at my left hand who rather seemed inclined—as I thought—to ridicule our work. I paid no attention to him, however, and the meeting went on until Monday. I then proposed to form a class. I never had called for mourners or joiners. I told them I would have a speaking-meeting. So I opened the meeting, and then gave the privilege for any one to speak. A German arose and in very broken English said, "I neffer speacks in meeden. But I noce me lobe Gott. I lobe Yases. I wants to serf Gott. I wants to go to himmel mit you." He trembled and wept. His words and actions had a wonderful effect upon the audience, who were now in tears. He sat down; and just as his wife was rising up to speak the man at my left—above referred to—made a jump, landed in the middle of the floor, and shouted out, "Glory to God! My sins, which are many, are all forgiven! Glory to God! I came here to take items; but Jesus has pardoned all my sins. The priest can't do it. None but Jesus can pardon sins. While he was speaking nearly all in the house were in commotion—some weeping and some shouting. When he became more composed I stood in the open door of the United Brethren Church. Squire Speaker was the first to give his name; and quite a number of

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others joined. But the man who gave such a shout did not join. Said he, "Go on, friends, join the church; I will not join now. Perhaps when I leave the house this happy feeling will pass off. If it does not, I will come and bring Mary [his wife] along." Sure enough, that evening he came and brought Mary along. They both joined the church. I continued my meeting until Saturday. There were several ministers present,—some from a distance,—who came to see the good work God was doing. Among the number was Brother J. W. Hill, who rendered valuable assistance, with others whose names I have forgotten.

On Saturday we concluded that our house was too small for the congregations which assembled, and that were daily increasing. So the gentleman who first invited me to preach proposed to put seats in his barn and hold the meeting there on Sabbath. It was a large barn, and opened on two sides. Seats were placed in front of each door, but still there were not enough. I was aiming to have a love-feast at nine and preach at eleven. I opened love-feast; and when I sat down a Methodist class-leader from Stringtown arose, spoke a few words to the point, and sat down. Our Catholic brother arose and looked out at each door of the barn, not saying a word until he had surveyed the surroundings and the vast concourse of people. Then he said, "Perhaps you think there are too many people here for me to speak to of the love of Jesus. Why, there are not half enough. I would that I could sound the glorious news from Maine to California,—that Jesus alone has power to forgive sins." Then he went on to give a history of our meeting. He said he told Mary he would go and take items and to mock. But he heard the wonderful story of

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Jesus suffering for sinners, and with his dying breath calling on the Father to forgive them, for they knew not what they were doing. He said, "Why, friends, I am so glad I went to hear a woman preach! I am glad I have lived to see this day. This is the beginning of good times with me. Last night, glory to God! I planted the corner-stone of a family altar, and Mary and myself and the children bowed before God in prayer. The Lord met us and blessed our souls. This morning we went back for our heavenly manna. My house is now a house of prayer instead of a gambling-shop. Sinners, look here! You have come to my house many a Sabbath to play cards and have fun. Come, now; don't desert me. Come! and we will have a prayer-meeting." He looked around and saw his mother. "O mother, come to Jesus. He alone can forgive your sins; the priest can't do it." His mother stood there weeping. Indeed, everybody was wonderfully wrought upon. And such shouting and weeping and marching around. We could see of a truth that the King was in the camp. After the shouting and singing had somewhat subsided I placed myself in the door of the church to receive members, and several joined. As I had an appointment at Olive Branch I was compelled to close the meeting.

I went to my appointment at Olive Branch. Soon after my arrival I was informed that a certain brother had talked very disrespectfully of "women preaching," and that he would not invite me to his house. I preached all the same, however. At the close of the meeting this same brother came to me, and handing me some money, said, "Go on, my sister, and serve the Lord; and do all the good you can." And his wife said, "You

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must go home with us. My husband wants you to go home with us." These things seem hardly worth mentioning. But little as they seemed, it showed me that God was softening the hearts of my enemies. While I was holding a meeting at Olive Branch School-house noble-looking young man came to me and reached out to shake hands with me. I saw that he had a half-dollar in his hand. I took his hand, and looking him in the face said, "My Master wants you. I know by your very expression and appearance that you have no religion." "No," said he, "I have not; and I am afraid I don't want it bad enough to get it." I said, "Do you pray? Do you seek it with all your heart?" "I feel that I ought to seek; but somehow I am too indifferent." "What," said I, "are you asleep in your sins? Would it be wisdom for you to sleep in a burning house? Would it be wise to sleep on the mast of a vessel if a storm were sweeping by, or if the vessel were drawing in toward the maelstrom on the coast of Norway? As you prize heaven and happiness, as you fear the flames of eternal woe,—the unending death,—don't give sleep to your eyes or slumber to your eyelids until you go to God in fervent prayer. Don't go to bed to-night without going to God in prayer. And I will pray to God that you may awaken from your slumber, shake off your drowsiness, and fly to the out-spread arms of Mercy." In a few days he came forward and became an active member in the United Brethren Church.

After closing the meeting at Olive Branch I was invited to help a Methodist Episcopal minister hold a meeting at Stringtown. The D. D. lived about fourteen miles distant, and on account of sickness in his family

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did not come; so I held the meeting alone, looking to a higher power — the Master of Assembles — for help. While there I delivered a discourse against intemperance to a very crowded and attentive audience. During the time of holding meeting at this place I took a walk in the woods, looking for a place for secret prayer; and as I went musing along I drew near a house. Two men were by the side of the house grinding an ax. They saw me first, and I could not retreat. I bid them the time of day. I soon noticed that one of them was a man I had taken into the Methodist Episcopal Church a few days before. He invited me into his house and introduced me to his wife. He then said, "Perhaps you do not remember me." I told him I did. He then went on to give me a short history of his career. He said, "The night you preached on temperance you pictured my full character clearly — the piteous and distressed condition of the drunkard's wife and children, their solicitude during his absence and their fear and dread at his return. Here is my poor wife, who trembled when she saw me coming; and the children hid — just as you pictured them — from the person who should, and would if sober, shelter and protect them. Your description was so true of me that I could not help making a personal application of it; and I thank God that you came to this place and was the means under Providence of waking me from the sleep — that terrible sleep — which is worse than death. I realized, as I was about to join the church, that I was on the brink of eternal ruin; and I am thankful to my heavenly Father that I was not a castaway; that I was cut off in my downward way to ruin. I shudder at the

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narrow escape from almost certain destruction; for not one in a thousand who have reached the condition I was in can ever be saved by any argument, appeal, or persuasion. The hand of God is in this. I have a new song, a new house. I am living in a new world. Old things have passed away and all things have become new. Now we have family worship and songs of praise. Glory shines all about or happy though humble home. I am truly thankful that you called to see us and comfort us." I did not tell him that it was by accident that I called. Feeling in a proper frame of mind, we all knelt in prayer. I felt the overshadowing of the Holy Spirit to help me pray for them to continue on in well-doing, and bring their children up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. We had a happy season. I left them in tears of joy and thankfulness, promising me they would continue in well-doing.

While at this place I was requested to preach the funeral sermon of a child of a grocery-keeper. Some of my friends said they would not preach the funeral sermon of a drunkard's child. I told them I would. I took for my text, "Is it well with thee? is it well with thy husband? is it well with the child?" I could tell them it was well with the child, showing its innocence in living and dying. When it came to telling, "Is it well with thee? is it well with thy husband?" I hurled the teachings and threatenings of the law upon the head of the guilty father, who sat and wept and trembled with deep emotion. When I concluded I stood in the open door of the church. The wife joined the church; and the husband said he would, but he was in debt; that as soon as he sold his groceries and liquors he would quit

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the business and lead a better life. The brethren said they would buy his trumpery and pay his debts. So he tremblingly joined.

As the Methodist brethren opposed my preaching this funeral sermon, and as I also had an appointment ahead, I made it the last at that place. I went a short distance north of Stringtown and held a protracted meeting. I had a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord, and formed a class at a private house that had been devoted to dancing. The gentleman and his wife and a beautiful daughter—sixteen years old—were great dancers; and living near them was the fiddler and his wife and daughter, who were also very fond of dancing. All of these joined the church; and instead of frolicking they went to praying. Both of these classes last formed were attached by Brother Hill to his Wapakoneta circuit. From there I went to old Mother Barker's neighborhood. After my discourse the first night, the boys of the nighborhood were so boisterous and behaved so rudely I regretted that I had made an appointment for another meeting. When I closed the meeting the next night I stated that I had heard a great deal of loud and boisterous talking and laughing, which was in very bad taste to say the least of it, and said, "Now, if there is any more of it to-night you need not come here to-morrow night, for I will not be here; but if you go home civilly I will be pleased to preach again to-morrow night." A lady who was sitting up with a sick child said that they went by so quietly they did not even awaken the dogs. We had a good meeting at this place. Brother Hill had made an appointment at St. Marys; but as I learned that my friend Mrs. Guthridge had

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recovered and returned home to Indiana, I concluded to return by way of St. Marys, Fort Wayne, Logansport, Monticello, etc. We had to get on a canal-boat at a little town, and while waiting there they determined that I should preach.

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Chapter XL.

A Leprous looking Place to preach in — Text, Leviticus xiv. 33 — Leprosy, Physical and Moral — Popular Vices — The Goring Ox Under Moses' Law — How to Cleanse the Leprosy — St. Marys — Van Wert School-house.

I greatly doubted the propriety and actual benefit of my preaching at St. Marys; but the appointment had gone out and I must submit. They had procured the largest room in the place, which was in part used for the storage of groceries and liquors. When I entered the room the fumes of whisky were very rank—indeed almost intolerable. I had my misgivings as to duty; but I thought of what Brother Griffith said when asked whether he would preach in a Universalist Church. His answer was, "I will preach anywhere on this side of hell, if it is a decent place." As the audience was very large I thought it best not to disappoint them.

I preached about the disease called leprosy. This disease, although generally supposed to attach to and only affect persons, seems also to affect houses, garments, etc. In Leviticus xvi. 33–41 we find "And the Lord spake unto Moses and unto Aaron, saying, When ye be come into the land of Canaan, which I give to you for a possession, and I put the plague of leprosy in a house of the land of your possession; and he that own-

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eth the house shall come and tell the priest, saying, It seemeth to me there is as it were a plague in the house: then the priest shall command that they empty the house, before the priest go into it to see the plague, that all that is in the house be not made unclean: and afterward the priest shall go in to see the house: and he shall look on the plague, and, behold, if the plague be in the walls of the house with hollow streaks, greenish or redish, which in sight are lower than the wall; then the priest shall go out of the house to the door of the house, and shut up the house seven days: and the priest shall come again the seventh day, and shall look: and, behold, if the plague be spread in the walls of the house; then the priest shall command that they take away the stones in which the plague is, and they shall cast them into an unclean place without the city." And after further remedies are applied without success, the law in the forty-fifth verse says, "And he shall break down the house, the stones of it, and the timber thereof, and all the mortar of the house; and he shall carry them forth out of the city into an unclean place." This terrible disease of leprosy it seems not only affected the person, but would also cling to the houses, and required most radical remedies to cure or displace it. I think I see a very marked resemblance between the leprosy of olden times and the terrible moral contagion that has seized upon the human family in our time. If the audience will indulge me a little I will give the treatment of the disease under the Mosaic law—merely to show the necessity of a strict observance of whatever God requires at our hands to effect a cure. When the priest saw that the disease was fairly planted in a house, he was directed to sanctify

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himself by taking two doves, or two young pigeons, and kill one of the birds over running water in a clean earthen vessel that had never been used, and dip the live bird in the blood of the slain bird, and let it soar away, bearing the sins that had polluted the house which was cursed with sin and leprosy. Then the priest would take some of the blood of the dead bird in the palm of his hand, and with the tip of his finger he would touch his right ear and the thumb of his right hand and the great toe of his right foot. "Ah," said I, "my friends, do not such lessons of preparations for the priest before visiting the contagion — lest he should contract the disease — show how pure and well fortified the priest or minister should be before attempting to reprove sin? You remember how pure our great Physician was when he ministered to the maladies of sin-sick souls. The priests of old would order everything to be taken from the house; and he then would go in and scrape away the pestilential mold from the wall that was to be cleansed, even to the removing of the plastering, and then would plaster anew; and take to cleanse the house two birds and cedar-wood and scarlet and sprinkle the part to be purified. If the disease is still not removed, the wall is to be torn out, or if need be, the house to be torn down and the place left bare.

Look you to that poor soul yonder that has taken this deadly, mortal plague. Here comes the priest and looks upon him to see if indeed he has the leprosy. He looks at the sore,—as it was called in those days,—to see if it is spreading. If it was sore and burning and of pink color the man was not fit for human society, and a covering was put upon his upper lip, and he was sent to the

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mountain or desert, and was to cry out, Unclean! at the approach of his fellow-man, as a warning against the contagion." Thus I went on talking of this singular malady until I had the attention of the audience. I then told them that in more than one respect sin was like the leprosy,—it was contagious; it was disgraceful; it was spreading in its march; it must end in death unless the remedies of the great Physician of souls were strictly followed. I said, "Now, look, my friends, at the various forms of this disease. Can you not see and feel the burning sore that is wearing your life away? Though it be pink or rosy in appearance, it is an unclean plague-spot that must be removed.

"There is the profane swearer. At first the boy profanes the name of his Maker and is alarmed at the sound of his own voice; he shudders at the discord and casts his eye about to see if any person heard him. He swears again and is less fearful, and soon he becomes so hardened that he can belch forth huge heaven-daring oaths with the worst criminals in Billingsgate. Though he has from early childhood been taught, 'Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain: for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain,' yet all this care and parental training of long years is made leprous, perhaps by evil companions in the space of one short hour. It is lamentable to see how difficult it is to persuade the young, and even the aged, to choose the right, and how easy to entice them into ways of folly and sin. There is the sin of dancing, claimed to be so innocent, but which is full of all subtlety and mischief. There is not among the many devices of the great adversary a more cunning and mis-

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chievous contrivance to lead astray the unwary than the fashionable dancing-party; and I feel safe in challenging the world to produce a pious or devoted Christian who engages in it. I have met none. In my younger days I was very fond of dancing; and I have been a careful observer of the influence it has upon the Christian mind and heart. The ball-room and class-room are most antagonistic, and the regular attendant of one can not be of the other. Think of it,—religion and revelry, devotion and dancing, worship and frolic. At the dance the study is to dismiss everything of a religious character. You pass entirely out of the current of holy influences. You have gone over into the enemy's camp, and there nearly all night long you worship at the shrine of his idolatry. Tell me, is there not a leprosy of heart that should certainly awaken some alarm? So deep a hold has the contagion on the system that it is the all-observing thought. Another ball is proposed and you are invited. 'Oh, yes.' Then comes a short struggle; for the Spirit of God is striving again with you. You even make promises to the Spirit and your guilty conscience that this is all—but temporary; that you will turn after awhile; and with that promise away you start to serve the devil. But before that party is over you begin to side a little with the common enemy and become an apologist for the wrong, and reiterate the threadbare argument that *some* who dance are as good as some professors of religion. I admit that it is very difficult to define the line between a cold and wayward professor and the frolicking Christian. But my advice is, do not get too near the line; for when the time of separation comes you may be on the wrong side of it.

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"Another type of the disease of moral leprosy is found with a party who think they draw sweet comfort and pleasure in the use of small pieces of pasteboard with a few red or black spots on them, or ill-shapen pictures. Silly as it appears, yet the young man stands by; and somehow a desire springs up in his mind to learn the game. The contagion is now fastening upon him; he is getting some insight into it; day and night, when actually not engaged in the game, he sees these cards floating before him—the inflammation is most virulent; and there is no peace or solace except in the delirium which the practice brings on. Religion, morals, business, all, all alike must await its beck, or be entirely dismissed from the mind. I knew a young man who I believe caught the disease from his father and older brothers. Often the gambling leprosy spreads through whole families. That young man went to Cincinnati and indulged in gambling for pastime and amusement; but he soon found that he lost all relish for work or study. It became an irresistible habit, indeed it had the complete mastery over him, and took with it other demons as hurtful as it. The young man was soon enchained in his evil habits, almost beyond hope of delivery; and with lying and theft came drunkenness. After running a mad career of a few months, one night he came out of a back room with a cane dagger run through his head. I will give another instance within my knowledge. A young man was intrusted with a boat-load of produce, with some stock of his own. On his arrival at New Orleans he sold off his commodities. Some sharpers, who are always on the look-out for such customers, made his acquaintance. They knew of his transactions, and of course claimed to be

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total strangers in the city. They soon were together all the time, visiting places of amusement,—saloons; and out of curiosity they visited a gambling-house, and of course concluded to take a hand. The young man had some misgivings, but as they all went in so would he. He is successful for awhile, and again loses; and still he ventures on and on, and at last stakes all he has,—one lone dollar,—with the exclamation, 'There is my last dollar; and if that goes may God Almighty take me too!' The wheel was turned; he lost. He fell, and was taken up dead. The truth is, he had too honest a heart to ever think of meeting the men who had trusted him so confidingly and tell them the story of his losses. He had gambled all away in one of those leprous dens of iniquity—a gilded gambling-palace.

"But I will speak of other sins, or leprous vices, besides swearing, dancing, lying, stealing, and gambling. In my view, and, I think, in the view of good men and women universally, the vender of alcoholic drinks is a worse man than the highway robber. The robber presents his pistol to my son's breast, to take his money or his life. The money is surrendered, and my son goes on his way. He can earn more. He is still a man. But here comes the liquor-vender, with his emissaries and pimps, with all their enticements and blandishments and gilt and tinsel, to allure my son to drink. He commences the work of manufacturing a customer; and by feigned kindness and hypocritical flattery the boy is educated to drink. His appetite daily becomes more depraved, until at last he graduates and has become a confirmed drunkard. His money is all gone, character gone, honor gone, mind all shipwrecked, and he is an outcast,

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a piteous, deplorable moral wreck. Tell me who was the worse robber, the one who only took his money or he who robbed him of all and by a low and most cruel process murdered him?

"And now, my youthful friends, let me talk to you a moment, right here. Do not, for your soul's sake, go about these polluted sinks of iniquity and festering leprosy. Do not look upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, for it biteth as a serpent and stingeth like an adder. The Bible tells us this. And you know that where intoxicating liquors are vended there are babblings, and redness of eyes, and wounds without cause. If you be generous, magnanimous, and wealthy, so much greater the danger. You are the shining object of his aim. You have the money to spend, and the generosity to spend it freely. Next to the son of a minister or of a prominent temperance man you are the most desirable victim.

"There is a class that need have no fear of being captured by the destroyer. An old man and his son start out with their grist to mill, some ten miles distant. They take their dinner and horse-feed along; and when they get to the mill they unload, unhitch their horses, and turn their heads to the hind end of the wagon. The old man then leaves the boy to notice the team while he goes to the grocery. When there he pulls out a small flask, and also a small leathern purse, and commences unwinding a leathern string about a yard long, and then reaches down and fishes up, with his long fingers, a nickel, which he lays down, and calls for three cents' worth of liquor. The amount is furnished, and he carefully deposits the two cents change in his purse. The

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process of winding on his purse-string and tying it being completed, he carefully conceals his purse in some by-pocket, takes his flask, and returns to his wagon; and while he lunches he nips. But while he has a sharp appetite for the liquor, he is too stingy to gratify his appetite. It is seldom such men become drunkards. But when you see a man step up to the bar and throw down his dollar-bill, saying, "Walk up, gentlemen; what will you have?" that noble-hearted fellow is doomed. He has a heart worth saving. The contest will be a difficult one; but he must be wrested from the coils of the rum-seller, if possible.

"I knew a man once who was the object of many a warm-hearted prayer. He had God-fearing parents. When he was about twenty-one years old his father died and left him, with his uncle, the executor of the estate. He made a good executor. No fault was ever found with him in that direction that I know of. I think he had the advantage of a collegiate education. He finally married an industrious, kind-hearted, prudent woman. He had contracted the habit of drinking. He would spend a few hours daily at the grocery; then he would spend half a day; then a greater part of the time, and return about midnight, his anxious wife all the while sitting up and awaiting his return,—the dinner-table standing till after supper-time, the victuals being kept warm in anticipation of his appearance. Finally he would stagger in, too drunk to eat, too ill-natured to sleep, grumbling and growling and swearing until he subsided into a drunken stupor and became totally oblivious to all that was transpiring. Notwithstanding his religious training, his wealthy and honorable relations, his high

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mental endowments, his naturally warm, kind heart, and his affectionate and accomplished wife whom he had sworn to love, cherish, and protect, he became besotted, his wife was driven from her home to pay the price of his ruin, and the family were driven from hut to shanty. The wife, poor, miserable, and broken-hearted, had now to suffer, in addition to her poverty, his drunken cruelty and abuse,—all, all this the work of the rum-seller, all this caused by the leprous cup of fiery death. The wife had to be taken by her brothers to their home. She had clung to the leprous carcass as long as a ray of hope appeared. The poor creature was soon after found in a field near the grocery, where he had died in a fit of *delirium tremens*, with his limbs drawn up so crooked that he could not be put in an ordinary coffin. He found a drunkard's grave, to say nothing of the fearful future that awaits all those who, in the light of all intelligence and the most favorable opportunities for doing good, are so blind and who so recklessly and wickedly immolate themselves at the shrine of Bacchus.

"The noble white man sometimes expresses great alarm at the prospect of women being allowed the right to vote. This is most natural. The political parties are run in the whisky interest, and they know that if women were allowed to vote the occupation of the rum-seller would be at an end in a few months, or years at most. Until then we shall hold our man-voting population responsible for these gross wrongs and licensed vices that now curse our land. It is not our political appliance. You gentlemen own them all, license them, and reap the fruit of these vices. We do not share in the blame, but must be innocent sharers of the terrible sufferings.

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"Under the Mosaic law, 'If an ox gore a man or a woman, that they die: then the ox shall be surely stoned, and his flesh shall not be eaten; but the owner of the ox shall be quit. But if the ox were wont to push with his horn in time past, and it hath been testified to his owner, and he hath not kept him in, but that he hath killed a man or a woman; the ox shall be stoned, and his owner also shall be put to death.'—Ex. xxi. 28, 29.

"In this law, men were held responsible for the injuries either willfully committed, or carelessly permitted. The rum-seller knows that his business, if successful, is certain destruction and ruin to his neighbor; and the city council and other authorities granting license are parties to all the crimes that they know must follow. Under the Mosaic law the owner was influenced by the destruction of his property, and showed the value of human life. Is not the sale of intoxicating liquors wont to produce misery and death? We all know it does. You know it; the world so understands it. Some peaceful, quiet day sit yourself down and count over the long list of your friends and acquaintances that have been killed by this monster, and then remember that some one is responsible for each and every murder thus committed. I have wondered how our gentlemen friends came to call their usual dram *a horn;* but do they know the criminality of the ox that pushes it out to him, or the guilt of the owner (licenser) who is party to the crime. The state license, county license, and city license are the prices of blood and life of our neighbors; and those who issue them know it. An effort is made to stay this mortal plague; still the plague rages to an alarming extent. What will every good citizen do? Will he not take

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every precaution to defend himself against it, and use his influence and utmost exertions to prevent its spread? If he fears God or regards man can he stop short of this? Can he, in the plenitude of his selfishness, stand up and say, 'I'll make no promises; I'll not be bound; I am in no danger?' If he can say this, and stand aloof, can you count him as a good citizen?"

I spoke to considerable extent on this feature of the plague on account of the surroundings, which I will not detain the reader with. I concluded by urging not to forget that every son and daughter of Adam has a moral disease worse than the leprosy,—a disease that must end in eternal death,—a mortal, moral plague which

> "No blood of birds, or blood of beasts,
> Or hyssop branch, or sprinkling priest,
> Or running brook, or flood, or sea,
> Can wash our dismal stains away.
> Jesus, my God, thy blood alone
> Has power sufficient to atone;
> Thy blood can make me white as snow,—
> No Jewish type could cleanse me so."

It is said in God's Holy Bible that without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sins. Again: "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls." It is also said: "Come, let us reason together. Though your sins are like scarlet, I will make you white as wool." Jesus "was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed. All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and

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the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all." "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth: for I am God, and there is none else." "I have trodden the wine-press alone; and of the people there was none with me: . . . therefore mine own arm brought salvation unto me." "In that day there shall be a fountain opened to the house of David and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem for sin and for uncleanness." "But whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." The word is, "Break off thy sins by righteousness, and thine iniquities by showing mercy to the poor." "By one Spirit are we all baptized into one body;" and that body is Christ. One said, "Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean. And Jesus put forth his hand, and touched him, saying, I will; be thou clean. And immediately his leprosy was cleansed." Jesus is the only one who can heal our dire maladies. And I might cite you to the wonderful cures of the lame and halt and blind, and all the wonderful miracles wrought by him, to attest his power, as well as his great sympathy for the sufferings of mortal men,—all you who have in the least been afflicted or affected by this *leprosy* in any form.

The next morning the man of the house where I stayed said that the grocery-man liked my sermon first-rate, only he wished that I had not spoken so strongly against dancing and drinking and grocery-keepers. Oh, thought I, if that is all, God grant that the sermon may be like good seed—take root deeply and bear fruit to the honor and glory of God.

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After breakfast the next morning I took the canal-boat for St. Marys, where Bro. J. Hill had given out an appointment for me. Here I preached several days, and on Sunday preached the funeral of two children. They told me afterward that if I had stood in the open door of the church five persons would have united with it. They promised me, however, that they would join the church the first time that Bro. Hill came around. Several, however, did join while I was there. After the meeting closed I went to Van Wert County, where Bro. Hill had made an appointment for me in a new school-house. There was a very nice old gentleman there who was very much opposed to women preaching,—and, indeed, was opposed to everything that was godlike. The weather was warm, the windows were open, and there sat the old gray-headed man outside of the school-house, looking very indignant. By and by he began to look more pleasant. The next meeting we held he was inside the house, close by the stand. He was a faithful attendant all the time I held the meeting, and after I left.

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Chapter XXI.

Preach at Rosevelt—Slander—Beavers Prairie—Counsel of a Dying Father—Monroe Hinkle's Conversion and Triumphant Death—Conversion of my son Thomas—Bro. Shegley—Odd Notions of Bro. Paris—Frankfort—Surprise to Mrs. Clark as well as to Myself—License from Andrew Wimsett.

I preached one time in the town of Rosevelt. From thence I took the stage for Ft. Wayne; there I took the canal for Logansport; and from there I went home by stage, where I found all well. Soon after I got home I received a letter from Sister Hill informing me, among other things, that the gray-headed old man had got religion, joined the United Brethren Church, and was an earnest, devoted member.

Just before I went to Ohio a certain man raised a slanderous report about me. My son Thomas wanted his father to sue him for slander. I told them God would take care of me; and if I attempted to seek revenge I could not expect my heavenly Father to fight my battles for me. "Vengeance is mine and I will repay, saith the Lord." While I was in Ohio the preacher in charge arraigned him for the false accusation. Finding he was in a tight place he frankly acknowledged that he had lied; and on further interrogation he said that the reason for giving out such a report was, he believed Mrs. Sexton

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was opposed to his having license to preach. I mention this circumstance to show that God will take care of those who put their trust in him.

At the last meeting mentioned, which was held at the school-house on Beavers Prairie, about the holidays, a young married man—name not remembered—came from Bradford, White County, to spend Christmas. The first evening he came to meeting he was quite drunk. After the meeting had progressed so far as to call for mourners he came up; and when the preacher would say, "Let us pray," the drunken man would say, "Yes, let us pray." One time when Bro. Wimsett said, "Let us pray," he said, "Stop till I pick up my percussion-caps." In short, he made such a disturbance that Bro. Wimsett, the circuit preacher, had the name taken down and was about to return it for bad conduct. I told them to try the strength of prayer, and pray for him, but whatever they did not to go into a lawsuit about it.

Well, they concluded they would try the strength and efficacy of prayer. The next day they were on hand as usual, and prayer was offered for all who sat in the seat of the scorner. The "percussion-cap" man came well forward, gave most respectful attention, and looked somewhat dejected and pale. In the evening he came again to meeting, and during the preaching manifested strong emotion. When mourners were called for he wept, but seemed powerless to move. His uncle went to him and urged him to go forward; but he hesitated, saying that we would think him insincere or drunk. "No matter what they think," said his uncle. He came forward for prayers, and after struggling for awhile and pleading with God for mercy, he raised up, shouting the

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praises of God. He remained in the vicinity some two or three weeks, happy in the Lord.

One day we put him in to lead love-feast meeting. He told us he had come to Beaver on a drunken spree, but now he was on a spree for glory. "And there are more of us in the same way," said he, pointing to his uncle, who was rolling about under the benches. Our meeting was a glorious one. Some forty-seven persons joined the United Brethren Church. While we were holding that meeting I saw a young man who manifested great anxiety for his soul's salvation. I talked with him, and with every means of persuasion tried to prevail upon him to abandon his evil habits and with full purpose of heart turn to the Lord, accept his mercy and his promised salvation. He, however, would not heed the warning. He made every possible excuse for his disobedience. When the meeting closed he was still impenitent. Since then, in a fit of anger, he shot a man, and is now in the Indiana penitentiary under sentence for life. How easy the right way, and how difficult and hard is the way of the transgressor!

Have patience with me, kind reader, and let me tell you more of that meeting. A few months back, soon after our circuit preacher, Bro. Wimsett, came on our work, and before he reached our neighborhood, one of our neighbors, a very worthy and talented minister, died. Before dying he called his family around him to bid them farewell. I was present at the time. He motioned his eldest son, Joseph, to his bedside and said to him, "Ever since you can remember I have had family worship. As long as you can remember, can you keep up family worship when I am gone?" Joseph sobbed, and

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weeping aloud said, "Father, I will try." The old man seemed cheered at that promise. Then taking John by the hand and looking up into his face he said, "John, will you help Joseph keep up family worship?" "Yes, father, I will try." These two boys were under twenty. Then came Augustus Monroe, his third son. His father took him by the hand, and looking him in the eye as though he would peer into his very soul said, "*Roe, what shall I say to you?*" Roe wept and trembled; and after the father had held him for some time he reached for William, and told him he thought God had a work for him to do in the ministry,—told him he wanted him to be studious, that he might become a workman that need not be ashamed; and above all to be fervent in spirit, ever serving the Lord. So one after another of his family he called up and bid farewell. Though Bro. Hinkle lived a short time after this, it was his last parting.

When Bro. Wimsett came to Rensselaer Circuit a protracted meeting was going on; and while he was calling for mourners I saw Monroe Hinkle, with a curl of scorn upon his lip. I went to him, held out my hand, and said, "*Roe, what shall I say to you?*" He dropped his head for a moment, and then made a start for the mourner's-bench. I think he did not obtain peace in believing at that time; however, he kept coming to meeting and to the mourner's-bench until he found Him of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did write precious to his soul. A few months after he was taken very ill, and his disease baffled the skill of all the physicians. He sent for me to visit him. I asked him how he felt. He said, "Happy;" but not in such an ecstasy of joy as

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when he first felt the joy of pardoned sin. He feared he had not dying grace. "Oh," said I, "if you reach too far you are not dying. You only want living grace to-day." I told him to be satisfied with grace enough to live by, and when his dying-time came he would have dying grace. I knelt down by his bedside and began to pray. Presently he began to shout; and we had a glorious, refreshing time from the presence of the Lord. He lived about two weeks after this. One morning his mother sent for us early. I think our whole family went, consisting of my husband, myself, and our children,—Thomas, David, and Zadok,—and sisters-in-law Eliza and Nancy Sexton. When we came in and saw the ecstasy of soul with which he was actuated I felt like responding in the language of Brother Benjamin Hinkle when he looked on and saw his brother bidding his family farewell:

"Blest above the common haunts of men is the chamber where the good man meets his fate."

He said, "Mrs. Sexton, you told me I would see the angels come to bear me company through the dark valley and shadow of death. I hardly believed it; but now I *know* the truth of what you told me. My room is full of bright angels. How bright and glorious they shine! Mother, do not cry; you better rejoice. Only think, mother, you are sickly; you will soon come also. Oh, the angels! And there is Jesus and my dear father and all of them." He looked around. By this time it was drawing near the meeting-hour. Said he, "Brother Wimsett, you ought to go to meeting; I will bid you farewell now. I want you to come back as soon as meeting is over. If you do come, I will not see you;

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but mother will want you to come." He shook hands with Eliza and Nancy Sexton, exhorting them to meet him in heaven. All the while he was exclaiming, "They are here! They are waiting for me!" Thus ended the days of one precious child of God. The meeting was going on in our grove, and they took his remains there for funeral service. We all then followed him to his grave.

At the meeting where this same Monroe Hinkle was converted, there was among that forty-seven one conversion that gladdened the heart of the whole community. That was Thomas Sexton. Our anxiety had been so great that many of our neighbors in private and public prayer besought his conversion. One night during the protracted meeting, Brother Wimsett preached from the text, "This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them." Thomas was sitting behind the minister. The meeting was held in a school-house. When the minister had concluded his sermon he immediately proceeded to call for mourners. They came. Thomas Sexton raised to his feet, put his arms around the neck of a young man, and asked him to come and seek him who receiveth sinners, and eateth with them. "No," said the young man. He then went to another, and asked him. "No," said he. Yet not discouraged, he went to another and another until the fifth one, who was near the door, and was not as large or strong as Thomas, consequently he brought him to the floor with him, where Thomas in his agony of body and mind cried aloud for mercy, every little while exclaiming, "This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them! Oh, blessed Jesus, I'm a sinner! I'm a sinner! Oh, have mercy!" After wrestling and

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agonizing for three hours he stood up. Oh, what a change! He raised up shouting the praises of King Emanuel—"Hosannah to King Emanuel! This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them." We had a glorious time that night. Many poor sinners were brought to see their awful situation and persuaded to fly for mercy to the great Physician of souls. Among others who joined at that time was George Jenkins,—Squire Jenkins' son. He, like Thomas Sexton, had knelt for mercy; he had got down near the door, and after struggling and agonizing awhile, the preacher told them all to rise up and take their seats if they felt like it. George got up; and as he arose he shouted and said he saw a great light come down from above, and it went right into his heart. He went shouting around the house. The preacher stood in the open door of the United Brethren Church. Several joined. George Jenkins said, "Go and join; go and join. I would join in a minute; but you know my father is sick, and perhaps he will die. Just before I started to meeting to-night he called me to his bedside and made me promise not to join the United Brethren Church, but to wait and join the Methodists. And I promised my father and mother that I would not join the Brethren. If it were not for that I would join very quickly. The Brethren are right and the Methodists are right." The truth is, George was right. He joined the Methodist Church soon after, and was a faithful and worthy member. Thomas with forty-six others joined the United Brethren Church. Among them were Roe Hinkle, Margaret Hinkle—wife of Henry Hinkle,—Hamilton Barclay, John Moore, and others, who to-day, I have no doubt, are in the glory-world.

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Others who joined are still on their way to that land where neither sin, sickness, storms, or sorrows ever come. May the good Shepherd and Bishop of our souls feed and keep them until the gracious appearing of the great God and our Savior Jesus Christ. There were, I think, two or three hundred added to the church that year, in the bounds of the circuit.

The next year we had Brother George Shegley sent to our circuit. We all, so far as I know, were pleased with his appointment; and our work went on very well. Some ministers, who were a little envious of Brother Wimsett,—who was quite a revivalist,—said that half of his converts, who were rolled in in such a storm, would soon be out again. But, thanks be to God, their prophecy proved false. As a general thing, it is true. Some went back who had not far to go.

While Brother Shegley was on our circuit I was sent for to go to Fulton County to assist in holding some protracted meetings. Thomas had concluded to get married. We arranged as best we could; and as soon as the wedding was over my son John T. Cox and his family came to see us. When they started away I went with them as far as Lafayette. There I met Brother Samuel Chapman, the preacher in charge of Rossville Circuit. He requested me to go by way of Rossville. I had expected to go on a canal-boat to Logansport, and from there to Fulton County by stage. I finally decided to go by way of Rossville. I parted with my son and his family at Lafayette, and took the stage for Dayton, Indiana, being acquainted with Brother R. Baker, the United Brethren preacher in that place; and having had an invitation from Brother Baker to preach for them, I

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took this opportunity to do so. I preached there once or twice, after which Brother Baker sent his brother with a carriage to take me to Jefferson, Clinton County, Indiana. Brother Baker gave me a letter of introduction to Brother Low, a minister at Jefferson, who was very glad to see me, and wanted me to preach that night. But a Brother Ben. Paris was there lecturing on physiology, botany, *materia medica*, etc., and was not willing to give place to me. He told Brother Low and the other brethren in Jefferson to get me to stay over Sabbath; and as he had an appointment in Frankfort on Sabbath, he would give out one for me on Monday or Tuesday evening, and I should preach to the people in Jefferson on Sabbath.

They all had to bend to Brother Benjamin Paris' arrangement. So I stayed and preached in Jefferson, and Brother Benjamin Paris went to Frankfort. When he went into the chapel the people were being addressed by Brother Slanaker, a United Brethren minister, who appeared to be holding the pulpit from Brother Paris, and went on preaching without noticing him. Brother Slanaker took for his text, "The dog is returned to his own vomit again, and the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire." I heard that Brother Slanaker was requested to go there to occupy the pulpit. Let that be as it may; he did it effectually. Brother Paris was back on Sabbath evening; and after I preached he exhorted, and took up a collection for me. He told the people—as he was able to do—a great many first-rate things in that exhortation. But few ministers that I have met were more eloquent than he. As soon as the meeting was over he told me he had given out an appointment

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for me in Frankfort, and the people expected me to be at Brother Clark's, in Frankfort. He had told Brother Clark that I would be there,—or, rather, Brother and Sister Clark had requested me to stop there. "And," said Brother Paris, "I want you to hold on in Frankfort until I come." Himself and family were to be there on a certain night." Bro. Low said, "I and my wife intended to go with Sister Sexton to Frankfort; but I can't go to-morrow." "Oh," said the preacher-doctor, "I have engaged her passage on the stage, which will go out from here in the afternoon; and I will tell the driver where to stop. It will all be right at Brother Clark's." So in the afternoon the stage came along. I took leave of my kind friends in Jefferson and took the stage for Frankfort, a distance of about four miles. When I got nearly there the stage-driver asked me where I would stop, or if I intended to stop at the tavern. (There were few hotels in those days.) Said I, "Did not Brother Paris tell you where I am to stop?" "No," said he; "he told me nothing about it." "Well," said I, "if you know where Mr. Clark lives, stop there." "What Mr. Clark?" "Well, I don't know; but he is a United Brethren class-leader. Do you know such a man?" "Yes, I know him, and where he lives." So he drove up and set my trunk inside of the door-yard gate. I walked in at the front door, which was open. The family were in the kitchen taking tea. Sister Clark saw me and came out to the front room to see who had come. Said I, "Is this Mrs. Clark?" "The same," said she; "but you have the advantage of me." "My name is Sexton," said I. "I believe," said she, "I am not acquainted with any person of that name." "Did not Brother Paris speak to you

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about me?" "Not that I know of." "Did Brother Paris tell you anything about a woman-preacher?" "I never heard a word about it. Perhaps my husband has. I will ask him." He left the tea-table and came into the parlor to inquire about the matter. His wife introduced me, but had forgotten my name. "Sexton," said I. "I never heard of such a person." "Did not Brother Paris give out an appointment for a woman to preach to-night?" "No, he did not." "Were you at meeting on Sabbath?" "Yes, I was there." "And did he not give out an appointment for any person?" "No! Do you preach?" "I try to," said I. "Where do you live?" "In Jasper County, Indiana." "How did you get here?" "On the stage." "Did you come alone?" "From Jefferson." "It seems very strange that Brother Paris should tell that he gave out an appointment for you." "I think as much."

I began to see that he did not believe me. I then took from my pocket a letter of recommendation that Brother Wimsett had given me in Lafayette, which I will here insert:

"LAFAYETTE, INDIANA, May 2, 1855.

"BROTHER R. BAKER:—This certifies that I am well acquainted with Sister Lydia Sexton, and can recommend her to you and to the church and the public in general, that she sustains a good moral and religious and ministerial character, having been personally acquainted with her, both at home and at other places. She is useful as a minister at home and wherever she goes.

"ANDREW WIMSETT."

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Chapter XLII.

Christian Inhospitality — My Money will make me Welcome at a Hotel—Preached at Frankfort—A Ray of Sunshine — Brother and Sister Clark's Kindness — Thence to Rossville — Good Brother Chapman — Thence to Prince Williams — Thence to Hamilton — Thence sent forward Appointments to Otterbein Chapel—Sad News—My Son Thomas "Dead and Buried"—Homeward—Gloomy Household—Go to God with my Affliction —My Child in Heaven.

I showed Brother Clark the paper. His wife took it and read it; but he would not even look at it, treating the whole matter with a kind of studied indifference. Finally he said, "There are only a few brethren in the place, and they have no meeting-house only as they borrow one. The brethren are just trying to introduce United Brethrenism in the community, and want to do so to the best advantage. We want no failures. I think it very strange that Brother Paris should send you here without saying something to us about it. You say that Brother Paris said he had given out an appointment for you; and there was no appointment given out whatever." I do not recollect all that Brother Clark did say; nor do I regret the forgetting. My motto is, "Friendship in marble and enmity in dust." I saw, or thought I saw, that he regretted my coming there to "kill out United Brethrenism in the

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very roots, in that place," and that if I had fifty letters of recommendation it would not change his purpose or remove his prejudice. I finally asked his pardon for the intrusion, and requested Sister Clark to hand me my bonnet and shawl, and I would step across the street to the tavern, to be ready to take the stage for Rossville in the morning. "Oh, no," said Brother Clark; "we can keep you till morning." I told him I had money enough yet on hand to make me welcome at the tavern. The more I hurried for my shawl and bonnet, the more Sister Clark hesitated and delayed. At last Sister Clark suggested the propriety of giving out an appointment for me that night. "That might do," said Brother Clark; "it would be in this matter as it was with Lorenzo Dow when he was traveling around,—they had only to tell an old woman and a little boy, and they would soon have a congregation together." They gave a hearty laugh. I paid no attention to their seeming burlesque upon old women, but at last consented to preach that night. I told them that Brother Paris had promised to be there the next night; but as I was deceived about the appointment I should hardly look for him. Mrs. Clark went to set supper for me; and Mr. Clark told me to "feel myself at home," and he would go down street to make the necessary arrangements for publishing the meeting. I hope that Brother and Sister Clark will never feel, or have occasion to feel, as I felt that evening. Sometimes it is good to feel such weights, or, as some would call them, sore trials, as they drive us to the stronghold and make us feel our dependence on Him who is strong to deliver.

After I had taken tea we went to the meeting. There

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was quite a good congregation, and I preached as well as I could to that very attentive audience. After the meeting was over Brother Clark asked me to announce another appointment for the next night. I did so.

The next evening there was a large congregation; and just as I was commencing meeting in stepped Brother Paris, his wife, and two or three children. That was what he said he would do. What do you think were my reflections at the seeming inconsistencies and duplicity? By his conduct I had been exposed to censure and ridicule. And yet he stood very high in the estimation of the community, as also did Brother Clark. I was just commencing worship when he came in; and as I never invite ministers into the pulpit, except women-preachers, I said nothing to him in that regard. When I was through with the discourse I called on Brother Paris to conclude the meeting. He immediately arose and made a very able exhortation, and closed by making an appeal to the congregation for a collection in my behalf. Surely, "truth is stranger than fiction." After he handed me the money he shook my hand, asked how my health was, told me he was in a hurry to go to his lodgings with his wife and children, as they were restless and waiting, put his words so close together that I could not get one in edgewise, and finally bidding me "Good-night, God-speed," took his leave, saying, "If I ain't too busy in the morning I will call before you leave." As I expected, he did not call. I never met so mysterious a character. I could account for his wanting me to leave Jefferson, as he wanted the meeting-house to lecture in,—and as long as I stayed there the people wanted me to preach and him to suspend his lectures

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until I left,—but why he should tell me he had put out the appointments when he knew I would find it out and necessarily expose his deception I can not understand.

As for Brother and Sister Clark, I never was better treated than I was by them after that. They gave me a hearty welcome; and when the time came to leave Frankfort, Brother Clark had Sister Clark accompany me to Rossville.

When I arrived at Rossville I found Brother and Sister Chapman living in the parsonage. I suppose our brethren generally are acquainted with Brother Chapman; so I will only acquaint the reader with Sister Chapman. She is one of the noble ones of the earth; and I believe God has a work for her to do in the ministry. But it is so unpopular in the church and in the world! May God forgive the Jonahs of this our day. If my memory serves me rightly the United Brethren had no church-building in Rossville. At first I preached in an old house belonging to some other denomination; then I was invited to the Methodist Episcopal church; then to the Old School Presbyterian church,—in all of which I had a good hearing.

When I was through at Rossville I went to Prince William and preached a few times. I found the brethren there much opposed—as they told me—to women preaching. From there I went to Hamilton, Clinton County, to hold a protracted meeting. After holding meeting there a few days Brother J. Thomas, a very worthy and talented preacher,—I think then a presiding elder in the United Brethren Church,—came to my meeting. I sent with him a list of appointments by way of Otterbein Chapel and Deer Creek to Fulton, Fulton

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County. Brother Thomas left, I think, on Friday. On Saturday evening after meeting, Brother S. Winters told me he had bad news for me. "What!" said I. "Have you a son named Thomas?" "Yes." "He is dead and buried." "How do you know?" "Brother Wimsett told me so; and he told me to tell you." "What ailed him?" inquired I. "I can not tell you; Brother Wimsett did not say. He only told me to tell you that Thomas is dead."

I had left my son in good health. He and his wife came to our house the morning I left home to see us start and bid me farewell. When I took him by the hand he said, "Mother, take good care of yourself; be careful in changing cars and do not get hurt." "I will;" said I, "pray for me." "I will, mother; and you pray for us." How uncertain are all our earthly expectations. I had meeting appointed for the next day, which of course I could not fill. A heavy cloud of sorrow had settled all about me. My dear son had left this vale of sorrow—never to meet me again in the flesh; and he is now awaiting my coming. Arrangements had been made to hold meeting in the orchard; and hundreds had assembled, notwithstanding the solemn circumstances. But my mental agony was so great I dared not undertake to preach. With great effort I read the twenty-first chapter of Revelations. I then requested Rev. Mr. Sellers — a Methodist Episcopal minister,— to preach Thomas' funeral sermon that day, thinking our folks had his funeral sermon preached at home before his burial. Brother Sellers took for his text, "If a man die, shall he live again?" (Job xiv. 14.) I have heard that text preached from several times, but never before

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so ably. After the funeral sermon was preached he reminded the brethren and friends that I had been laboring with them for some time, and with profit to the cause they so much cherished; I had not received anything, and as I was now compelled to leave under afflictions most sore, he would take the liberty of lifting a collection for me. The collection amounted to about seven dollars.

The next morning (Monday) I started for home. A good brother was kind enough to take me to Lafayette in a buggy. There I took the railroad train for Francisville; then by stage for home. Home! dreary, desolate home! The house was deserted! I looked around bewildered, and asked myself, Is this indeed reality, or is it a dream? Oh, if it were only a dream! A short distance off, in the garden, was my sister-in-law Eliza Sexton. I had left all my household affairs in her care. I went into the garden to where she was standing. As soon as she saw me she burst into tears, and met me wringing her hands. When her first emotion of grief had subsided I inquired after the rest of the family. She told me that my husband and the boys were over in the field planting Jane's corn. Thomas, it seems, had plowed up nearly thirty acres of corn-ground, besides plowing the ground and sewing ten or twelve acres of oats. I mention this merely to show with what earnestness and activity he had set out in life. But his hopes, aspiration, and ambition would not satisfy or avert the reaper—Death. Eliza and myself then went over to Jane's place—about three fourths of a mile distant. As soon as they saw me the fountains of grief were opened afresh. When they had mastered their emotions they

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told me that Thomas had been taken with a pain in his side, which soon extended to his shoulders and across the abdomen and all through his breast, accompanied with a chill. He was taken sick about six o'clock in the afternoon, in the field. He could scarcely get to the house; and when he got there, Jane sent for his father —about three fourths of a mile distant. They chafed and rubbed and bathed and tried every way to warm and arrest the pain; but it continued without abatement until about 10:00 A. M. He then became easy and so continued, though very sick at his stomach; and he became weaker and weaker until he died. They told me that when he was in his greatest agony he said, "Jane, I must leave you." Jane screamed and told him not to say that. He groaned and said, "If this is death, I soon shall be from every pain and sorrow free." He continued to grow weaker and weaker until all at once he fainted. They brought him to again; but he was still failing and sinking. He died at 5:00 P. M., after an illness of only twenty-three hours. Dr. Salter sat by him and stood over him—doing all in his power for his relief; and sister Eliza Sexton acting in the place of a mother,—his kind aunt that loved the boy with almost a mother's love,—sat by his bedside with his hand in her's until he breathed his last—May 9, 1855. When they said, "He is gone," Jane fell in a spasm; and it took the attention of the doctor and all the remedies he had to bring her to consciousness. Poor Jane—she seemed to awake only to realize her loss. So sudden and unexpected was his death that even his two brothers—who were left at home —did not know of his dangerous condition until they sent a runner for them when he was dying; and they

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did not get there—though the distance was only three fourths of a mile,—until he was dead. The reason they did not send for me, they said, was the suddenness of his death. There was one spot—one hallowed spot that I was to visit—his grave. I stole off alone. There are times when the aching heart yearns to be alone. When I came to his grave I knelt down by the side of the monumental mold and poured out upon it my showering grief, and talked to my dear boy, whose spirit perchance was hovering over me. O Thomas! O my darling Thomas! How could you leave me thus! How can I give thee up without a parting kiss from those lips, now icy cold and silent in the charnel-house. O Thomas, my heart, my poor heart must break. They will not even allow the vail of earth to be removed that I may look upon him once more. Farewell, dear son, farewell until the dawn of eternity breaks. The young men of the neighborhood had offered to remove the dirt and let me see him; but Mr. Sexton and the doctor and others were so opposed to it that I very reluctantly had to give over the matter. In my agony of mind on my knees at the head of his grave an impression came so forcibly to my mind that I almost thought I heard a voice saying, "Be still, and know that I am God." "Yes, yes," my soul replied, "help, oh help me bear this great calamity." Quick as thought my mind ran back to Montgomery County, Ohio, when I first pressed my darling boy to my heart; and my recollections followed him all along his boyhood days—on and up to the time in his life's history when he bowed to the obligations of a holy life; and then how faithful he had lived and how triumphantly he had died. The sweet thought

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came that I had a child in heaven. The Lord had given; the Lord had pardoned and blessed; and the Lord had taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord.

I arose from the grave shouting happy; and from that day to this I have felt that I should not sorrow as those who have no hope. I often visit the lonely spot to plant a rose or a flower to blossom on his grave. But while I lingered around the silent city of the dead my faith would mount the steeps of heaven to the mansions above. My dear son is there—in his far-off home. Oh, that the good Lord would give us all his supporting grace that we may live each day as though it were our last.

After my husband and boys got through planting Jane's corn we moved her home to our house; and she lived there, teaching school in summer and going to school in winter. At last she concluded to change her condition, and married Mr. Samuel P. Howard,—a very worthy and honorable gentleman,—on the 11th of November, 1856. The wedding took place at our house.

As soon as I felt that I could preach, after Thomas' death, I left home to fill a list of appointments that I had under promise as soon as I could make arrangements to leave home—no definite time being agreed upon. I went, and, as usual, left my things in the care of Eliza; and now Jane was there with her for company, and they really did not need me, as I thought. A Mrs. Hammond,—a neighbor of mine,—after Thomas died, asked me if ever I would go away again to preach. "Yes, indeed," said I. "Well, if one of my children should die when I was away from home I would never forgive myself." "Well," said I, "perhaps you would

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be governed by circumstances. If you had no motive or object in leaving home other than to visit or to pass time, and your visit was not likely to amount to anything but a little prodigality of time and money, you would not be justifiable, and, of course, would not be so ready to forgive yourself. But if you were working for God, in a work that would tell to your advantage and the advantage of hundreds of others of the human family in time and eternity, or if thereby you were an instrument in the hands of God in waking them up to see their dangerous condition by nature and practice and what they must be by grace divine, or be an instrument in turning many from darkness to light and from the power of Satan to God,—if your motive-force was to promote the glory of God and the salvation of never-dying souls, you would then feel as I do. Such a calamity as this would make you more energetic. To see the strong man laid low so suddenly prompts me to greater energy, earnestness, and diligence in so noble a cause. My weeds of mourning would not hinder me from trying to rescue a mortal from a burning building; nor will they prevent me from trying to rescue the perishing from the eternal burning. My children belong to God. He gave them to me; and when it is his best time he will take them. Oh, I only want grace to say, 'Thy will be done.'"

Mrs. Hammond was a kind-hearted and noble lady, with all the warm emotions of a mother's love but without the pressing call of the Spirit to the ministry. I could feel and see where her heart was bound; and, indeed, until I obtained the victory over my feelings I, too, would have said, "I can not go." But, thanks be to God who giveth me the victory through our Lord and

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Savior Jesus Christ, I now had light to pursue a different course.

As I was saying, I started again, and was gone about two months. The good Lord blessed my labors everywhere I preached. I felt greatly encouraged to go on in the good work.

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Chapter XIII.

My Work at the Kenton School-house, Hanging Grove, Daugherty, Randall School-house, Sand Ridge, Brown's School-house, Stony Prairie — Slavery — Politics — Popular Amusements.

When I came home I found Mr. Sexton and my son David very ill with the third-day ague—a disease very difficult to cure. I was sorry to see them so very ill, but was thankful that the good Lord had spared them until my return home. I thought very seriously of never leaving home again; so I began to look about to see if there was anything for me to do in Jasper and adjoining counties. In this way I kept up meetings on Sabbath, and sometimes on Saturday and Sabbath, taking in my field of work Kenton School-house, Hanging Grove, Bro. Barney Daugherty's, Randall School-house, Sand Ridge, and Brown School-house, filling in my time as well as I could. Mr. Sexton and David still continued ailing with the third-day ague. We tried every available remedy and our best physicians, without making any impression upon the disease. Finally, our physician told us he could not think of anything more that would be likely to cure but travel and change of climate. So Mr. Sexton procured a buggy and we started for Fulton County, Indiana. When we had driven about ten miles from home Mr. Sexton had a paroxysm of "third-day."

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He never had it afterward. After the chill went off, which lasted about two hours, we went on to Bradford, White County. We stopped at Brother King's—a Christian, or Campbellite. The good brother invited me to preach there, and would not take no for answer. So he had an appointment given out; and though it was near sundown when we arrived at Brother King's, there was a large congregation assembled. I was very tired, but I preached for them. The next day we went to Burnettsville and stopped with Brother Cummins. I preached at that place. We then went to Mr. ——— and held meeting there a few times; thence to Brother Harry Waters', near Royal Centre, and held meeting at his house; thence to near Paris, and held meeting in the woods. The appointment had been out for several days, and there was an immense crowd of people present. It looked very much like an old-fashioned camp-meeting. One old gray-headed man said he believed the woman had learned her sermon by heart. So he got some young men to go with him from my woods-meeting to my next appointment, at a Methodist Episcopal Chapel near Stony Prairie, Pulaski County. I knew nothing of it at the time, though it would have made no difference. They followed me to Stony Prairie Chapel, and from there to Royal Centre. But they were disappointed in their expectations and wishes; for their vigilance must of necessity have ripened into a hope that they would find me declaiming by rote. I saw one young man who had followed us some twenty miles; and when a favorable opportunity offered I inquired of him if he was religious. He said that he was not. I thought it very strange that an unconverted young man should follow

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us from one appointment to another for over twenty miles. I had good faith to pray for the young man. I asked him why he was not religious—why he did not forsake sin and live a holy life. He said that was a question he could not answer. I knew there was considerable dancing and frolicking in that section of the country, and I said to him, "Perhaps you do not want to give up frolicking and dancing." Said he, "I never danced a step in my life. I go to frolicks sometimes; but I never dance. I would dance, but I know it would hurt my mother's feelings; and I would not grieve her, for she is the best friend I have on earth." "Well, if you do not want to grieve her, stay away from the ball-room and get religion, as life is uncertain; and if you have religion it will qualify you for a happy and useful life, and a triumphant death. As you are doing now,—living a careless life, unconcerned and indifferent about religion,—you are burning daylight and planting thorns in your dying pillow." Since that, I understand, the young man embraced religion, lived faithful, and no doubt has gone to the glory-world. One reason why I speak of Allen, is the veneration he had for his mother in his unconverted state. How many, oh, how many young men, and young ladies too, will dance, even though they trample on a mother's heart. That old gray-headed Universalist followed me around until he gave it up—that I did not have my discourses memorized; and finally he contributed liberally for our support. Oh, how I wish I could write that he was converted to God. Still, his enmity and persecution at first, and his kindness afterward, gave me encouragement,—it was a witness to my soul that the good Lord was on our

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side. I soon learned that a little encouragement and success went a great way with my husband. From Royal Centre we went to a Baptist meeting-house on Crooked Creek. I preached there once. We then went to a new meeting-house erected by the Christian Church (New Lights) and preached once. From there we went to Brother Barker's, near Fulton, Fulton County, Indiana.

On our way to Brother Barker's we stopped to get dinner with a Mr. Jones, who lived in a large, fine residence, and appeared to be in very comfortable circumstances. He asked us where we were from, where we were going, etc. As soon as he found out what our business was he was determined that I should preach in the school-house near by. We consented, and soon runners were out to notify the people; and by nightfall there was quite a large congregation. We had a good meeting. When we left they insisted that we should return again. This was all very encouraging to Mr. Sexton as well as to myself. It showed me that the Lord was opening the door for my labors, and I only had to step in and work.

We then went on to Brother Barker's, and found them zealously engaged in the glorious cause of our Master. Brother and Sister Barker were very earnest members of the United Brethren Church, but differed with my husband in politics. For my part, I seldom tinkered with politics. One day, however, in the course of my remarks I bore down pretty heavily on American slavery. I pressed the subject a "leetle" too hard. Brother Barker got up and went out of doors. Some of the brethren asked him what made him go out

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during preaching. He said he had a new pair of boots which pinched his feet so that they almost made him sick. That would have answered for an excuse had it not been for meddlers. We left our trunks at Brother Barker's, and of course would have to return there again. I had an appointment at a little town which I will call Dickertown, in honor of the Dickers, who lived there. On our return to Brother Barker's we heard that he had said he would never go to hear me preach again. "Possibly," said I, "his boots pinch him." We went to his house, but never heard any intimation of his dissatisfaction. They all went with us to meeting at Dickertown, and as we were on our way home Brother Barker raised up in the rear end of the wagon, with a child in his arms. While standing up the horses suddenly started, and he fell backward over the end of the wagon, his head and shoulders striking the ground first. He was badly injured, and sent for me with all haste as he was at the point of death and was suffering intensely. I prayed for him in full faith and with earnest pleading. We were rejoiced to hear afterward that he had recovered again. I never intimated that I heard his boots pinched him or that he had said a word about me.

From there we went to Green Oak and Newark, and finally got around to Brother Joseph Terrill's, where we had a good home and a hearty welcome. There we first met Brother James Todd, the presiding elder of the Southern District of St. Joseph Conference. Brother Todd prevailed on us to go to his neighborhood, near Warsaw, Kosciusko County, and hold a meeting. He then requested that we hold a meeting in Warsaw. We went. I happened to touch the proper chord,—bearing

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quite heavily upon American slavery, as I viewed it. At once, all over the men's side of the house, they were applauding,—clapping their hands and stamping with their feet on the floor. I was frightened, and thought this would be followed by a "huzzah!" After meeting they told me the people wanted me to lecture in town the next day. I told them it was out of my line of business to lecture. They told me they would pay me fifty dollars if I would give them a lecture. This was just before the Fremont-Buchanan election. I would not lecture one time for fifty dollars, although I had often preached a week and sometimes a month without having received fifty cents for it. I am willing to preach; and as Mr. Sexton has time and takes his team to accompany me it incurs some expense we are unable to carry. A little more liberality about paying me for my labor and him for his time and trouble would have promoted the Master's cause and no doubt eased many a conscience. There are some women who go around lecturing and some who sing paltry songs for which the people run wild and pay liberally, while the poor, self-sacrificing itinerant must toil through storm and sunshine, snow and mud, serving his God, his church, and his country in a cause the most glorious and worthy known among men, and return to his home moneyless. I once heard Brother Frederick Kenoyer tell that when he traveled a certain circuit, embracing about one hundred miles, preaching on an average about once a day,—I do not remember how many appointments,—he got four dollars from it (tell it not in Gath) after serving the church and the people one whole year. Yes, four dollars! That year it cost him seven dollars to keep his horse shod.

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How do you think he lived? I will take the time to tell you. I heard him tell it in meeting to a houseful of people; and everybody that knew Brother Kenoyer, and heard him tell a thing, knew its verity. Said he: "You wonder how I lived. I always dislike to hear a man boast of his wife or family; but honor to whom honor is due. My wife kept duds on me and six children! What think you—is it right to take any person's labor for naught? If every person that hears me preach would give me one cent I would be well supported."

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Chapter XLIV.

Basket-meeting—The Kenoyers—Jacob King's Conversion—Pioneer Work and Pay—Brother King's Idea of the Sabbath—Politics Again—Revival at Erie Chapel—Brother Moffitt—An Unfaithful Steward—Brother France—Liberty Mills—Restitution of Boots—Smithfield—Remarkable Conversion.

One summer-day I held a basket-meeting. They passed around the hat for my support. They went among the women; and if they had only given me five cents each, it would have amounted to twenty-five dollars. After giving full and ample opportunity to these five hundred ladies, they counted it all out, amounting in the aggregate to twenty cents. Of course I felt very *cheap*. Well, well, thought I, is that the value of my labor. They passed the hat among the gentlemen, and raised five dollars. I presume that if each man on the ground had given four cents I would have had over twenty-five dollars. We find it in the large and small congregations, as well as in the classes, that a few persons have to bear the burden. You may see some who are very religious when at meeting, or during seasons of revival; and, as Brother Kenoyer would say, if ever they get to heaven they will have to die in time of a revival. There must be some self-denying cross-bearers who are soul and body and spirit consecrated to the work—such

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as Brother Frederick Kenoyer and his sons Jeremiah and Jacob A., Brother Jacob King, of near Germantown, Ohio, and, thank kind heaven, a great many others.

After Brother Jacob King took me into the church he established a preaching-place at our house; and he would often tell us of his experience in religion, his trials, and travels. I will here relate a portion, illustrating the great sacrifices and hardships which our pioneer workers experienced in our early history. He told us that when a boy he was an apprentice in Baltimore, Maryland. One day—Monday, perhaps,—he and another apprentice took time to go to a love-feast meeting. While there he became convicted of sin; and when opportunity offered he went to the mourner's-bench. After agonizing and praying awhile he received the full pardon of all his sins. He raised up shouting; and after shouting for some time he thought of his comrade apprentice, and started for him. His comrade seeing him come sprung toward the door, and out he went—off to the shop. Jacob did not follow, but stayed in the meeting until it closed. He then went to his boarding-house without going to the shop. As he passed the shop he heard the other apprentice shouting, "Glory to God! Glory! Glory!" He knew the fellow was mocking; so he did not look around. After he had passed, the apprentice caught up a stone about as large as his fist and tossed it at Brother King, hitting him in the back between the shoulders. He did not look around. That moment conviction went to the heart of the apprentice and he burst into tears, exclaiming, "I know that Jake King is not like he was; for I would not dare to throw at him and strike him in that way." That night he

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went to the mourner's-bench, embraced religion, and joined the United Brethren Church. After Brother King moved West he felt that he must preach the gospel. He married a very wealthy and accomplished lady, who insisted on his preaching, assuring him that she could manage business affairs so as to get along. The conference sent him one year to the Roundhead Mission, which embraced a large extent of territory around Wapakoneta, in the portion of country known as the Black Swamp. He made one round, and at some places found no feed for his horse. He returned home and started his hired man with a four-horse wagon load of corn, with instructions to leave a portion at each station so that he could feed his horse. He continued preaching that year, killing several horses by hard service, and for his year's preaching received fifty cents. His wife was desirous that he should give his entire salary to the church. So he went to the annual conference to present to that body his fifty cents—for the general work; but he gave it to a brother minister, who was poorer than himself.

I will give another anecdote of Brother King. One year he had a very large wheat-harvest; and it was just ripe to commence cutting on Monday. On Sabbath afternoon some men called, he supposed to engage the job of cutting his grain. They were the very men he intended to employ; but he had been so hurried he did not find time to go and see them. The men no doubt were waiting and expecting him; and as Brother King had not been over to engage them, and they hearing that he would commence reaping on Monday, they called to skirmish and to see if they could get the job. Brother King knew their purpose and met them cor-

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dially. He began talking about religion, and how the church was prospering; whether they should not be preparing for a better world; and reminding them that at any time they might be called to try the unalterable laws of eternity. They saw no chance to suggest anything about the harvesting question and left for home—about three miles distant—without making their errand known. The next morning Brother King had to start out very early to employ the men who were "cousining" around the day before for the same job. Now, such an example as that will tell when Brother King is done with his earthly cares and toils.

From Warsaw we went home, and found all well. Soon after we again started out, and after visiting Getaway, Royal Center, Fulton, Green Oak, Gilead, Chili, Papaw, and other places, we finally sent on an appointment to Erie Chapel, for a Saturday evening. My appointment conflicted with the appointments of two brother preachers, Brother Joseph Terrill and Brother Surface. If I remember rightly, these brethren did not come. I preached as well as I could on Saturday evening; and on Sabbath I preached again. I inquired about the state of religion. They told me it was at a very low ebb. They appeared greatly incensed at their minister on account of some political sermons he had delivered, and some of the brethren wanted to pay him off and let him go home, while others wanted to egg him. I ridiculed their intolerance. On careful inquiry I found that most of the brethren were Democrats; and they did not thank a man for preaching them all down to hell because they voted the Democratic ticket. That was all they had against him. As for the class, they had been pray-

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ing the past two weeks for a revival; and, suiting their actions to their words, had sent for those two giant preachers, and were sadly disappointed on Saturday evening at their not coming. They seemed to say, "Send, Lord, by whom thou wilt." By Sabbath night there seemed to be such an interest awakened that they wanted Mr. Sexton and I to stay that week. We stayed, and carried on the meeting. I prevailed on the circuit preacher to send to North Manchester and have his family brought over there, so that he might help me all he could. They told Mr. Sexton that if he would stay they would pay him well for his time and me for my services. So we stayed until the next Sabbath. On that day they made a collection for me amounting to ten dollars. They found out that the minister's family were almost destitute of subsistence; and they went to work and soon had him an ample supply of provisions. There is something very peculiar in the fact that persons are generous in proportion to their zeal and devotion. When the heart is warmed by Christian love it not only reaches out toward the wayward sinner to offer him eternal salvation, but by the same love it is enabled to see those in need of a temporal salvation. The early Christians, imbued by this same spirit, had all things in common,—sold their property and estates and put the proceeds into a general relief-fund.

There was a wonderful change in the dispositions and temper of the entire community. One day, in love-feast, a brother began to confess, and wept like a child. He told his brothers and sisters that he would neither go to meeting himself nor let his wife go to hear the circuit minister preach. He went across the meeting-house to

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beg her forgiveness. One day two young men came to the mourner's-bench. All at once one of them raised to his feet and began to praise the Lord. Going to his father he asked his pardon for all his ingratitude toward him. His father said, "My dear son, you have ever been dutiful to me; but it is I that should ask your pardon, as I have not done the part of a father by you. Brethren and sisters, I have not had family worship in one year. I have not raised my children right. From this time forward, as long as God spares my life, I am bound to do my duty." Then the young man went to his mother. "O mother, will you forgive me for my unkindness and disobedience to you?" His mother wept, and said she had nothing against him. He then went to his sister and asked her forgiveness for any unkindness he may have been guilty of. She said, "I am the unkind one,—the worst of all."

All this may appear strange to some of my readers; but it shows how the emotional nature—the will, the soul,—is converted and how conversion manifests itself in all kindness and love, happiness and sunshine to all. I exclaimed, as I looked on, "He shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver." (Mal. iii. 3.) Except ye repent and become as a little child ye can in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven.

These were the beginnings of good days at Erie Chapel. We stayed here from the Saturday evening before Christmas until the Monday after New-year's; and in that time there were forty-nine added to the church,—almost all professing religion. Quite a number who experienced the pardon of their sins during that meeting joined the Methodist Episcopal Church on probation.

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During the progress of our meeting the devil was not idle. He put it into the hearts of some of the young people to get up a frolic to desecrate the birthday of the Redeemer of the world by a ribald dance and bacchanalian revelry. Quite a number went, and as soon as the frolic was over returned again to the meeting. We tried to show them how it looked in the sight of God and men. The word, backed by the power of the Holy Ghost, reached their hearts. They told me that all the leaders at that frolic joined the church. They came to the mourner's-bench, professed the religion of Jesus, and started as soldiers of the cross. The old man at whose house the frolic was held was at first a persecutor of preaching women. He would come to the door of the church; but after awhile he came a little nearer, until at last he came up to the front seats,—even to the "amen corner" as it is called. One day after the congregation was dismissed he stood in the aisle until I came along by him, when he handed me twenty-five cents. That quarter was of great value to me, as I looked upon him as my persecutor. The brethren told me he had said that our work was a money-making scheme; and if the people would quit paying the preachers they would quit preaching. When he handed me the quarter he told me to pray for him. That was a good omen. That same man professed religion, joined the church, and took up his line of march, with forty-seven more new converts, for the promised land. The house was so crowded every night that I could not extend the hand of fellowship to receive them as they were converted; so I postponed taking into full fellowship until the last evening. The occasion was one of rapture to my poor heart,—an occasion never to be forgotten, I hope.

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An incident occurred on the last Sabbath evening that was very painful to me, under all the circumstances, and should ever be avoided in church-management. You will remember that the brethren, to induce my husband to stay, proffered to pay him for his time and pay me well for my labors. That night they concluded to take up a collection to meet this agreement. The collection amounted to some ten dollars, making, in all,—including some presents,—about twenty-four dollars as compensation for seventeen days and nights' labor of myself, to say nothing of my husband and the team. A Brother Silvers, the steward,—a man worth a hundred thousand dollars for aught I know,—thought it was too high, seeing that we had our board and lodging all through the meeting and had our horses fed too. A Brother Moffitt seemed confounded to think that now a portion of what was contributed should be given to the circuit preacher, after promising to pay us well, and having called upon the people for assistance without one word having been said about making the call for any one but me, as the circuit preacher had the whole circuit for his support. When Brother Silvers insisted on having the money for the circuit preacher at all risks, alleging as an argument that the circuit preacher was as needy as Sister Sexton, Brother Moffitt suggested that the collection was Sister Sexton's money. He proposed to leave it to the circuit preacher; and with the money in hand they went to Brother France and asked him whose money that was. "For whom was it collected?" asked Brother France. "You heard as well as I,—for Sister Sexton." "Then it is Sister Sexton's money." I knew nothing of any fuss or altercation about the money until I heard Brother

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Moffitt ask Brother France whose money it was. Brother Moffitt then handed the money to my husband. We then went over to Brother Philabaum's for dinner. Brother Silvers came over also, and told me he thought we ought to give Brother France a portion of the money, as he was badly off. I told Mr. Sexton to give up the money,—to give it all to them, or at least all they wanted of it. It often happened that Mr. Sexton and myself differed in opinion; and this was one of the times. He told me he would do what he pleased with his money. Said he, "Brother Silvers, if you put any money in the hat and want it out, I will give it back to you; or if you want to make a collection of quarterage from the public, I will throw in a dollar." Brother Philabaum said, "If ever you take that money from Brother Sexton and give it to any one else you need never pass around that hat again in Erie Chapel." All except Brother Silvers and myself were in favor of Brother Sexton keeping the money. A long time after this I heard of that collection. The report run that I had bargained with Brother France and others that they should make the collection in my name, to get a large amount, and then divide with Brother France. I never thought or heard of such an arrangement, nor do I believe there ever was any such thought by any one else at the time.

From Erie Chapel we went to Noblesville, Hamilton County, Indiana, where my son Zadok was going to school. I paid my son John T. Cox—then principal of the Noblesville Academy—a visit. From there we went home and found all well.

After resting a little while we started again, going first to Jefferson, Clinton County, and then to Frankfort.

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At Frankfort we had quite an interesting commencement, but had to discontinue on account of rain. One day a woman kept watching the walk to see if we went to meeting. She listened for the bell until she became discouraged, and then she sent her little girl with an umbrella for me to come to her house. I went. She seemed to be a very worthy woman; but was in great trouble about her sins. She told me that I had portrayed her character exactly in one of my discourses, and said she was determined to teach her children the way of life and salvation, and instead of wasting her time in reading novels she would study the Bible and pray with her children. "Last Sabbath," said she, "I had a novel sent to me. Oh, thought I, how recklessly have I spent my time reading such trash, to be surprised in death. I sent the novel back on Monday morning. I did not read one word in it. I pray with my children every evening; and if my husband came in from the shop before I had prayers, I would take them to a room and pray with them there before they would go to bed. I intend to teach my children the fear of the Lord and show them the utter folly of frolicking, dancing, and novel-reading. I intend to train them for a better and happier world." Soon after she joined the United Brethren Church, and when last heard from was a very worthy and faithful member. May the good Lord keep her faithful until death, and with her children and myself range the fields of glory and eternal deliverance.

After our meeting was broken up by the rain we left to try to meet an appointment at Liberty Mills We arrived there safely, and commenced a protracted meeting in the Methodist Episcopal church. I met with

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opposition, as usual in all strange places; but the friend Quakers were too numerous in those parts for the opposition to amount to much. The greatest detriment to the United Brethren cause in that place was an individual professing to be a United Brethren church-member. She could never meet any one to please her, only her relations and her husband. She would find fault with this and that,—nothing would suit her. She was decidedly adverse to cleanliness,—scrubbing and scouring,—regarding them as abominations. And for people to have their caps with the border pleated at the side, and not at the top—a fashion most in use at that time,—was an abomination in the sight of God, according to her view of the matter. But worst of all, she was always predicting evil—that no good could or would be accomplished. If some got religion, she was sure to be ready with a prediction that they would not hold out a week. As for her children, she did not want them to get religion until they had all their wild oats sown, though some of them were aged respectively twenty-four, twenty-two, and twenty years. She was sure they would not keep their religion if they should get it. With all these inconsistencies, she was a *strong* professor in the United Brethren Church.

I thought, if I belonged to that class, the first thing I should do would be to either coax or drive her out of the church, or try to expose her theory enough to destroy her influence. I went on with my meeting as well as I could, and with the aid of some United Brethren from a distance and the Methodist Episcopal members it progressed finely. Before I came to town the word had gone out that a woman-preacher and revivalist

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would be there at such a time. The Methodists had a protracted meeting which lasted three weeks, closing a day or two before my arrival. One woman said, very decidedly, "Let the old preacher-woman come; she can only get old R—— and his wife,"—the meanest people in town. But instead of that, the very first one who came to the mourner's-bench was an old gray-headed man whom the people had been coaxing and pleading with for years—until they became discouraged and given him up. He professed religion and joined the United Brethren Church. There was a family of Universalists in town who invited me to dine with them. While there I talked with them, and through the blessing of God persuaded the lady that she must repent of her sins. She wept like a child, while I, in the fear of God, tried to explain her duty as a mother. As soon as she saw that she was neglecting such important duties with those whom God had given her, I think she decided what she would do. That night she came to the mourner's-bench; and two of her daughters came with her. After they had struggled and prayed and agonized awhile the mother raised to her feet, also one of her daughters, shouting the praises of King Immanuel. The husband and father came to the pulpit, where I had retreated to give room for the shouters. He had his hat on and was looking as pale as death. He told me to stop that shouting. I said that was more than I could do. Said he, "You made the fuss, now stop it." I replied that if I had made the fuss I could stop it; but as it is, the one who began it could carry it on over every opposition. "I can stop it," said he. "Well, stop it," said I. "If you don't think it out of order," said he, "I will

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stop it." "Well," said I, "it will be in order if you wish to try,—we will not think it out of order." He went up to one of the girls and took hold of her shoulders, saying, "See here! See here! Stop! Now Stop!" She went on as though no person had touched her. She still marched back and forth, looking all the time at one spot overhead, and saying, "I see Jesus, sweet Jesus." He could not get her to turn her head, or even her eyes from the ceiling overhead. He came back to me, exclaiming, "That beats all I ever saw. The good Spirit or the devil possesses that girl, for I never saw the like in all my life." Indeed the man looked frightened and confounded. We had a glorious meeting that night, and indeed at every coming together. One night I preached about the sufferings of the Savior. There was much weeping in the congregation. I believe many sinners were cut to the heart. About a week before I arrived in town there had been a pair of boots stolen out of a kitchen and some carpenter-tools out of a shop. That night, after I had preached the discourse upon the Savior, those stolen goods were returned. The boots were placed in the kitchen, where they were taken from, and the carpenter-tools were left on the porch. All the circumstances spoke plainly that the Refiner was at work. The good Lord hath said, "I will put my laws into their mind, and write them in their hearts: and I will be to them a God, and they shall be to me a people." "And he shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver, . . . and purge them as gold and silver, that they may offer unto the Lord an offering in righteousness." Truly, thought I, the Refiner has come. And like the refiner who heats the metal until the dross is sepa-

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rated from the gold and the refiner can see his image in the pure gold, and is fit for the refiner's use, so does Jesus look upon the melting hearts here before him until his glorious image is reflected in them, and they are fit for the Master's use. I continued the meeting nearly three weeks, and formed a class of thirty-nine members.

From there I went to Walters School-house and com menced a meeting. One night when I called for mourners an old woman fell from her seat to the floor, crying for mercy. I crowded through to where she was and asked what was the matter. "O good lady," said she, "pray for me!" I could say, Why callest thou me good? "Did you ever belong to church?" I asked. "I never did in my life," said she. "Did you ever profess religion?" "No; oh, no! I have not been to meeting for sixteen years. O God, have mercy on me! O Lord, have mercy on me!" "Where have you lived?" "Right over here, in sight of this house. O Lord, have mercy on me!" And thus she cried and wept and prayed for about one hour; then she arose like a giant, refreshed. While she was crying for mercy she was as helpless as an infant; now she was as strong as a giant, shouting the praise of God. I then invited people to join the church. Several did; but the old lady said she preferred to wait until the next day, when she would bring her old blind husband to meeting to join with her. He was so blind that he could not come to meeting at night. The next day we had a good time in love-feast. The next night I called for mourners, and several came forward,—one a young married lady. As soon as she knelt down a sister knelt behind her, and putting her arms

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around her neck began to exhort her to seek the Lord with all her heart. Her husband saw what was going on and came rushing up to his wife exclaiming, "Mary, Mary, come away!" and took hold of her shoulder to pull her away. Mary looked up at him, her eyes "set" in her head. She stiffened out and stretched back on the lap of the sister kneeling behind her. I can never forget her death-like appearance. Her limbs were perfectly rigid and inflexible at the joints. Her husband saw her unconscious condition, looked horror-stricken a moment, and then tried to get away. He moved back, back, back, and fell on the floor crying, "O Lord, have mercy! O Lord, have mercy!" He struggled and prayed and cried for mercy, prostrate on the floor under the benches, pleading with God and crying to the brethren to pray for him. After agonizing about one hour he raised up, shouting the praises of God. I stood in the open door of the church and he came up and united with us. But there lay his wife, in the lap of the sister, apparently unconscious of what was transpiring. They carried her out to the wagon,—still unconscious,—six of the brethren and sisters accompanying her. About two o'clock the next morning she professed religion, and at our next meeting joined the church. She and her husband, with a number of their neighbors, are now living devoted Christian lives. Oh, that the great Head of the church would keep them faithful, that they may be found worthy of the first resurrection.

After leaving there I continued holding meetings here and there. At every place I stopped they would inquire about our mission in true Yankee style. Their curiosity would cause them to inquire something after the following manner:

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"Just traveling, are you?"

"No."

"Going on a visit?"

"No."

"Well, then, I am curious to know your business."

"Preaching is our business."

"Then your are a preacher?"

"No; my wife preaches."

"Oh! I never heard a woman preach. Won't you preach for us to-night?"

"Have you a preaching-place in the neighborhood?"

"We'll attend to that if you say you will preach."

"All right."

So runners would be sent out to notify the neighbors that a woman was to preach; and the people would come running and walking and riding,—any way to get there,—just from pure curiosity to hear a woman preach,—nothing more. Most of the community would turn out; and generally there was good order. I never preached at a place without having the satisfaction to learn that they desired me to return. I mention this only as a matter of encouragement to some of my sisters who feel that they have a call to the ministry. Do your whole duty, and look to God for help. For my part, ever after my first impression to preach I felt that I should give my whole time as an offering to God, and that I should travel at large, calling on sinners to repent.

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Chapter XLV.

"No Cross no Crown"—We Rent the Kenoyer Place—Crop-Failure —"Swamped"—Iroquois County, Illinois—Adam Wainscott—Revivals—Fry School-house.

Waking or sleeping, my mind was engaged in the great work; and I found comfort and peace only on duty. Everywhere we went to hold meetings the good Lord was present to own his word. With the influence of his grace and of his Holy Spirit, old, hardened sinners were convicted, mourners were converted, and the church was revived and built up in the most holy faith.

To break up housekeeping and cut loose from the cares of the world seemed to be a hard task and a great cross; yet I would think, with Penn, "No cross no crown."

Our first quarterly meeting commenced on the day we got home from North Manchester. The presiding elder, Rev. W. C. Smith, wished me to take the circuit that year, as we were without a preacher. He said he thought he knew the minds of the people, and they would receive me as their preacher willingly and cordially. I shrunk from the cross. I speak it with sorrow and regret. I believe to-day that if I had taken the circuit it would have been better for the work and better

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for me. I lacked moral courage. I thought that if we could get Brother Jacob A. Kenoyer to take the circuit it would result more favorably for the cause of Christ and the glory of God. After much persuasion we prevailed on Brother Kenoyer to take it. One year had already elapsed without a preacher, and another would be past before Brother Kenoyer would be ready to travel; consequently, six months of the year we were without a preacher. I always felt that I must travel at large and preach as often as I felt able and could get hearers. About this time we concluded that we would locate one year, as we were somewhat in debt. We hoped to make money enough to pay off our liabilities and be clear of embarrassments. But our place was rented, and the renter was not willing to leave it. Brother J. A. Kenoyer prevailed on Brother Sexton to rent his place,—as he was presiding elder and his field of labor was in Illinois, although he lived in Jasper (now Newton) County, Indiana. His farm was about twenty-four miles distant from our place.

The reader will pardon a little domestic history, as it had its lessons for us and might be of use to others. Brother Kenoyer had a good farm of nearly two hundred acres of tillable land. About forty-five acres of this was newly-broken prairie-land, which Mr. Sexton sowed in wheat,—it being a more certain crop, seldom failing on new prairie-land in that vicinity. The farm was large, and consequently he had to purchase three horses, for which he went in debt. The result of our enterprise, however, showed that man can appoint but God can disappoint. We all worked hard—very hard. In the spring it set in raining; and as the farm was level prai-

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rie, a great portion of it was covered with water all the season. Our wheat was drowned out, and a great portion of it grew cheat. When we had it harvested, thrashed out, and hauled to Kankakee City,—a distance of thirty-six miles,—we had barely money enough to pay expenses, without paying for the horses or what we owed before going there. "It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps." In place of planting seventy acres of corn he put in forty—and some of that could not be cultivated on account of the furrows being filled with water and mud. Had it been a good dry season, we would no doubt have realized our wishes and most sanguine expectations; but as it was, we came away worse off than when we rented. I looked at it in this way: The path of duty is the path of safety. Had we continued to travel we would have done better temporally as well as spiritually; and eternity only can unfold what was lost to the cause of my Master.

Our corn failed to ripen well, and consequently it molded in the crib. All this result could not be foreseen or avoided by ordinary prudence.

The next spring our annual conference met. Our conference had now been changed to meet in April. Bro. D. Edwards—our beloved bishop—opened the conference by reading the first chapter of Haggai. The bishop on reading the ninth verse—"Ye looked for much, and, lo, it came to little; and when he brought it home, I did blow upon it,"—spoke of their corn rotting in their cribs because they had neglected the duty they owed to God. The bishop knew nothing of our agricultural short-comings. You may be sure that my heart burned and my conscience smote me when he spoke of duty to

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God and his cause. I humbly asked God's forgiveness, and resolved to do better. On leaving the farm we had our household goods packed in boxes. The boys—David F. and J. Zadok—had taken up school. By Christmas-day we were all ready to start. On that day we went to Iroquois County, Illinois, and attended a protracted meeting, commenced by Adam Wainscott They had been looking for us, and some other ministers who did not come. On Sabbath, or Monday at furthest, Brother Wainscott was to leave. I continued the meeting over the next Saturday. On New-year's eve we held a watch-meeting, and had a crowded house. I gave the privilege for all to speak who desired. Several spoke. One old lady arose and said, "Dear brethren and sisters, I am always glad of an opportunity to tell of what the Lord has done for me. I can't say, like some, that I was reared in the lap of the gospel. In my younger days my father and mother were infidels. They never spoke to me about God or heaven or my soul's salvation. I was the oldest of the children. They would never let me go to church. When I was about sixteen years old there was a camp-meeting held about twenty miles distant from our house. Some of our neighbors who were going prevailed on my parents to let me go with them. While I attended that meeting I felt convicted of sin; and they urged me to seek an interest in the wounds of a crucified Redeemer. They invited all those who wished to seek the Lord and flee the wrath to come, to approach the altar and kneel for the prayers of the church. I pressed my way forward. I felt a dread that my parents would hear of my being at the much despised mourner's-bench. Yet I prayed; and my agony was

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so great that I forgot all about my parents' opposition, and everything else of a worldly nature. My only cry was, Lord be merciful to me a sinner. After praying and agonizing awhile the Lord spoke peace to my soul. Oh, the joy and peace in believing! I could then subscribe to the poet,—

'My soul is full of glory
Inspiring my tongue.
Could I meet with angels
I would sing them a song—
I would sing of my Jesus and tell of his charms.'

"I thought I could convince the world that there was a glorious and divine reality in the religion of Jesus. They opened the door of the church for membership. I was thankful for the privilege to unite with God's people. I gave my hand to the preacher, my heart to God, my name to the church, and my influence to religion. I am thankful to-night that I did so, though since that time I have passed through many deep waters. But, glory be to God, I have ever found a present help in times of need or trouble.

"On our way home I began to reflect. What will father and mother say when they find out that I have joined the church? A thought passed through my mind that perhaps they would not find it out, as there were but few from our settlement present and I could easily prevail on them not to tell our folks about it; yet I was fearful that some one else might tell them. When I got home I soon discovered that they had not heard anything about it. That night when the time came to retire to rest, I felt it my duty to hold family worship. I shuddered at the cross. I shrunk from it, and went to bed as we always had done, without presenting a thank-

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offering to God for blessings through the day, and asking his watchful protection through the night. I felt awful. I felt guilty of the greatest ingratitude to God for his multiplied blessings to me. In the morning my mind was cloudy and dark, and I was harrassed with temptations. I tried to pray. I passed that whole week in trouble. Sabbath came,—one week from the day that I had realized the pardon of my sins and joined the church; but ah, me, here I was like a lonely lamb in the wilderness, no father, no mother to go with me to church; and I dare not tell them I wanted to go. With Bible in hand I went to my room. There I read and prayed and cried; and still I was impressed with the duty of holding family worship. I prayed with my whole heart that if God gave me strength and grace I would take up my cross that night. As soon as I made that resolve I felt better. Night came, bed-time came. Mother observed that it was time to go to bed. I took my Bible and said, "Father, may I hold family worship?" "Yes, daughter, in welcome, if you wish." I read in that blessed book, "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters," etc. When I finished reading I knelt down; and so did they all. I felt great liberty in prayer. When I was through father commenced to pray and call on God for mercy. He thanked God for such a child, who had been the instrument in his hands to awaken him to his awful danger. Mother sobbed and wept aloud, and finally began to cry and pray for mercy. They asked me to pray for them—which you may be assured I did in great earnest and energy of soul. After praying and wrestling nearly

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all night, God, for Christ's sake, pardoned their sins and set their captive souls at liberty. Father and mother soon joined the church; and their house forever after was a house of prayer, and until they left it for a house not made by hands, eternal in the heavens. As I said before, I have had many deep waters to wade through; but, thanks be to God, my head has ever been above the waves. Since then I have married and reared five children. My house has ever been a house of prayer. My children are all married; and they all profess the holy religion of Jesus, and all hold family worship. Thank God for such a religion! It is good for the father; it is good for the mother; it is good for the children. My head is now blossoming for the grave. Soon my Master will come and say to me, 'Tis enough; come up higher. There we will meet father, mother, and kindred in Christ; and best of all, I shall see Jesus, and all the blood-washed throng and sacramental host bow down to praise him who hath redeemed us and made us kings and priests unto God." I have written her precious experience as nearly in her own words as I can from memory; and I assure you, what she said made a powerful impression on the congregation. We had a glorious New-year's-eve. We covenanted to try with watchful prayerfulness to live near a throne of grace, and often to pray for each other.

The next day—New-year's-day—we had meeting, with love-feast at the conclusion. I called for mourners. Two came forward. After we had prayed with and exhorted them awhile, I felt like standing in the open door of the church. One of the men started to come out and give me his hand. All at once I saw his countenance bright-

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en up. He gave me his hand, but did not stop to sit down as was customary. He went on through the house, shaking hands with all present, and praising God for his great salvation. He joined the church and became a worthy member. Quite a number joined church at that meeting.

On one occasion while holding meeting there, after meeting was dismissed I saw a man and his wife standing outside of the door. I took the privilege of speaking to them. I soon changed the conversation from temporalities, and asked them if they had religion. He told me he had not. She told me she had once belonged to the Methodist Church, in Ohio, when she was a girl, but since she was married and had moved to Indiana she had been too careless about these things. I urged the necessity of living for God and serving him daily. They acknowledged it was their duty. The truth is,—though they did not know it,—some person had told me that he and his brother—who lived near him—were infidels. I asked him if he ever prayed. "No," said he. "What," said I, "do you ask no favors of God? Do you never, with your wife and children, bow down around the family altar? Do you never pray in secret?" "No, never." "Then, of course, you have never considered your latter end. God says, 'O that they were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end!' I have heard of you. You are reputed for wisdom and good judgment; are you wise unto salvation? You are reputed for honesty; are you honest with God, with the children which God has given you, and with your never-dying soul? You can not live here always. Where will you be a hundred years from now? Where will

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you be even fifty years from now—or one year? If you really thought you had only one year to live, how would you put in that year? Then bring it nearer. Suppose you die this week. Your children, passing by your lonely grave, would say, 'There lies the dear father who taught my infant lips to pray and lisp the name of Jesus, the father who pointed me to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world.' Or would your careless example be not only the ruin of your own soul but the cause of the ruin of your wife and children? She says she feels, all the time, that it is her duty to be religious. Are you directly or indirectly the cause of her indifference about her soul's salvation? You think you will attend to these things by and by. You thought, no doubt, when you were young, that you would attend to your eternal welfare before you arrived at this age. Now you are more hardened in sin." This, and much more, I said to him. I saw he was affected. I asked him whether it would not be well for him to set about the work now? He said he thought it would; but so many had started and had fallen back. "True; but, thanks be to God, they don't all fall back. You can take their example instead of the others. And there is no reason why you should not do so now, and resolve that from this moment you will live for God." "I believe I had better." "And will you do that which you know you had better?" "I believe I will." Will you give me your hand in token of a promise?" He reached out his hand, and taking it I said, "I thank God in your behalf. And will you promise me one thing more? Will you establish a family altar—will you commence it to-night? In this way God will give you strength and wisdom and power that

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all the adversaries of your soul can not gainsay or resist. Can you give me your hand that you will pray with your family to-night?" He tremblingly reached his hand. We parted. He did what he promised; and in that act of duty God powerfully blessed his soul. He and his wife joined the church soon after, and are now worthy members, rejoicing in the hope of immortality.

After his conversion he could not rest satisfied until he sought the conversion of his brother. I had an appointment at the Fry School-house, near Samuel Fry's, in Indiana; and he managed to get his brother to come with him. He took occasion, when his brother was not noticing, to request me to talk to him. Of course I complied with his request most cheerfully, and sought an opportunity. After I had reasoned with him awhile I got him to promise to have family worship. Some time after that conversation I met with this same person in prayer and class meeting at a Mr. Plummer's. He got up to tell his experience. He told about our conversation, and how I had got him to promise to pray. He said that after he left me he never had such awful feelings in his life. He thought he dare not pray. He was afraid to attempt it before his wife and children. He almost regretted that he had promised. Then, on the other hand, he felt it was his duty, as a husband and parent, to set the example and have his house a house of prayer; but he feared and trembled to make the attempt. It was after meeting at eleven o'clock that I talked with him. That night he thought he dare not go to bed without making the attempt. Still he hesitated—pulled off one boot; sat and studied. His wife, watching him, saw that something serious was the matter, but

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could not imagine what it was. Finally he said, "That old woman-preacher made me promise to pray; but I can't. Wife, can you pray?" They both knelt down and began to pray. As soon as he commenced the burden of guilt rolled off and light broke into his soul. He arose, praising God for his great deliverance. From what he said I thought he had a real shout, with one boot off and one on. They both joined the United Brethren Church. When he told his experience you may be assured that it took deep hold on the congregation. We had a feast of fat things and wine on the lees well refined. These two brothers, with the others, are doing a wonderful work in their community. May the great Head of the church keep them as under the hollow of his hand and ever abide with them, is my prayer.

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Chapter XLVI.

Meeting at Law School-house — William Russell — Universalism — Good Meeting — Devil's Corner — Lawyer Collins — Two Irate Ministers — To the Line and Plummet.

After holding that meeting in Iroquois County, Illinois, our circuit preacher, Brother Wainscott, wished me to help him hold a meeting at Brook, Jasper County, Indiana. This I declined to do, as I thought it was not profitable to have too many preachers at one place at a time. I told him we should push the battle to the gate. I told him he might go to Brook, and at the same time I would go to Law's School-house. There were the two Kenoyers,—I could get one and he could get the other. He took J. A. Kenoyer with him; but F. Kenoyer was called to preach a funeral, so that I had to go alone,—that is, without ministerial aid, though not without good faith that the Master of Assemblies would go with me.

Mr. Sexton and myself went and commenced a meeting at a new school-house in the Law neighborhood, where no meetings of any kind had been held. The majority of the people were Universalists. The second night a Mr. William Russell, a stanch Universalist, invited me home with him. Some time after I got there we entered into a conversation on the doctrine of Universalism. He seemed firm in his belief; and his wife,

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who had once been a Methodist, was more anxious to maintain the doctrine than he. I finally inquired of them if they did not, as rational beings, think they had better drop the idea of universal salvation and be on the safe side. If they would go to God in fervent, earnest prayer and with humble, sincere repentance the promises of God were in their favor. "Those that seek me early shall find me." "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "There is one sin unto death,"—the sin "against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world, neither in the world to come."

I do not remember all the conversation we had. I saw he was somewhat inclined to waver, and I told him I thought he was a little like a certain man I once heard of. His friend was trying to persuade him that the doctrine of Universalism was not true. "Oh," said he, "I believe it is true; but I would give my yoke of oxen to be sure of it." He laughed quite heartily at the idea. I urged the necessity of his living a religious life, holding family worship, and letting his light so shine that others seeing his good works might glorify his Father in heaven. During the meeting he and his wife arose for the prayers of the church; but as court was in session and he was a juryman he had to leave,—not, however, till they both gave me their hands in pledge that they would pray often and try to seek the Lord with full purpose of heart.

I formed a class of seventeen members at that place; and while the meeting was growing better and better I had to quit on account of the difficulty in heating the

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house,—the weather having turned intensely cold. Mr. Russell and his wife were highly respected in the community; and when they arose for the prayers of the church it created quite a sensation in the audience. Since then they have embraced religion and joined the church, with some twenty others who dated their conviction with that meeting. I met this brother about three years after. He knew me, although I did not recognize him. He hailed me, and began to talk about that meeting. He said he had embraced religion and joined the church since I was there. He urged me to let him take an appointment home with him—which I could not conveniently do at that time.

Soon after that meeting I was requested to hold a meeting in Jasper County, Indiana, at what was called "Devil's Corner." I consented to go, and sent an appointment. Before preaching in the evening I was to take dinner at the house of Mr. John Kelly. I think the word had got out that I was to be there for dinner, as a Mr. Collins, a lawyer and merchant, who professed to be a Universalist, was there when I arrived, soon after. Shortly after introduction he led off in conversation, and turned the discussion, purposely as I thought, on the church and preachers. He told me he heard two United Brethren preachers quarreling, not long before,—a Brother J. D. and a Brother M. C. Said he, "They got madder than I would like to be. One would say, 'Now, John, you know that's a lie.' The other would say, 'Brother Clifton, you know that is an awful lie.'" Then he would laugh as though he thought he had me badly plagued.

I let him talk until I thought it was my turn. Then I looked him full in the face and said, "Sir, I perceive

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that you have no religion." "I do not see how you can tell that;" said he, "we are not to judge, the good book says." "Very true;" said I, and the same book says that the tree is known by its fruit. Here you have been sporting yourself at your own expense, while you thought it was at the expense of the church and professors of religion. The good book says, 'Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful;' and *vice versa* you must be cursed of God. God does nothing by halves. You, sir, judging by your own conversation, are yet at this age walking in the counsels of the ungodly; you are standing in the way of sinners; you sit in the seat of the scornful; your delight is not in the law of the Lord. The good book says, 'It is impossible but that offenses will come: but woe unto him, through whom they come! It were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he cast into the sea, than that he should offend one of these little ones.' I know those men; they may have been angry. They have been tried and found to have done things they had better left undone. That does not unchristianize the world. You know, and I know that there are hypocrites; yet that fact argues in favor, rather than against the church. For instance, suppose the bank of Rensselaer were now a broken bank, and you were a counterfeiter, would you go to striking out bills on the Rensselaer Bank? Far from it. You would imitate the paper of a good bank, with an abundance of gold in its vaults. So with the church. There is pure gold tried in the fire in the church,—don't you believe it?" "Yes." "There are members who are driven here and there by

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the whirl of influence. When they are in the company of Christians, they want to be Christians. They admire the beauties and excellences in Christianity. They feel a determination to be as good as the best, yet they have no stability of purpose, no real goodness of heart, no energy of soul, consequently they wilt down like Jonah's gourd; and their Christian travel is about as brief. Still, they would not for the world be out of the church. Oh, no, they will hang on. And although the church would many times shake off such clogs, yet—as their blunders are numerous and glaring—when they are reproved they will try at first to lay the blame on some one else; but if they are cornered too close they cry and ask forgiveness, and promise to reform. What can the church do under such circumstances? It would do just as you would do,—try them again. I tell you, the tares and wheat will grow together until harvest. Sir, do you not believe that there are noble, God-fearing men in the church?" "Oh, yes." "Do you not believe such men wield a better influence in the world than you?" "Yes." "My Savior says, 'He that is not with me is against me,' and 'No man can serve two masters.' Have you a family, sir?" "Yes, I have seven children; my wife is dead." "Was she religious?" "I guess so; she was a member of the Campbellite Church." "How old is your oldest child?" "Eighteen." "Are your children religious?" "No." "Do you pray with, and for them?" "I never have." "Do you want your children to go to heaven?" "Most certainly I do." "And you want to get there too?" "Yes." "Now, just look at what you are doing. You are an accuser of the United Brethren; you are careless and unconcerned, and living with-

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out hope and without God in the world. Still, you want to go to heaven; you want to meet your sainted wife in the glory-world; you want your children to go there too. But what would become of you if you were to die before night? Jesus would say, Depart, I never knew you. You are very fearful of hypocrites here; there you would wail with them through all eternity." "See here, old lady, let me talk a little; you have had the floor for half an hour, now it is my turn [they all laughed at his expense]. I don't believe in a hell, as you Christians do." "What does God care for that. That is another charge, unbeliever, you do not believe God's positive assertion. God says there is a hell; you say there is not. God says that the wicked shall be turned into hell with all the nations that forget him; you say they won't. My advice to you is, put off your sins by righteousness, and your iniquity by turning to God; and instead of leading your children down to darkness and woe by your example, try to lead them to heaven. As a wise man, be on the safe side. My God hath said, "Say ye to the righteous, that it shall be well with him: for they shall eat the fruit of their doings. Woe unto the wicked! it shall be ill with him: for they shall eat the fruit of their doings.'"

"I believe I must go." "Don't be in a hurry. Will you come and hear me to-night?" "Oh, yes, I want to, if nothing special happens to prevent me." He bid me good-by and left. As it has been several years since this incident happened, I can not tell the half that was said to him. After he was gone, I reflected on what I had said, and thought I might have been a little too severe on him, and that he possibly might not come to hear me preach.

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We went to the school-house at Devil's Corner that night. The house was full and most of the men had to stand up. The room was not well ventilated; and although it was cold without, the heat within was very oppressive. I requested the people to raise the windows. They told me they could not, as the windows were swelled. There was a clapboard over the upper tier of lights in one of the windows, and the glass being broken out, some man took up a stick of stove-wood and pryed off the clapboard. And who should this person be but my Universalist lawyer. I was really glad to see him there, and see him so obliging to me and the congregation, after all that I had said to him. It did my soul and body and spirit good. My soul was rejoiced in that I had not hurt his feelings, and my body was invigorated with a wholesome breeze of fresh air, which I was in perishing need of, as the house was crowded very densely and uncomfortably heated by a big fire in the stove. My spirit rejoiced within me in the hope that God would bless my talk and my preaching for his good, now and forever, as well as for the good of many others.

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Chapter XXVII.

Wealth and Influence — Brother Wainscott's Strange Conduct — Presbyterianism versus Universalism — The Vote — Co-Workers.

I fear that we preachers are frequently unduly censured for being overzealous for the conversion of men of wealth, intelligence, and influence,—like the one last alluded to,—even to the neglect of others of less prominence. Nevertheless it is but natural and perhaps right, in a qualified sense, that there should be greater solicitude for the conversion of the more intelligent and influential,—not that their souls are more precious in the sight of God, but in view of the fact that we have to a greater extent weakened the adversary and strengthened our own lines. And I take it that for this reason special mention was made of the centurion, and Justus and Crispus, Sergius Paulus, Jason, Dionysius the Areopagite, and a woman of Athens named Damaris, and of the honorable Corinthian women not a few, notwithstanding the conversion of thousands of the multitude. Special mention is made of the love of Jesus for John. This, however, was not on account of his larger intelligence or greater influence, but because of his amiability and lovely character.

It was on Friday evening that I commenced the meeting. On Sabbath I preached the funeral sermon of a

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Mr. Cooper, a brother to the man previously mentioned as having joined church and got so happy on New-year's-day. After preaching was over I told the people I intended to try to form a class there; and if there were any who wished to forsake sin, join the church, and strive to live a Christian life they should come forward, give me their hands, God their hearts, the church their names, and religion their influence. Three came forward, the father and mother of the young man whose funeral I had preached and a worthy lady whose name I can not now call to mind. That evening I had meeting again, and two more joined the church. I kept up the meeting through the week, and by Saturday night sixteen had united with the church. I appointed a meeting for Sabbath. There was a very crowded house, and Brother Wainscott, the circuit preacher, was there when I went in; also, a Presbyterian minister. They were waiting for me. As soon as I went in Brother Wainscott came to me and suggested that I have the Presbyterian minister preach. I told him I was agreed to that, if he thought best; but the congregation would be disappointed. He said that would make no difference. I told him to arrange the matter as he thought best. He got the Presbyterian minister to preach, and he exhorted. As soon as the meeting was over Brother Wainscott came to me and told me that I had better let that minister preach again at night. "Just as you please," said I. At night there were perhaps as many people out of doors as there were in the house. The preacher's text was, "Now consider this, ye that forget God, lest I tear you in pieces, and there be none to deliver." He gave us a good discourse.

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The winter school was to commence the next morning; so we could only have the school-house at night. When I got there the next night Brother Wainscott met me at the door and told me not to begin to preach for awhile yet, as he had sent for Brother Jacob Waymire, who would soon be there. I went in, took my seat, and waited, soliloquizing, "What does this mean? Yesterday Brother Wainscott would not let me preach, though he knew the people expected it, and some of them had come a distance of fifteen miles to hear me, and had remained until night still expecting to hear me, but were again disappointed; and now, without my knowledge, advice, or consent, he has sent for another preacher. Surely, the brother has an idea that the meeting is not going on right." I thought he wanted to take the meeting off my hands, but for what reason I could not conjecture. While in this reverie,—which, by the by, was not very pleasant,—Brother Wainscott pressed through the crowd and told me Brother Waymire had not come. "What will you do now?" said I. "Oh, you will have to preach, I suppose." "Not to-night," said I. "Then we will have a speaking-meeting," said he. "Just as you please." "You lead." "No, you lead yourself." He insisted; but how could I, with such reflections? He led; and a leaden-cold meeting it was. I took no part in the matter.

As soon as the meeting was over Brother Wainscott dismissed the congregation. I thought it was now my turn to speak. I called the attention of the congregation as they were beginning to leave the house, and told them that all who wanted to hear me preach should come out the next night and I would try to talk to them.

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We had a crowded house the next night, and so on through the week. I formed a class of thirty-nine members, held an election for class-leader and steward, gave them a discipline, and attached them to Rensselaer Circuit, Upper Wabash Conference.

On the last night of the meeting I noticed my legal friend—previously mentioned—among the audience. He sat near where I stood during the service. After the meeting was over and while the people were shaking hands with me, bidding me farewell, he came forward to bid me farewell also. He gave me his hand, and invited me to come to his school-house, about four miles distant, and hold a meeting. He said, "You have done great good in this community. We have as much need of missionary work in our neighborhood as there is here or any other place I know of. I have often tried to get preachers to keep up meetings, but have partially failed." Said I, "Sir, I have as much before me as I can do." However, he still insisted; and I at last consented to arrange my appointments so as to hold a few meetings there, stipulating, however, these conditions: "Will you promise to pray with your family twice every day until I come and join the church after I get there? If so, I will come, no preventing providence." "You are pretty tough on me," said he; "I will promise one, but I don't know about the other." "Well, I will meet you half way,—promise one and I will come. Which will it be?" "I will promise to do the praying." "Well, no danger about the other." So I left the appointment.

When the time arrived I went to the Collins School-house and commenced a protracted meeting. I found opposition had commenced in earnest with the Presby-

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terian preacher, who had been at the lawyer's and stayed all night, and had tried to persuade the lawyer to join their church. He told him how much they needed his influence and how much better their system of church-government was than was that of the United Brethren Church. "This may all *be*," said the lawyer, "but I think you hold forth rotten doctrine." "How so?" "Well, when you preached over at the Devil's Corner, as they called it,—though now they have changed its name,—you said that God was as much rejoiced at the damnation of a sinner as at the salvation of a saint. Is that *so?*" "No, no! I deny the charge in God's behalf. God is not willing that any should perish, but rather that all should come to the knowledge of the truth." If he would *rather*, he would of course be better pleased to have them saved. The lawyer told me that he and the preacher argued nearly all night on that question, election, and reprobation. Said he, "I do not know that I convinced him, but I know he did not convince me."

When I commenced that meeting the Presbyterian preacher had put in an appointment for a protracted meeting to be held at that place, commencing a few days after mine. Accordingly he came and preached on Friday night. After preaching he spoke about continuing the meeting. Some one got up and told him that Sister Sexton was now holding a protracted meeting, and the house would be occupied for the present. He said he had made his arrangements to hold a meeting there at this time, and if the people wished him to continue he would give out an appointment for the next day and for Sabbath; and he had told his people at another point

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that he would be here on Sabbath. They told him they had nearly always been destitute of preaching, that he lived near by, and, although frequently invited, he had very seldom accommodated them; that Sister Sexton had left her home and came quite a distance to her appointment, which was out before the brother's, and in justice they would say that the sister shall go on. "Now, friend," said I, "it is true I am here to labor for God and the good of precious souls, but if my labors are not accepted I will go elsewhere. I feel that I want an expression from the people, from all,—men, women, and children—professor and non-professor. I hope the meeting will benefit you all, whoever may carry it on. Now, friends, all who would rather that the brother should continue the meeting, please signify the same by rising to your feet. Four arose. All who would rather that I should go on with the meeting, signify the same by rising to your feet." I believe that all in the house arose except the *four*—the Presbyterian preacher and *three* of his members. I gave out an appointment for the next day for prayer, and class election, and preaching in the evening and on Sabbath after love-feast. This was on Friday evening. After he had dismissed the congregation he came to me and said he believed he would continue with me through the meeting. "All right," said I, "let us in the fear and love of God push the battle to the gate." The next morning he and Brother Wainscott were there. I commenced the meeting by singing a verse or two of some familiar hymn, and then told them all to kneel down and pray, and called on Mr. Sexton to lead in prayer. After prayer I sung a verse or two, and then called on some brother or sister to lead in prayer,

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which they did. I then sung a verse and called on Bro. Wainscott to lead in prayer, after which, and again singing, I called on my Presbyterian co-laborer to lead which he did. I then gave an opportunity to those who wished to speak. My Presbyterian colleague spoke for some time, exhorting the people to seek the Lord with earnest hearts. After another prayer I announced that I would preach to the people—God willing—that night and the next day and the next night. After I had dismissed the congegation the Presbyterian preacher came to me and bid me farewell, telling me that he believed he would go home.

I thought then and still think that he and Brother Wainscott came to the meeting thinking that I would do as I did before,—stand back and let them take the management of the meeting. But my experience at that time indicated my duty for the future, as my submission to the management of these two worthies—the Presbyterian preacher and Brother Wainscott,—well-nigh made our meeting a failure. Brother Wainscott also soon left the field to me. I continued the meeting about two weeks and formed a class of seventeen members. I also held an election, and the lawyer before mentioned was put in for class-leader, (he had joined the church,) in which capacity he was serving when I last heard from there. I gave them a United Brethren hymn-book. The class was attached to Brother Wainscott's work, Rensselaer Circuit.

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Chapter XXVIII

Conference at Perrysville — Incidents by the Way — The Saylors, Dices, and Sellers' — Woman's Work to Man's Credit — For, or Against License (to Females to Preach) in Doubt—Bishop Edwards Comes to the Front — Long List of Licenses — Bro. Mast, Perrysville — Father Griffith — Cross-roads — Fosters — Denton Grove.

In preparing this memoir for the press I find that to mention all the protracted meetings I have conducted would enlarge the book far beyond my original purpose; but I can notify the reader that from this time on, for about twenty years, I have been almost constantly in the field.

Soon after the meeting before mentioned, the annual conference met near Perrysville, Vermillion Co., Indiana. Brother Wainscott insisted that we should attend. So we all started with him for conference. At Bristle Ridge, near Crawfordsville, I held a meeting over Sabbath. We stopped with Father Turner, whose wife was Sister Wainscott's mother. Father Turner and his wife were a very worthy couple. Bro. Wainscott went from there without us; and we went by ourselves. There had been considerable rain, and when we came near Coal Creek we could neither cross nor go around. We stopped at a house and asked for a preacher's home—for such as were attending conference. "Right here," said

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she; "just get out of your buggy and come in. You can not cross the creek before to-morrow; so make yourselves at home—for this is the preacher's home. You, sir, may hitch your horses, or unhitch them and take them to the stable. My husband has gone for a load of wood, but he will be home by noon." Of course we stopped. After dinner I told the lady I had some tailoring to do, and I thought I would do it there. "You will have the best kind of a chance here," said she, "for my husband is a tailor. You can have a goose and a lap-board; and perhaps my husband can help you. What have you to make." I told her a pair of pantaloons for my husband. "Oh, are they cut out?" "No, ma'am; I just bought the material to-day. My husband intended to buy them already made, but he scarcely ever finds a pair large enough; so we got the material, and as I have nothing else to do while here I might as well make them. If I should take a book we could not talk; so I believe I will get to work." "Let me look at them. Oh, they are fine cassimere! You must let my husband cut them out; he will sponge them, so they will not shrink out of shape." I did not intimate to her that I had learned the tailoring trade some thirty years before; I only suggested that I did not wish to put them to so much trouble. "Oh, Mr. —— will not care for that." As soon as he came in she introduced us, and then told him about the pantaloons. He flew around as lively as a tailor only can. He sponged the cloth, cut out the clothing, and gave me as particular instructions as though I had never made a pair. Though it was nearly dark before I really got to sewing, and the cassimere was black and fine, I told them I thought I could

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get them finished by ten o'clock the next day. He smiled doubtingly, and said that would be more than he could do. By bed-time he began to think I would get them finished as I had said; and it was thought the creek would be down by that time and we could go on to conference. I had the pantaloons completed by ten o'clock.

Just as we were ready to start the tailor observed, "I understand there's a woman-preacher going to conference this year." As yet we had not intimated but that my husband was the minister. "Yes," said my husband, "I believe so." "Well," said he, "what business has a woman to preach?" "Oh," said my husband, "as much business as a man, if they think so." "No, indeed! I think the woman must be a fool, and the conference a set of fools, if they license that woman to preach. She had better stay at home and wash the dishes and take care of the children, where her place is, and not disgrace herself and her family and the church by strolling over the country. Did you ever read the fourteenth chapter of I. Corinthians?" "Yes, and the eleventh too; and I think from the way some people construe the fourteenth there must be a clash in the two chapters. But I think they are perfectly reconcilable. In the eleventh chapter Paul tells the women how they must wear their hair and dress when they preach or pray. In the fourteenth he seems to be giving directions about church-government, and tells the women if they want to know of the circumcision of the gentiles they shall ask their husbands at home; for it is a shame for the woman to usurp authority over the man, but she should be in subjection to them, as saith the law." "I don't care what

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you say about women preaching. I know that God never called a woman to preach his gospel. He made roosters to crow, and not hens. My house is the preacher's home; but if that crowing hen should stop here I would not ask her in, but tell her to go home and wash dishes. I saw he was committing himself; and I was confident he would find out as soon as the preachers returned from conference, if not before, that I was the woman-preacher he had so bitterly denounced. I deemed it the better way to tell him. Said I, "Brother, you have been remarkably kind to us,—fed us, lodged us, and in every way have been very obliging in helping me about my tailoring, for which I feel very thankful. Besides, I feel willing to pay you for your kindness." "I don't want any pay." "But what if the old woman you have been helping so kindly should prove to be that very preacher-woman?" "What!" said he; and looking at my husband he continued, "ain't you the preacher?" "No," said Mr. Sexton, "I am not." "What!" And he jumped up, turned twice around, caught up his hat, and broke for the door. I looked after him and saw he was in a blush—neck and ears. In a few minutes he came back. "Well," said he, "I can't help it now. Why did you not tell us you were a preacher?" "As to telling, we told you we were hunting the preacher's home. Shall I raise a hue and cry and tell everybody I see and send word to those I don't see that I am a preacher? I do not sound a trumpet before me; I only blow the trumpet when I am in the pulpit or on the stand, and have a congregation before me." "Well, well," said he, "if I had known that we would have had you preach last night. (I did want to say, "You would

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have had the hen crow.") I said, "I had the tailoring to do." "Oh, me and wife would have done the tailoring." I thought, poor human nature; we can not always see ourselves as others see us. "Well," said he, "you sha'n't stir a step from here until after dinner. It is now ten o'clock. You, Mr. Sexton, had better have your horse put back in the stable and fed, and then you can travel all the afternoon without stopping." I told him that if we stayed there for dinner the preachers who had put up at Chambersburg would be gone on by the time we got there. "Let them go; they will leave the road behind them." "But we don't know the ford." "Oh, that's not hard to find. You need not say one word,—you can not leave here until after dinner. Wife will have an early dinner; and as I have committed myself, you shall eat once more with me. And while you are waiting for dinner I want you to fix out an appointment for this place on your return." We told him we already had a number of appointments out on the other road, through Williamsport and Independence. "Well, then," said he, "you must come some time and preach for us in Salem." "That I will try to do, if you request it." I will mention in this connection that I went back some time after that and held a meeting for the class to which Brother and Sister Saylor belonged. During my meeting Brother Saylor seemed more affected than any one there. He often told me that he would never again speak against woman-preaching. I studiously avoided referring to the circumstance. When he or his wife would speak of it I assured them it made not a particle of difference to me,—that people had a right to their opinions, and also a right to change them, for good and

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sufficient reasons; but the trouble was, most people disliked to change their opinions or acknowledge an error, looking upon it as a humiliation rather than a grand act of magnanimity and frankness. He said, "I never looked at the matter in its true light. I always thought that the scripture requiring them to keep silence in the churches referred to preaching, and never investigated the matter any further. I feel ashamed and sorry for my blunder; but I trust and believe you will pardon me." They left no means untried, within their power, to make us comfortable and happy. Brother and Sister Saylor hold a warm place in my heart. They are a worthy couple, and their house is the home of the care-worn itinerant, where he ever finds a hearty welcome. Would to God we had more like them. We stayed until after dinner, and then proceeded on to conference by way of Chambersburg.

We drove up to Brother Jacob Dice's, a United Brethren preacher. Sister Dice came to the door and asked if we were Brother and Sister Sexton. "Oh," said she, on being answered in the affirmative, "we were looking for you for dinner. Won't you get out and have dinner?" "We have been to dinner. Where are the preachers?" "They have gone on; started soon after dinner." We then inquired the direction and continued our journey. When we arrived at our destination we stopped at Bro. Griffith's. Bro. Griffith gave us a scolding for not coming sooner. I told him about the high waters, etc., etc. He said that was no excuse; that others had crossed before and we could too. I told him I had to do some tailoring. "You could have done it here; and we were looking for you," said he.

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Conference was proceeding very finely. We attended. There were quite a number of women present,—not that they had any business there, but merely as lookers on. That was the first annual conference I had ever attended. I was greatly interested and pleased with the proceedings generally; but there were some things which transpired that were not so pleasant, and which I did not relish. One or two things I will mention. When Bro. Wainscott was traveling with us on our way to conference, he was justifying the system of American slavery —spoke of it as an institution of God, justified by the Bible; and while at Bro. Turner's,—his father-in-law,—he got very angry—more so than becomes a preacher—because Bro. Turner and myself were singing about the "judgment sitting on the southern preacher." But we are all poor, frail worms of the dust, and liable to err. Moreover, Bro. Wainscott was young in years, young in grace,—if in it at all,—and young in the ministry. It was my duty to have charity for him while my own follies were so numerous and glaring. Yet when his case came up in conference and the following question was asked him, "How is your mind with respect to American slavery?" he answered out, full and clear, "I am opposed to American slavery *in toto*"—at the same time stealing a glance at Mr. Sexton. When it was inquired of him how many he had taken into the church that conference year he answered, "Sixty-two"—stealing another glance at Mr. Sexton. The truth is, that was about the number I had taken into the church; and I don't think he had taken in one. There were several ministers present who knew the circumstances as well as Mr. Sexton and myself. What advantage it could be to

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him to dissemble in this way I could not understand, only by his report of work he improved his chances for preferment. At any rate, he came off with flying colors. I believe there was a resolution passed in that annual conference year for every local to keep a strict account of how many members they should receive into the church during each year. I thought then, and think now, that the resolution passed; and I think that honor should rest where honor is due.

The quarterly conference had voted me a recommendation to annual conference. I had been preaching seven years with quarterly-conference license. Of course my license had to be renewed every year, which made it very inconvenient for me, as I had to come home every year to attend quarterly conference; and sometimes we had to travel a hundred miles or more for that purpose. I felt that I would be glad to get a permit from the annual conference to travel at large and preach where I could seemingly do the most good, as it would save me the trouble of traveling to quarterly conference every year. When my recommendations were presented the bishop—David Edwards—spoke of the matter, holding the recommendations in his hand. Said he, "Before we act on this matter I will make a few remarks. There was a resolution passed at our last General Conference that no woman should be licensed to preach in our church." He then explained at some length the tendency it would have if they were licensed. Soon they would by the rules of the church come n for the eldership, and, in regular progression, ask for the order of bishop, etc., which the General Conference considered not in accordance with the word of God; that the teachings

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of the Bible forbid women ruling in the church of God —but to be in subjection. So the matter seemed to be laid on the table, and conference proceeded with other business. No one without having the bitter experience that I had can imagine my feelings. I began to soliloquize. There stands the man who boasts before conference of having taken sixty members into the church, when God had made me the instrument in his hand of doing that same work. For my work, which was reported by him, he is honored; and the recommendations held by me, who did that work, are laid on the table. What shall I do? Will they take my quarterly-conference license from me, or will they let me go on as I have been doing? Well, I will bide my time and see what will come of the matter.

Before conference closed, however, the bishop, very unexpectedly to me, brought the matter up again. When he introduced the matter this time, he told the people that he was far from having any objections to women preaching; he was only speaking of the manner of licensing them, stating that there could be letters of recommendation given to women to preach, as Paul gave to Phebe, which would not conflict with the word of God, or even the Discipline of our church. He spoke to encourage the brethren to vote me such recommendations,—not, however, until he had asked me to state before the conference my feelings or desires about the matter, and telling the people that they knew me better than he did, and charging them to act conscientiously, expecting to give an account to God. He then took a vote on it; and I believe that every member of the house voted me recommendations. He called for nays. There

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were none. I will here give you a copy of my credentials, or recommendations, upon which this action was had:

"This is to certify that Lydia Sexton is an approved preacher of the gospel among us—the United Brethren in Christ. This is given at a quarterly conference held for Iroquois Circuit, Illinois Conference, this third day of May, 1851.

"JOSIAH TERRELL, P. E."

"RENSSELAER CIRCUIT.

"This is to certify that Lydia Sexton is an approved preacher of the gospel among us—the United Brethren in Christ. This by vote of the quarterly conference, January 17, 1852.

"JOSIAH TERRELL, P. E."

In the year 1853 we were on the railroad near Culberville, Starke County, Indiana, and could not conveniently attend conference, consequently my license expired. In the year 1854 I again attended conference. The elder—our worthy Bro. James Griffith—told the conference that my license had expired, and consequently he must take an expression from them whether they would renew it. They voted the renewal without a dissenting voice. During the past year the conference had been taken from Illinois and attached to Wabash Conference. My license then read,—

"This is to certify that Lydia Sexton is an approved preacher among us—the United Brethren in Christ. This by vote of the quarterly conference, Rensselaer Circuit, Wabash Conference, August, 1854.

"JAMES GRIFFITH, P. E."

"Renewed by order of Quarterly Conference, February, 1855.

"JOSEPH MANNING, P. E."

LICENSE.

"Renewed at the second quarterly conference, Rensselaer Circuit, North District, January 19, A. D., 1856.

"W. C. SMITH, P. E."

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LICENSE.

"Renewed at the fourth quarterly conference, Rensselaer Circuit, North District, Wabash Annual Conference, June 13, 1857.

"W. C. SMITH, P. E."

During this year the Wabash Conference was divided.

"License renewed at the second quarterly conference, on Rensselaer Circuit, North District, Upper Wabash Conference, January 2, 1858.

"JAMES GRIFFITH, P. E."

On the second of April I attended the annual conference, as I said, which convened at Perrysville, Vermillion County, Indiana. My recommendation reads thus:

'WHEREAS, Sister Lydia Sexton is regarded among us as a Christian lady of useful gifts as a pulpit speaker; and,

"WHEREAS, She has been laboring among us in the gospel of Christ; therefore,

"*Resolved*, That we, the members of the Upper Wabash Annual Conference, of the church of the United Brethren in Christ, do hereby recommend her to the churches as a useful helper in the work of Christ.

"T. COWGILL, SEC. DAVID EDWARDS, BISHOP.

"*Perrysville, Indiana, April* 2, 1859."

As soon as the secretary had written the recommendations, and they were signed, the bishop took them and came across the meeting-house to where I was sitting and handed them to me. I thanked him, and asked him how long I could use them without renewing. "As long as you live, if you go on and improve them, and live and act as becomes a Christian. If you don't, we will withdraw them. And may God bless you and your labor." My heart and lips responded, "*Amen!*"

While at conference a Brother Beauchamp invited me to preach at his house. I consented. The brethren and friends at Perrysville wished me to preach there; and

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without consulting me they went to the Committee on Devotions, got consent, gave out the appointment, and then came to me to invite me down to preach. I told them I would preach for them any other time but that evening, as I had an appointment with Brother Beauchamp. "Oh," said they, "Brother Beauchamp must give way." "Well, if he is willing, all right." We went to Brother Beauchamp. "No, no; by no means. I have sent out the appointment, and some people will be there from a distance of seven miles. I would not have them disappointed from any consideration." The town brethren tried to argue the point. But all would not do; Brother Beauchamp would not give way. "Well," said the town brethren, "who shall we get to fill the appointment?" Almost any one, I thought, could do better than I as far as preaching is concerned. I proposed, however, that we get Brother John Mast, if the committee had not disposed of him in some other way. We called on Brother Mast and made known the request to him. "Yes," said he, "I will go if you will get me a gown, or dress, and cap and trimmings." This Brother Mast is a very able minister, and, withal, a very shrewd, witty Dutchman. I knew if any one could interest the congregation he could. But we could not prevail on him to fill the appointment. I had the brethren go to the committee and get some one to fill the appointment. So they arranged with Brother Shegley to supply the place.

I went to Brother Beauchamp's and preached to a very crowded house. Several preachers were present. I felt great liberty of speech, and we had a good time.

On Sabbath evening I preached at Perrysville, in the Methodist Episcopal church. There was a very crowded

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house, and the best of attention was observed. The brethren in town wished me to continue the meeting, but I had appointments to fill on my way home from conference and could not stay. I promised the brethren and friends that I would return as soon as I could conveniently and hold a protracted meeting for them. Accordingly, some time after that I went there, and the brethren engaged the Presbyterian church for me. I commenced the meeting on Friday, I believe. On Sabbath we had a crowded house and a good state of feeling. On Monday the meeting increased in interest. I held meeting Monday night, the interest still increasing. I had an appointment for six o'clock, Tuesday evening. When we came into town — we had gone home with Brother James Griffith, and he and his wife and son accompanied us,—the people were gathering for meeting. Among others there was an old man who was down on all preachers, and who had not been to meeting for three years. The people were flocking out and the meeting was growing in interest. When we came to the house, lo, and behold! it was occupied by the Presbyterian minister, who had got up a singing-school. He was there himself, had a melodeon on hand, and was going on handsomely. He had the singing-school at five o'clock, so as to have it in full blast when we would assemble at six. I did not go in, but I think Brother Griffith did. After they were through with their singing the minister gave out appointments for every day or evening that week, consisting of lectures, prayer-meetings, etc.,—on Saturday a church or business meeting, and sacrament on Sabbath; so we were completely disappointed.

"Well," said I, "Brother Griffith, what do you think

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is the cause of this? Do they not want a woman to preach in their house?" "That is not the reason," said he, "or they would have objected at once. The man who can get up a singing-school to crowd out a meeting when he sees the general interest on the part of the people, and when, too, there is a prospect of accomplishing great good in the community in the cause of Christ has brass enough to have denied us the house at first. That is not the reason. Perhaps it was about this way: Some people in and around Perrysville wish to trample the United Brethren Church under foot; and they, having no faith in woman-preaching, thought perhaps it would be an effectual death-blow to the church in Perrysville to have you come. They would make a club of it to beat out our brains. But now, seeing what a glorious time we are likely to have and what an interested people are attending, they think it is high time it were stopped; so they have flatly backed out. Well, this will never do. We will go right to work, weak as we are, and build a United Brethren meeting-house in Perrysville. Though there are not many members, we can build us a church. And, Sister Sexton, let me tell you one thing: we want you to be sure and come here and hold a protracted meeting for us when we get our house done. We think and believe that God has a work for you to do in Perrysville which no one else on earth can do. Only think of those old people, trembling with age and infirmity, on the brink of the grave, asleep in carnal security, without hope and without God in the world, who, having heard that a woman was to preach, came out. God met them there and sent the arrow of conviction, barbed with wrath yet dipped in the blood

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of a crucified Redeemer, deep into their hearts; and now every emanation from their lips and hearts is, 'Lord, what shall I do to be saved?' But we must give it up. Had the minister foreseen the more remote consequences he would have been very clear of behaving thus. So it is. I think the day of judgment will reveal some very shabby, lean, narrow-contracted ministers, whose calling and mission was to preach peace on earth and good-will among men. Had some clerical dogs been in the manger at Bethlehem the wise men from the East would not have been allowed to come within speaking-distance." I promised them if they would let me know when they got their house done I would try to come—the Lord being my helper—and hold a meeting for them. Since then they have completed their house. More anon.

From Perrysville I went to the Cross Roads United Brethren church and held meeting a few times. Brother Griffith was their circuit preacher that year. One day he told Mr. Sexton that if he would take me out with him about five miles from the Cross Roads and have me preach for him he would, perhaps, preach for me at the Cross Roads. He and his wife would get into their buggy and go along. We went. I preached. It was an excessively warm day. By the time we got back to the Cross Roads I was so afflicted with headache that I had to go to the house of Brother Witemyers, near by, and lie down. When the time came for night-meeting Brother Griffith sent me word that I would have to try to preach. I thought, by the way I felt, that that would be one of the impossibilities. He sent word that there were many people coming out expecting me to preach; that they would be sadly disappointed if they did not

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hear me; and he felt he could not disappoint so large a congregation. Did he not say he would, thought I. No; he said, "Perhaps I will." Well, here is Brother Orrin; let him preach. "Brother Orrin, will you preach this evening?" "Not I, indeed; no one but you must preach." "Well, I do not believe I can get to the meeting-house, or stand on my feet after I get there." They said that Brother Sexton could haul me there, and if I could not stand after I arrived, I could sit down and talk a little—if it was only twenty or thirty minutes; the people would be satisfied, as I was sick. I saw nothing else would do; so I told Mr. Sexton I would have to be hauled there—a distance of two or three hundred yards. I arose as soon as I could, got into the buggy, and moved very slowly toward the meeting-house, stopping two or three times on the way on account of my extreme suffering. After I got to the door I had to sit down on the step awhile to compose my throbbing temples. At last I walked into the house, went into the pulpit, read out my hymn, prayed, and then took my text. I felt great liberty; and in a few minutes felt as clear of the headache, or sickness, as I ever did in my life. I then told the people how severely I was afflicted, and how I had been suffering; but blessed be God, who alone can temper the winds to the shorn lamb, I now felt well,—free from pain or the least suffering,—and that I felt like talking to them. Brother Griffith had told me to preach twenty or thirty minutes. But I never preach by the watch. It took so very long to say a little that I could not promise how soon I would relieve them. They must not forget to pray in strong faith; and though I might not say anything to their benefit,

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still they may leave better men and better women than when they came. I talked for an hour or more; then Brother Griffith arose, and after talking awhile stood in the open door of the church. A man and his wife joined; and they proved true and faithful members.

I omitted to tell you that before going to Perrysville I held a protracted meeting at Denton Grove, in Brother Foster's house. The good Lord made bare his arm in the conviction and conversion of many precious souls. I formed a class and left them prospering.

The reader will please allow me to narrate one circumstance which occurred at that place. A Mr. and Mrs. K. attended our meeting. Mr. K. had been reared a Baptist, but did not belong to any church. Mrs. K. was a Universalist. They both invited me home with them from meeting one evening. Soon after our arrival we entered into conversation on the subject of religion. She told me her father had lived a Universalist. "But," said she, "he did not die one; for just before he died he called us all to his bedside and told us that Universalism might do to live by if people wanted to plant thorns in their dying pillow, but it would not do to die by. And although my dying father told me this, and warned us all as we prized our soul's salvation to never, never lean upon that false prop,—for it would break and pierce the side when too late,—we thought, or tried to believe, that father was out of his mind, though we knew that in all else he was perfectly rational. I was always a Universalist till now. I heard you preach, and somehow I now see more clearly the teachings of the Scriptures. I now see and realize how blindly I have wandered along. When you spoke of the duty of parents to their children,

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and portrayed their meeting at the bar of God, every word went to my heart. I have not done right myself, nor trained my children right. You spoke of that last night. After we came home I was so alarmed at my awful condition in the sight of God that I wept and trembled. I thought I would go to bed. I did lie down, but I could not be comforted; so I got up again and walked the floor and tried to pray. My husband felt almost as bad as I did. He, too, got up and walked the floor; and in that way we passed the night." "How do you feel now?" said I. "Oh, I feel awful yet; but I have a hope. I have a hope that as God has been so good to me as to show me my terrible condition, he will yet have mercy on me. I have formed a resolution that as long as God will let me live in this world our house shall be a house of prayer. I want—as you said,—to acquaint myself with God and be at peace. Oh, I want to teach my children to serve the Lord." I encouraged her all I could, and prayed with and for her and her husband and family. She and her husband both joined the church and are rejoicing in the great salvation. Now, just think of the trials and self-denials of this lady. She was reared in the lap of luxury and wealth and fashionable society, and a regular attendant at balls and kindred festivities. All of her most intimate friends and associates in life were of that class. But their affection was not lasting enough, though life-long. She wanted kinship with Christ as her elder brother. She wanted to be recognized by her heavenly Father. She wanted the society of angels and the spirits of the just made perfect. Mrs. K. had a very dear and intimate friend, who was very fond of the ball-room, and rather a scoffer at religion.

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Chapter XLIX.

A Heroic Convert—Nine Additions—Fidelity School-house in Benton County, Indiana — Preached Four Times — Thence to Vienna School-house—Preached Once—Brother Garland's Kindness—Thence to Paris Grove — Preached Once — Brother Garwood's Hospitality — Thence to Union Chapel — Protracted Meeting — Brother Osborn's Kindness—Mr. Hooker and many others Join —Thence to Hill School-house — Preached—Thence to Salem School-house—"Hades and the Grave"—"Lazarus and Dives" — The Perrysville, Parke County, Meeting — A Clerical Trap — Brother Mater's Kindness — Avarice — "Meeting-Hungry" — Bishop Edwards' Counsel—Brother Wainscott's Mistake—Brother Pentzer — A Small Cloud Dispelled — Some Thoughts — Whitewash.

As soon as Mrs. K. made up her mind to forsake sin and serve the living God,—but before she had joined the church or made any public demonstrations,—she called to see her friend and to find out how she felt about the meeting. She asked her how she liked that old preacher-woman. "How?" said she; "I don't like her at all. I have been there but one night, and I never felt so bad in all my life as I did then to see her plead with the folks to pray and get religion. I don't believe in so much praying." "I do," said Mrs. K., "and I am beginning to pray myself and am teaching my children to pray. O Mrs. P., what will you do if you go on in sin until you die and never teach your poor, precious chil-

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dren the way of life and salvation? Will they not rise in judgment against you? How can you meet your children at the bar of God? We are commanded in God's word to bring up our children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. How will you feel at the judgment-bar when your children accuse you of their destruction? You and I have not acted the part of loving mothers toward the children which God in his kindness has intrusted to our care. For my part I am glad, and know not how to be thankful enough that I ever went to hear that old woman preach. She seemed to show me my wicked course of life as though she had always been acquainted with me and knew me better than I knew myself. If we can't stand it to hear her plead with us, I want to know how we can stand it at the tribunal-bar of God? We, I think, had better take a timely warning now before death comes and finds us unprepared. For my part, I have formed a resolution that, let others do as they may, as for me and my house we will serve the Lord. My husband has often told me we ought to be religious. I would just laugh at the idea, and treat his wise counsel with levity. Oh, how wicked I have been. But I can tell you to-day what you will find to be true. I, for one, am determined to change my course of life; and I trust in God for help, hoping that where sin has abounded grace may much more abound." "Why," said Mrs. P., "have you joined church?" "No, but I intend to; and I came over on purpose to try to prevail on you to make a start with us. I feel better at the reflection of trying to serve God than I ever did in all my life in my open rebellion against him."

Mrs. K. told me she was astonished at herself the way

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she talked to Mrs. P. She really thought God put words into her mouth. Said she, "I can't remember half I said to her. I could not get her to promise reformation, but I will try her again." "That is right. Go with a two-edged sword in your hand. God will give you the victory."

It is now nearly five years since all this happened; and though I have been anxiously solicited to return, and have had a great desire to again visit that neighborhood, I have never found it convenient to do so. I was informed by Brother John Davidson, who had the care of Pine Circuit that year, that the class was a splendid assortment of working members; and there was a gradual increase during his stay among them. I should have told you, also, that the class I formed was attached to Brother Davidson's circuit.

To resume. I then went to Brother Clemmens', in Iroquois County, Illinois. There I preached in a new school-house, in the bounds of Brother George Myers' work. Brother Myers delivered a Sabbath-school address at the school-house during my stay there. The United Brethren Church is very much opposed by the Christian (Campbellites) and other churches. I received nine members into the church during my stay.

From there we went to Fidelity School-house, in Benton County, Indiana, in the bounds of Brother Pentzer's work. I preached four times. We had a good time, and found some warm-hearted brethren.

From there we went to Vienna School-house, in the same county, where I preached once. We were well received. We stayed all night at Brother Garland's, a Methodist Episcopal brother, who used us very kindly

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and hospitably. On my leaving he made me a present of the "Life of John Calvin" and the "Life of Martin Luther," which I prize very highly. Thanks to Brother Garland—thrice.

From there we went to Paris Grove. I preached at night. We stayed all night with Brother Garwood. The country around the "Grove" is beautiful.

From there we went to Brother Amos Ogburn's and had a very pleasant time. Brother and Sister Ogburn are, I think, as far as religion is concerned, living like Zacharias and Elizabeth of old,—"Walking in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless." I held a meeting at the Union Church, and found the brethren in a prosperous condition. I protracted the meeting. The power of God was manifest. Mourners crowded the altar of prayer. On one occasion a young man was so wrought upon that he shook as though he had the ague, and his teeth chattered. As he raised up in his agony and called aloud for his grandfather, old Mr. Hooker came forward to him, asking what he wanted. "Oh, I want Jesus to have mercy on me." We all joined in prayer. Soon darkness gave way and the Sun of Righteousness came into his heart dispelling every cloud. He arose, shouting the praises of King Immanuel. He, with many others, joined the church; and I humbly hope and pray that they will prove faithful until death that they may receive a crown of life.

From there we went to Brother George Brown's and held a meeting in the Hill School-house.

From there we went to the Salem School-house, and from there to Independence, in Warren County, Indiana, being invited there by a Universalist lady of that place.

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The United Brethren had a meeting-house there, in which I preached, from Luke xvi. 22, 23, 29. I observed that, to my mind, not one passage of scripture that I had ever read—and I thought I had read it all, having studied the old book considerably,—nor one text or circumstance seemed to draw the curtain or unveil the subject so as to let us look into the spirit-work like the circumstance under consideration. "Ah, but," says the believer in universal salvation, "hell is Hades, and Hades means the grave." Oh, is that it? Well, let us read it again: "He died and was buried, and in the *grave* he lifted up his eyes, being in torment." Do you believe the *grave* is the true meaning? No, you do not; neither do I. Well, what next? What other drowning man's straw will you cling to? "Oh," says the same sect, "that is only a parable." Well, he relates or illustrates an historical fact, take it as you will. Jesus says there was a man who lived so and so, and died and was buried,—no mention of the burial of Lazarus, but this man, no doubt, was buried pompously,—and in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torment. You say it will not quite do that way. Well, let me tell you that the word of Jesus will stand firmer than the pillars of heaven. The heavens shall depart as a scroll when it shall be rolled together, and every mountain and island shall be moved out of its place, but the word of the Lord shall stand forever. Jesus says it is so; I believe him. You say it is not so; you do not believe him. That is the difference between you and I. What blind infatuation is this which prompts the minds of men to thus tamper with the words of Jesus! Our salvation depends upon our belief. If you believe not that I am He, ye

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shall die in your sins; and where I am ye can not come. This parable shows us that in the spirit-land reference is made to our acts, our conduct, and our sufferings here. Abraham said, "Thou in thy life-time receivedst thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things: but now he is comforted, and thou art tormented." It seems to show plainly, too, that the people well know what is going on in this world. "Send him to my father's house; for I have five brethren; that he may testify unto them, lest they also come into this place of torment." "They have Moses and the prophets. . . . . If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead."

Another portion of scripture goes to prove to a demonstration that even in heaven they know how things are going on with us: "Joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons, which need no repentance." Why this commotion in glory over the repenting sinner if we are all to be saved in heaven, whether we repent or not? The rich man lived under the Mosaic law. He was required to obey its precepts. Obedience was better than sacrifice and to hearken than the fat of lambs. We are under another dispensation. Jesus, the Immanuel, has come to save the people from their sins. Our Redeemer calls all men everywhere to repent. "Unless ye repent ye shall all likewise perish."

There are two things God can not do, although some people have an idea that God can do anything and everything, whether it is consistent with his divine character or not. Far be it from me to limit the power of the Almighty. I come not here to-day to daub with

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untempered mortar. If one daub with untempered mortar he will certainly come down with the wall he daubs. I come not here to cry peace and safety when sudden destruction cometh. Just as sure as the rich man lifted up his eyes in hell, just so sure will you lift up your eyes in hell if you do not put off your sins by righteousness and your iniquities by turning to the Lord. Jesus said, "Marvel not that I said unto you, Ye must be born again." You may try, and perhaps some of you are trying, to persuade yourselves that those scriptures which refer to eternal punishment were only recorded to scare heaven-daring sinners,—as though God were trifling with them,—as though he would say one thing when he intended another. Let me tell you again there are two things God can not do. He can not lie, nor can he save a sinner unless that sinner is willing. "Unless you repent." "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish."

I can not now give more than a general idea of my sermon at Independence. Suffice it to say, the Universalist lady who invited me there to preach did not invite me home with her. No matter; Sister McLachey did, and I could not have been better accommodated anywhere. I do not know how much good was done. The people behaved well during service. They insisted on my coming back, which I did, and will mention in its proper place.

I should have told you that from Perrysville we went to Parke County with Brother and Sister Griffith. The power of the Lord was present to kill and to make alive. One day at love-feast meeting a woman got to shouting, —a thing, they told me, very uncommon for her,—and

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as she marched up and down the aisle, looking as happy and independent as though the universe were under her feet, she said, pointing to where a crowd of young people were standing, "O sinners, you want fun. You think you have fun in your plays and dances; but if you want fun, get religion." Believers laughed and sinners wept. We had a good time.

From there we went with Brother Ira Mater to an appointment. On that occasion I would have run into a trap had not Brother Mater been with us. The circumstance was this: The Baptist minister had an association about one mile this side of where my appointment was, and the people were gathered for meeting. Had not Brother Mater been with us I should have gone in to work. But we went on and I filled the appointment.

Having lost my memorandum of work which followed this, I can only state that the good Lord gave me grace or favor in a very special manner among the unconverted; and everywhere I went the people treated me kindly. The only opposition I met was among the preachers. Some of them treated me very kindly,—indeed, I may say they uniformly treated me very kindly and encouraged me in the great work. Among that number was Brother Mater. Some of them, however, treated me coolly and indifferently. Two in particular,—who appeared to feel their consequence as male preachers,—privately tried to prejudice the public against me although to my face they were as innocent as lambs. They discouraged my being compensated for my services, saying that what was given should be given to the circuit preacher.

I tell you, reader, I did not envy either of them their

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position. These same brethren were honest enough to tell the people that their money and their goods were their own, and if I did more good in one week in their class than a circuit preacher did in a year it was their duty to pay me a reasonable compensation for my labor. One brother said, "Any preacher who is opposed to women getting anything for preaching will never get another dollar of my money." I was sorry to see how fast those preachers lowered themselves in the eyes of the community. One of them took a transfer and went West. I thought—and I was not alone in the idea—that they were envious of my success. They had not well learned the lesson that "he that exalteth himself shall be abased, but he that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

With your permission I will relate a circumstance that happened in my travels, without giving name or place. I shall merely draw the outline of a picture.

As I was going some distance to an appointment to hold a meeting, I had another appointment in a town on the way where there was a United Brethren preacher living, one who stood very high in the conference and in our estimation. After I had filled my appointment as well as I could, the people wished me to protract the meeting. I told them that was impossible without making a sad disappointment in the other place. "Well," said the preacher, "could you not stop as you return and hold a meeting for us?" I studied a few moments, and then told them when I could be back, no preventing providence. Then I could give them a week or two, if they thought best. So the appointment was given out.

After I had passed on the preacher commenced a pro-

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tracted effort. The people informed me that they never knew him to put forth as strong an effort as he did on that occasion; but somehow there was a clog to Zion's wheels. He continued it for about a week, closing a day or two before my return.

I returned according to appointment. There was a general turn-out. I preached as well as I could. The Lord was present to own and bless his word. After preaching, the circuit preacher above named closed the meeting in the shortest way possible, telling them they were all in need of rest and sleep, as they had just closed a protracted effort, and he thought it would not be profitable to continue the meeting. So he dismissed the congregation.

Before I had left the house the people gathered around me and began to chide me for quitting the meeting so, and wanted me to give out another appointment before the people dispersed. I told them I had left it with the preacher, and thus excused myself.

We went home with the preacher, and in the course the conversation after being seated by the fire I remarked, "The people want me to go on with this meeting." "Oh, yes," said he, "they are very meeting-hungry. They had the privilege to be at meeting last week. They were not half so hungry then. No; we could have meeting night after night and no interest would be manifested. Now just look what a rush! And to-night, before you came, they were so anxious lest you would disappoint them. As I walked through the aisle they would poke out their long necks and whisper, 'Has she come? has she come?' I formed a resolution then that they should not have a protracted meeting."

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I thought then that I had better let the brother have his way; but I found before I left town that it was a wrong step. The people were all disappointed, just through the jealousy of one brother. Could that brother have had grace enough to say, "Send, Lord, by whom thou wilt send," I should to-day feel better about the matter. I felt that to do nothing is to serve the devil. It is a very homely but a true adage that "jealousy is a green-eyed monster that makes the meat it feeds on." That brother was at home, of course; the people were fond of change, as they are elsewhere. Had that brother been in our neighborhood, in Jasper County, with the ability and zeal he has in the glorious cause, no doubt his labors would have been appreciated and blessed. But let that be as it may, he did wrong in stopping the meeting and I did wrong in allowing him to stop it. Had I called for a vote,—as I generally do in such cases,—that would have settled the matter satisfactorily—to all but the preacher. And if I was right in my guess as to the motive that actuated him, he had no right to be dissatisfied. And indeed I was not alone in that opinion. He was none the better respected in that town and vicinity for his action at that time. I can almost use the language of an inspired writer and ask, "Who hath ever lifted his hand against me and prospered?"

There is one other circumstance in this direction which I feel it my duty to mention. Brother Edwards, the bishop, on handing me my recommendation told me it would do until I was a hundred years old, if I wished to use it that long,—or as long as I lived, if I improved it and acted rightly; if not they would withdraw it. Well, I went on home. On my way I held several meetings;

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consequently Brother Wainscott, the circuit preacher,—who was returned that year,—got back before me. When I returned home my son Zadok observed to me, "Mother, did you change your mind after you left here?" "What about?" I asked. "About taking a circuit." "Oh, no; I did not want a circuit. Why did you ask the question?" "Brother Waymire stated to Brother Merideth that you tried to get a circuit, and could not get one." "Why did he say that? I never asked for such a thing. On the contrary, when I was urged to apply I declined on a plea of incompetency. Brother Waymire is greatly mistaken; and I can not imagine what could cause him to make the assertion."

A few days after hearing this I was at Brother Wainscott's, holding a meeting in the neighborhood of Beaver Prairie. I observed to Brother Wainscott, while there, that Brother Waymire had told in the Kenoyer neighborhood that I went to conference to get a circuit but could not get one. I supposed somebody had told him so; and whoever did, told a lie. Brother Wainscott made no reply, but went out of the door so suddenly that I thought he heard something wrong about the barn. I paid no further attention to the matter, remembering what the great Spurgeon tells us: "A lie will fly around the world like a feather before a tornado, while it will take a six-mule team to move the truth."

The next year Brothers Wainscott and Waymire entered a complaint against me in the annual conference. Here is a copy of the charge as handed to the circuit preacher of Rensselaer Circuit the next year:

"On examination, according to the above resolution, there were some complaints entered against Sister Lydia Sexton. On motion,

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these complaints were referred to the circuit preacher on Rensselaer Circuit, and that he inform her to meet those charges or the conference will call in her letter of recommendation,—in saying she was going to conference to get a circuit or no, and then denying it, and saying they lied if they said so."

This was the charge presented to conference against me without ever speaking one word to me about the matter, as per resolution. I was journeying around here and there on my Master's business, the good Lord owning and blessing his word everywhere I went. I chanced to go home to Jasper County, but was very much surprised to learn that charges had been preferred against me in conference. I could not imagine what they could be. I went to Father Kenoyer to find out, if possible. The wicked flee when no man pursueth, but the righteous are as brave as a lion. Father Kenoyer could not tell exactly what they were, but said that "Brothers Wainscott and Waymire had a hard time to get conference to hear their grievances, having to bring the matter up the second and third times." The old man had one of his hearty laughs, saying, "Sister Lydia, don't be scared; you shan't be hurt. But you will have to make a trip to Illinois to see Brother Wainscott, as he has moved to Middleport Circuit. They hammered away till they got the conference to pass a resolution that you must meet those charges before next conference or they will withdraw your recommendation."

Brother Pentzer, the preacher in charge of Rensselaer Circuit, sent me word to attend to the matter. He and his wife went with Mr. Sexton and I to see Brother Wainscott, to the parsonage of Middleport Circuit, Illinois, on the 13th of November, 1860. I shall never forget, while memory lasts, how Brother Wainscott looked

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when we called upon him. It was one of those indescribable looks. Mad? No, indeed; not a word of it. I have no name for that look. But I can tell you this: although he had shown himself my mortal enemy by entering a complaint against me before all the conference without saying one word to me about it, when he had an opportunity to do so, I could have no sentiment for him but pity. He had always been very kind to me, encouraging me and craving my help to hold meetings, and showing me every kindness,—excepting at the meeting at Devil's Corner. What could possess the man to join in a secret conspiracy to break me down I never could imagine. As soon as I got the word sent me by the preacher in charge, I went directly to his house to find out, if possible, the nature and magnitude of the complaint. You may depend that I felt greatly distressed, not that I had done anything that was blameworthy, but from the circumstance of having my name presented to conference under charges. Either myself or somebody else must be condemned. I could not come out clear without implicating some one else.

While there the circuit preacher said he and his lady would go with us to Brother Wainscott's; but before we started we must have prayers. And he handed me the Bible. I opened it, hoping God would direct me to some passage of comfort. I opened the book at the fifty-fifth psalm. Oh! could not my poor heart leap up to say, Amen, as I read from the first to the fourteenth verses and from the sixteenth verse to the close of the chapter? Oh, what strength from that blessed book! I then earnestly prayed that God would sustain the right and put down the wrong.

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We then proceeded to Brother Wainscott's. As before stated, he received us kindly and made us welcome. After some time spent in conversation I said to Sister Wainscott, "I will look at your garden." I saw that Sister Wainscott could not accompany me out; but I felt quite certain he would, and that was just what I wanted. Brother Wainscott, Mr. Sexton, and Brother Pentzer followed me out. Brother Wainscott went on to tell about their success in gardening. Said I, "Brother Wainscott, there is another matter I want to talk about. I came here on purpose to see about those complaints that were entered against me in conference." "Oh," said he, "we must settle that in conference." "Is that the way, Brother Pentzer?" I asked. "No; conference has ordered the matter settled before its next session." "Well, we can't settle it without Brother Waymire is here." "Yes, we can settle with you now; and when we see Brother Waymire we can settle with him." "I think, Sister Sexton, we had better do nothing with the matter till conference. Then we can see Brother Waymire and have it all fixed up. Oh, it is a matter of very little importance, anyhow." "Well, it will be the easier settled. It was, I believe, about my going to conference for a circuit. Now, I can't see who told Brother Waymire that I went to conference for a circuit; for the people of Rensselaer Circuit and the presiding elder wished me to take that circuit, and I utterly refused on the ground of incompetency. Nothing was more foreign to my thoughts than to ask for a circuit. Do you know who told Brother Waymire I wanted a circuit?" "I did." "You did? Why, what made you do that?" "I thought you did." "Did you ever hear me say I wanted

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a circuit?" "No, I never heard you say so; but when you preached last at the Collins School-house you told the congregation in your sermon that you were going to conference and you did not know when you would be back. And I thought by that remark you wanted a work."

The following is a copy of the proceedings, as furnished me by the circuit preacher in charge:

"Charges met on the 13th of November, A. D. 1860, at Adam Wainscott's. Brother Wainscott said that when Sister Sexton was preaching her farewell sermon at Brother Collins' school-house she observed she was going away and did not know that she should ever see them again. And from that remark he thought she meant to take a work; and on his supposition he had reported that she went to conference to take a circuit He stated that on his supposition he had stated that she said she went to conference to take a work.

"She stated she did not go to conference for a work; but the conference granted just what she desired. And settled the grievance as being a wrong statement made on the supposition of Brother Wainscott,—and so settled the matter, to be at peace on the above accusation.

"ON SLAVERY.

"Brother Wainscott said, when told that on his way to conference he had said that the Bible justified servitude, and when told by Brother Sexton what he said on slavery, he did not deny it, and so dropped the matter and considered it settled.

"W. PENTZER, P. C."

As soon as we were done talking and Brother Pentzer was done writing we went into the house. Dinner was nearly ready. We all sat down to a good dinner, such as Sister Wainscott always prepared. Brother Wainscott handed me the Bible, saying, "We will have prayers." I took the Bible and opened it, reading the first that met my eye, which was the one hundred and thirty-third psalm: "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is," etc. After reading the chapter I led in prayer,

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at the close of which Sister Wainscott whispered a little while with her husband and then came to me, smiling, telling me that she wished me to receive a present from them, and handed me a very nice shirt for Mr. Sexton. These things seem small in themselves, yet they show how Sister Wainscott felt toward me. I knew before she made us that present that her heart was rightly affected toward us. Indeed, she was one of the noble women of earth, and, I think, had never taken part or lot in the matter of slander which the two brethren had tried to circulate. And, after all, had it been true,—suppose I had even went to conference with the intention of taking a work,—which, by the by, I never did,—what of it? Has not many a man-preacher done the same thing? It looked as though those brethren wished to injure my influence by telling the people that I went after a work and could not get it. And it looked like wicked spite-work to enter a complaint in conference without making it known to me.

All this should not have been made a matter of record in this book had the matter been fully presented to the conference.

This subject was not called up at the next session. Subsequently, in the year 1862, I requested a brother who was going to conference to call it up. He did so, and the answer was, "It is settled." My private opinion is, had conference known all the facts in the case some one besides myself would have experienced a little disquietude.

But I did wrong myself. I should not have spoken so abruptly in saying, "They—whoever stated the matter—had lied," or that "they—whoever it may be—had

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told a lie." It would possibly have been better had I said that I was fearfully apprehensive the dear brethren who had given currency to that statement had prevaricated.

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Chapter X.

A Pleasant Incident — Field-work — Several Successful Meetings — Happy Converts—Baptisms—More Converts—The Browns and Beedles — At Brother Douglass'—Brother Thomas Hamilton—Brother Hockath rne.

In the matter of my quarterly-conference license, as before stated, I had not asked for it; but I went to work pleading with sinners and warning them to flee from the wrath to come, as Brother Shingledecker, of Ohio, and Josiah Terrill, of Iroquois Circuit, Illinois, will certify.

Some years after this Brother Terrill was in Kansas Territory (now a state), holding a meeting in Ottumwa. My son John T. Cox invited him to dine with him. While at the dinner-table, in the course of the conversation my son remarked that his mother was a minister in the United Brethren Church. "Possible?" said Brother Terrill; "where does she live?" "In Indiana." "Ah! I am acquainted considerably in Indiana. What is her name?" "Lydia Sexton." "Is that possible? Yes, I know Sister Sexton; and that very hand [holding up his right hand] wrote her first license." In Kansas, or any other place where we may roam away from all our

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relatives and friends, how it rejoices the heart to meet with any one acquainted with kindred or friends in other lands. They seem almost as kindred. And the mind will, by some mental process, place these same persons in the room of our absent friends. Brother Terrill was ever looked upon by John as not only a dear friend, but was numbered among his kindred.

I will now proceed with my narrative. After we left the town where I was stopped by Brother Wainscott, we traveled on and visited, holding meetings at different places,—Annapolis, Harrisonsburg, State Line City, etc.,—meeting with all the encouragement, temporally and spiritually, that heart could wish. I feel like describing as well as I can a meeting I held in a new school-house in Shawnee Prairie. I found a few faithful brethren and sisters in that place. Yet there was strong opposition. Infidelity was gaining in the neighborhood, and what few brethren were there were almost discouraged. Yet there were a few sterling members, and a very intelligent local preacher well known in the Wabash Conference, Joseph Bottenberg. The class-leader, George Houtz, was an excellent man, dedicated soul and body to God and the church, though he was wading through great discouragements. The wolf had been in the fold and scattered the sheep. The discord and contention had been so great that some had left the church. Still George, ever faithful to his God and the cause of his Master, prayed on and in faith pleaded with God to build up the waste places and the broken-down walls of Zion. Brother Bottenburg, too, was saying, "Send, Lord, by whomsoever thou wilt send." Nearly the whole community had drifted away into infidelity, and this

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little band stood alone to resist the shock of battle and bear aloft the banner of their King. They tried to buy out Brother Bottenburg, so they could get him out of the way. One woman told me that her husband—a skeptic—believed in his soul that Brother Bottenburg had sent the chinch-bug in his wheat and corn and had brought on all the rains and droughts that had ever annoyed them and blighted their crops. This certainly was a strange whim for a high-toned, intellectual infidel; but as I look on infidelity of the present day, it means the wildest and most crazy credulity. While infidels deny revelations made for the guidance and happiness of man, they swallow with greed the most trashy and useless messages from some departed spirit like that of Tom Paine, Powhattan, or Alexander Selkirk.

As I said, they offered to buy him out; but he told me did not want to sell. He wanted his neighbors converted to God. He had long prayed for their conversion, and could not believe that his prayers would fall to the ground. George Houtz, too, a faithful leader, had long prayed for the peace of Jerusalem; and the earnest breathing of his soul was, "O Lord, revive thy work." And the faith in the promises of God would be verified that, "Where two or three shall agree, as touching one thing, I will do it." My faith was strong in God that these fervent prayers would be answered. I went to work with a conscious assurance that God would be a present helper.

After I had preached several times Brother Bottenburg said to me, "Had you not better quit the meeting? Somehow I have no faith that anything will be done." "Not I, indeed. I have giant faith that good will be

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done which will tell to our advantage and God's glory in time and eternity." "Well, if you think so, go on; but I can't see where you have a nail to hang a hope on."

I kept up the meeting. Finally I set out the mourner's-bench, requesting any one that felt like forsaking sin and trying to walk in newness of life and make heaven his eternal home to come forward and kneel by that bench and God's people would pray for him. Some came forward and knelt down. We engaged in prayer for them; and after a season of prayer I told them to take their seats. I then stood in the open door of the church. The first one who came forward was a great surprise to all, as she was a skeptic, though a kind-hearted, educated, and wealthy lady. She joined church, professing to know Jesus in the pardon of her sins. Oh, what a glorious time we began to have! Brother George Houtz said in a low tone, as he passed me going out of the door, "The ice is broken. Glory to God!" "Amen," said I.

I kept up the meeting. It grew better and better. At every coming together we could realize the overshadowing of the Holy Spirit. Several were added to the church. One evening after preaching I stood in the open door of the church. A man came forward and gave me his hand. His old gray-headed father jumped from his seat and clapped his hands together, crying, "Glory to God!" It was the father of the man who had given me his hand. After I dismissed meeting that night the man who joined church asked us to go home with him. As we went, passing the throngs of people, old and young, we passed a young man who was weeping

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like a child. I thought it as good a time as I need want, and told Mr. Sexton to drive slowly so I could speak to him. I asked him if he was seeking religion. He said, "Oh, yes; and I ought to have joined meeting to-night." "Have you ever enjoyed religion?" "Oh, no; and I fear I am such a sinner that God will never hear my prayers." I told him to take good heart.

> "All the fitness he requires
> Is to feel your need of him."

I told him to pray fervently and form a determined resolution to forsake sin, and, the good Lord being his helper, he would not be cast off. We passed on and left him as we found him, weeping.

After we got to the house where we were to stay all night the man's father—who lived near by—and his two sisters came in, as I thought, to have a chat; but I felt so very weary after the labors of the evening that I told them we would have a word of prayer, as it was getting late. We knelt down and I led in prayer. When we arose from our knees the man of the house—who had joined church that evening—did not rise with the rest, but kept groaning and calling for mercy. I sung a hymn and called on the old man—his father—to pray. As he had given such a shout when his son joined the church I thought he would surely pray. In that I was disappointed. He did not pray audibly, though I have no doubt he prayed mentally and earnestly. I called on Mr. Sexton, who led in prayer. When the prayer was finished the man, his wife, and the two girls all kept on their knees, crying for mercy. Then, bless God, we had four mourners. I did not feel in a hurry for bed. I sung,

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"Show pity, Lord! O Lord, forgive!
Let a repenting sinner live," etc.

After singing the hymn through I knelt down and prayed. I then arose and commenced singing. The man sprung up, shouting the praises of King Immanuel. As soon as he commenced praising God for his great deliverance his old father commenced jumping and clapping his hands, crying, "Glory to God! glory to God! glory to a sin-pardoning God!" He and his son ran into each other's arms, embracing each other, and praising God for his great salvation. Then the son (Gabriel) broke loose from his father, and, running to his wife, hit her a slap on the shoulder, exclaiming, "Pray on, Mary! Pray on, Mary! God will show you the joys of his great salvation when your heart is right. Oh, pray on! Glory to God!" The old man, as soon as he was released from his son, ran over to his house to awaken his wife and the young man who had cried so on the way home. He was Gabriel's brother-in-law. They both came in; and as soon as the young man saw his sister and the two girls, Martha and Caroline, on their knees pleading for mercy and Gabriel shouting the praises of God, he fell across a chair standing near the door and began to cry for mercy. The old woman sat down on a chair and wept like a child. I think hers were tears of joy. She was a member of the Baptist Church, as also was the old man. Caroline crawled on her knees to her mother, exclaiming, "O mother, can't you pray for me,—can't you pray for your child? O Lord, have mercy on a poor child of sin pleading for mercy!" I said, "We will all pray again." We knelt down and Mr. Sexton led in prayer. We then sung. Mary, Gabriel's wife, sprung

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up, praising God for the joys of pardoned sin. She went from one to another urging them to pray on. She ran to her brother, saying, "O brother, pray on. The answer will come by and by. Give your heart to God." She was right. It was not long until her brother arose and joined Gabriel and Mary and the old man, who were still praising God. I had not noticed the flight of time but now found it was four o'clock in the morning. It occurred to me that Paul had preached until the "break of day," and that Jesus had continued all night in prayer in the vale of Kedron. With such examples before me and with such a Pentecostal shower of grace in and around me no wonder the time glided by unheeded. I exhorted the girls to continue their importunities. Jesus says, "If you *ask* you *shall* receive." His promises are yea and amen to all who truly call upon him. As it was getting late I suggested the propriety of retiring to rest, as I had appointed a morning meeting and had given out that after that service Brother Bottenburg would baptize all who wished to be baptized.

The next morning we went to the meeting and had a happy time. After meeting I stood in the open door of the church and Mary (Gabriel's wife), her brother, and Dr. Van Alty's wife joined the church. Mrs. Van Alty preferred to be baptized by sprinkling, in the house, which was accordingly done. After this we repaired to the water. No pen can describe the glorious scenes we witnessed there. Caroline and Martha had both received the full and free pardon of their sins that morning, and were not ashamed to own Jesus. After Martha had been led by the preacher, Brother Bottenburg, as far as they were going, she began to talk and exhort all sinners

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there present to turn to God. Then she would seem to look at herself and say, "O Jesus, what am I doing? O friends, I want to do right. O Jesus, help me to do right." All wept to see a girl so young, so timid, and so very bashful as Martha naturally was come out with such boldness in the glorious cause and at the same time with such child-like simplicity. Some of those present—who, apparently, through their intercourse with the world, had hearts of adamant,—wept like children. Blessed be God for that old-fashioned religion which happifies both soul and body. Quite a number were added to the church. Among the number whose names I now remember were the old man, Michael Petro, his son Gabriel, Mary, Moses Mattox, Martha and Caroline Funk, Mary Duncan, Mrs. Van Meter, and David Houtz and wife. After awhile they put Gabriel in as class-leader. They say he is now making fine progress in his preparation for the ministry. May God keep them all faithful until death that they may have a crown of life, is my prayer, for Jesus' sake.

Before leaving there old Brother Petro prevailed on us to go to Connersville, Fayette County, Indiana, to hold a protracted meeting. At first I thought that the distance was so great that it would not justify so long a journey, especially as they were very anxious for me to stay in Fountain and Vermillion counties; but the old man urged us so earnestly that we finally consented. He told us he had business there and wanted us to be there while he was. So we made an appointment to be at Connersville on Saturday, July 22d, 1859.

From Shawnee we went to Pinhook, where we found Brother Mask battling with the enemy and dealing him

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some deadly blows. We found a class of whole-hearted brethren. I preached once, but could not stay to protract the meeting. We went from there to Chambersburg, and held meeting a few times. We found some sterling members there, among whom is Brother Dice, a minister well known in Wabash Conference,—a splendid man. He ought to leave off blowing the blacksmith bellows and devote his whole time to the blowing of the gospel trumpet. May the good Lord call him so powerfully that he will find his way to duty and so improve the talents the Master has intrusted with him that they may multiply a hundred-fold. Oh that those who are so well qualified to do good in the glorious work would only get out of hearing of their own dinner-pots. Jesus says that a prophet is not without honor save in his own country and among his own kinsmen.

There is Brother Thomas Geisinger, too, in Chambersburg, another local preacher and a blacksmith. May God bless the dear brethren and make them instrumental in his hands for the accomplishment of great good in the world. And there is Brother William Hoover, living near the town,—another local preacher. He is a good man and citizen, with plenty of this world's goods and an open hand to the church and the poor. His house is the home and resting-place of the weary, way-worn, and care-worn itinerant. "Given to hospitality." Hospitality is needed as well as preaching. We stopped with Brother Hoover. Our strength, temporally as well as spiritually was renewed while under his roof. May the blessing of kind Heaven ever rest on him and his worthy sister. We found many kind and warm-hearted friends in and around Chambersburg

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After leaving there we went to Lopp's Prairie. At this place the wolf had scattered the sheep. The United Brethren have a meeting-house in partnership with infidels. I have written that down. Now do you believe it? Some poet says:

> "Lest men suspect your tale untrue,
> Keep probability in view.
> The author, leaping o'er those bounds,
> The credit of his work confounds."

When we went there we put up at Mr. John Houtz', an excellent man, who had been a member of the United Brethren Church but for some cause had withdrawn. His wife, a sister, and Revs. David and William Brown were still zealous and earnest members, and were anxiously praying that God would sanctify some means for the pulling down of the strongholds of infidelity. We found a hearty welcome and a pleasant home with Mr. John Houtz. We had meeting in the union meeting-house on Friday evening. As the infidels would have meeting on Sabbath, we went over to Osborn Prairie and held meeting in the Christian meeting-house. There was a general turn-out. We had a good meeting; and I was invited to continue or come back again. But as the United Brethren had a class at Lopp's Prairie, about four miles distant, I felt it my duty to labor with them all I could.

On the way to Osborn Prairie I noticed two farms with fine houses, large barns, commodious out-houses, hog-pens, etc.,—one on each side of the road and opposite each other. I observed that for country and farm-houses they were certainly too close for comfort to both parties. "Oh," they told me, "they are another kind

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of people." "What kind?" "They are what they call the 'Common-stock Church.'" "That is a sect of which I have not heard. What are their doctrines and belief?" "As for doctrine, I can't say; perhaps the doctrine of devils,—speaking lies in hypocrisy, forbidding to marry, etc. In short, they act out what their name implies. They believe in having all things in common. They do not believe in any god but their god of nature. They reject the Bible *in toto*, and consider the marriage-covenant as priestcraft. They take their god of nature as their deity, and their cattle for their rule of faith and practice; and as their cattle do not marry, of course they have no law or restraint on that subject."

There was also another school of infidels in that neighborhood, calling themselves "Progressive Friends." They were the natural outgrowth of the Hicksite Quakers, and were given over to spirit-rappings.

As I said above, the wolf had got in among the sheep, and they carried their contention into conference. Some kind of fraud had been discovered, and one brother,—a very influential citizen, a strong preacher, and a wealthy man,—was involved in the fraud. This was more than his proud heart could endure. He "bolted,"—left the church, joined with those infidels, and forthwith brought in the great infidel lecturers to break down the United Brethren Church. Having considerable money in the meeting-house, he would neither sell nor buy but would count which had the most money invested in the house, and divide the time of occupying it in proportion to the money invested,—and, of course, monopolized the time. They would meet on Sabbath, bring along an old almanac or an old newspaper, take their text, and set their

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engines in motion against the Bible and against the Lord Jesus.

These three sects—the Common-stock, Free Lovers, and Progressive Friends,—would all unite in their meetings; and while the lecturing was going on—as I was informed by one of their neighbors—the young men would be jumping, hopping, wrestling, or playing cards in the meeting-house or door-yard. Such are the legitimate fruits of infidelity. The worst of all was, they would come and interrupt the United Brethren meetings. On one occasion one of the ruffians—a young man—attended class with the United Brethren, and while the meeting was in progress he said, "Let us all pray again," and knelt down and began to pray for God to damn all those damned United Brethren and all the damned sectarians everywhere, and that with a catalogue of blasphemies and billingsgate too coarse and vulgar to hint at. The brethren and sisters at first knelt down, thinking perhaps he was reforming; but when they discovered his purpose they all arose except one old sister, who continued on her knees until he closed.

Now, you will ask, "Why did the United Brethren suffer such conduct in Fountain County, in a state which affords such ample protection to public worship?" They feared a mob, or some other kind of injury, of which persons of such professions were capable. Two thirds of the community was composed of these infidels—lawless and unscrupulous.

The brethren prevailed on me to go there and hold a protracted meeting; and although the field was not at all inviting, I told them if they would get Brother David Brown, his daughter Mahala, and Brother William Brown to assist me I would "come over and help them."

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To this they agreed. So we set the time to come when it was the turn of the United Brethren to have the house. Brother David Brown and Mahala came. We protracted the meeting a few days, and Brother and Sister Brown left. I kept it up a few days after they left, and dismissed the meeting. After I dismissed it I found that real good had been done. Some of the leaders of infidelity had their sandy foundation so shaken that they were very anxious for me to continue the meeting. Had I only known of this before I dismissed it I should have been pleased to continue.

When I was arranging to leave, Sister Houtz measured me off five and a half yards of plaid flannel,—worth about eighty cents per yard,—to make me a dress. Soon after, her husband came in and handed me fifty cents. I told him his wife had just given me a nice present. Said he, "That is not much, as we make it ourselves and have plenty; but in these times money is hard to get. I am ashamed to hand you only fifty cents, but I am about out. We want you to come back, as I think you can accomplish more than any other person; and if you will come back you will not be the loser by it." So we bid adieu to our friends and started for Wayne County.

We stopped all night at Brother Beedle's,—belonging to the Christian (New Light) Church,—and found them wading through great tribulation about their minister belonging to the Freemasons. They, as a church, are opposed to disciplines, confessions of faith, and everything but the Bible. Brother and Sister Beedle told us their grievances. He said, "At one of our meetings, lately held, I had prepared a few resolutions to settle the question finally. As I commenced reading the resolu-

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tions they cried out, 'Golden calf! golden calf!' I was so hurt over it that I did not know what to do." Well, I could not help him out. True, the United Brethren Church was not full, but there were no Freemasons in it. Yet we had a discipline, which was an abomination worse than the resolutions he had drawn up on a white sheet of paper. "O consistency, thou art a jewel."

Brother Beedle's people were very clever. They lived in a large, commodious brick house, and were wealthy, kind-hearted Christian people. They were very anxious for us to remain with them and preach; but we had to move on to our appointments.

We arrived that night at Brother George Surface's. He was away on a mission south-west of Indianapolis. We found a hearty welcome and a pleasant home with Sister Surface and children.

From there we went to Brother J. Douglass' and stayed over Sabbath. Quarterly meeting was going on for their circuit,—Brother Thomas Hamilton presiding elder. We had a joyous time. Brother Hamilton has done and is still doing great good in the church and the world. I preached on Saturday and Sunday evenings. The elder preached at eleven o'clock on Sabbath. The church appeared to be alive to the work in hand.

From there we went to Brother Hockathorne's, near Ladoga, and stayed all night; then to Sister Martha Davis', — the Martha heretofore mentioned. She was now married, was class-leader, and was highly esteemed as a Christian lady. She seemed overjoyed to see us. She said she met so much opposition while at home that she could not get an opportunity to preach. Now, the Lord being her helper, she intended to do all in her power in the glorious cause of her Redeemer.

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Chapter XI.

Brother Surface Again—A Happy Child—Family Worship—Davis'—Connersville—Rushville—Indianapolis—Brother Petro—Waterloo—Sister O'Pherl—Abington—Conflict of Appointments—Sister Manning—The Boys at Burnettsville College—George Shafer—Brother Fetterhoff—Brother Freeman—The Claims of the Religious Telescope upon the Brethren—Funerals, Pagan and Christian—Elizabeth Shafer's Funeral.

With your permission I will make more definite mention of our excellent Brother Surface and his very worthy family. The first time I saw them was when I first went to Crawfordsville. I had been conveyed to Mrs. Lewis', according to previous arrangement. Quite a number of women were collected there. Brother Surface rode up to the front gate and called to Mrs. Lewis, and inquired if Mrs. Lydia Sexton had come. She answered in the affirmative. He observed that he would like to speak to me, but had not time to get down. By this time all the women had secured favorable positions to see the newly arrived. He told me they were all strangers to him, but he knew I was the "preacher-woman" as soon as he saw me. I was a little embarrassed over his remark. I stepped to the gate, and Mrs. Lewis introduced me to Brother Surface. He told me he had come to inquire about me, as there was an appointment for me in their neighborhood the next day

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and it would have been a sad disappointment had I not come. He said he had his boy in town with the buggy on purpose to bring me out if I were there. I felt safe under the protection of such a man. Look, reader, what precaution he had taken that no remarks could be made. He had come on horseback and his little son had brought the buggy, which was soon at the gate. I got in and went to Brother Surface's, and was introduced to Sister Surface and their precious children. One of the little girls said, "Sister Sexton, you are welcome here. We are glad to see you." I wondered in my own mind what made the little girl call me "sister," and finally asked her if she belonged to church. "Yes, indeed," said she; "and that is not the best of it. I have religion, for which I feel to bless God every day. I am happy, Sister Sexton, all the time. Oh, there is nothing that makes the soul as happy as religion." All the children were kind in their deportment and entertaining in their conversation; but to see one so small and so young such a bold soldier. I thought, certainly "He carries the lambs in his bosom." When it came to the hour of prayer,

> "Their hymns of thanksgiving, in harmony swelling,
> All warm from the heart of that family band,
> Half raised us from earth to that rapturous dwelling
> Described in the Bible that lay on the stand."

Oh, how sweetly they sung,

> "To Jesus Christ I fled for rest;
> He bid me cease to roam,
> And lean, for succor, on his breast
> And he'd conduct me home."

Brother Surface led the singing. The boys sung bass,

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and the old lady and the girls sung the other parts. The rhythm, melody, power, and expression were perfect; and, better than all, they sung in the spirit and with the understanding.

While we were at Brother Surface's a brother preacher from Iowa came along and stopped there. At night Brother Surface called on him to lead in prayer. He went on to tell the Lord that he had come all the way from Iowa to solicit aid in building a meeting-house. He prayed God to put it into the hearts of the rich brethren to put their hands down deep into their pockets for the big pieces, to help the poor brethren in Iowa.

While there Brother and Sister Surface told me they had belonged to the Lutheran Church; that Brother Surface was an ordained minister in that church; that after he came to Indiana he had gathered a church of Lutheran brethren around him, had given a piece of land for a meting-house, and had helped to build it. After he joined the United Brethren Church they would not allow him to preach in it; and as they did not get any one else to preach the house remained locked up. I will now resume my narrative.

We took leave of our kind Brother and Sister Davis and wended our way to Connersville, in Fayette County, Indiana, by way of Indianapolis and Rushville, arriving at Connersville on Saturday about four o'clock in the afternoon. Old Brother Michael Petro, of Shawnee Prairie, was there, and was actually out in the street looking for us. He had told his daughter he would go out and look,—"It is about time to see those mules" (our team). Soon after we arrived and were provided for he told us he had asked for the Methodist church for

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me to preach in; but they told him that *strangers* generally preached in the court-house. He told them who I was, and said I should not preach in the court-house,—that *he* had a house I could preach in; and he had the appointment made for that place,—a large brick house about three miles in the country, owned by him and occupied by his son David Petro. When we arrived there we found a congregation assembled, which I addressed, taking for my text Revelation iii. 20: "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me."

Before preaching the old man requested me to tell the people, in my discourse, the circumstance as it happened when Gabriel and his wife were converted, which I did.

The old man thought that if I would go to Connersville I might be instrumental, in the hand of God, in the conversion of his other unconverted children and grandchildren. In that he was not altogether mistaken. His son Leonard, three of his granddaughters, and their husbands, embraced religion and joined the United Brethren Church. They are all beating their evangelical march to the Mount Zion above—the city of our God. May the great Keeper of Israel shelter and lead them.

On Sabbath I had an appointment at Waterloo. There was a large concourse of people out. I had good liberty. I found a few faithful, kind-hearted brethren and sisters at that place. I did not expect to stay there longer than a week; but when the day came to leave it rained. Still we thought of leaving. We had stayed the night before at Mr. Joseph Cole's, a half mile from

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town. We got our trunk on the buggy, the mules were hitched up, and we started. When we got as far on our way as the town it rained so hard that we gave up going. I saw the people were watching us, and after we put up our team and took in our trunk I told them we would go to the meeting-house and hold meeting. We went in, and quite a number were in attendance.

I should have told you that here I first met with Sister O'Pherl, a minister belonging to the United Brethren Church,—a very pious and gifted lady. I heard one brother say she was the best natural orator he had ever heard. Few surpass her. But her health is greatly endangered from bronchitis, which is a great hinderance to her work.

I had given out an appointment for meeting that morning, to be conducted by Sister O'Pherl; but the rain bid fair to prevent it. As soon as I found that we could not leave Waterloo I told Sister O'Pherl we could have meeting with such as were disposed to work. So we went into a church near the city, and the people—who were watching our motions—followed us there. We had a good meeting. When the services were nearly over I stood in the open door of the church. A man came, trembling, and gave me his hand for church-fellowship. I smelled whisky on his breath; yet he cried and trembled and besought us to pray for him and let him come into the church. I asked the brethren and sisters if they had any objections to his coming under the watch-care of the church. None objected. I then gave him my hand in token of encouragement as a seeker, exhorting him to seek till he should find the pearl of great price. When I left the meeting-house

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some one said, "That was a poor haul; he was drunk.' "I know that," said I; "but he will get sober." "Oh, he is the biggest drunkard in town. You should not have taken him into the church." "Well, as to that, I am doing work for the church; and in reality they took him in. What could I do? I called for sinners to join church. He came. I called for the nays. There were none. Then, in the name of God I welcomed him under the watch-care of the church. What is wrong in the matter?" "Yes, but when you knew he was drunk you should have let him get sober." "Ah, you say, do you, that I had better have driven him back to the grocery?—for that would have been the result. No, sir, he will not hurt the church; but the church would certainly have hurt him and his dear wife, who is as good a member as you have in the class." "What would she have said?" "How would she have felt if we had rejected him? Now he will get sober,—a condition you say he has not been in for weeks,—and I have faith to believe that when he gets sober he will stay so. I have strong faith in that man."

We stayed in Waterloo until Monday, and in that time nine joined church. The man above mentioned still attended meeting. By Monday he was perfectly sober. When I again visited Waterloo, one year after, he was still faithful in the good cause. One Methodist Episcopal brother told me that one of the man's girls worked for him, and on the credit of his girl's labor he had borrowed fifty dollars' worth of wheat, meat, coffee, sugar, tea, money, and nearly every article that a family would need. "But," said Mr. Smith, "I would never have taken one cent from his girl's wages. I would

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have done without the pay rather than take her wages. He is an excellent blacksmith. When he joined church he was so in debt and drank so hard that we all thought he was lost beyond hope, and that what little his family had would go under the sheriff's hammer. Now, since he has joined church, I think he has not tasted a drop and is a sober man. He went to work, paid me off, and now I owe him fifty dollars. His family are as well clothed as any of his neighbors'. He is restored to his original respectability and manhood. They made him sexton of the church, and he performs his duty faithfully. He still adorns his profession by a chaste walk and godly conversation."

During my first visit to Waterloo I was invited to preach in Cook's Chapel, a Methodist Episcopal church. I went there on Tuesday evening and had a good time. After I was done preaching the Methodist Episcopal brethren made a collection for my support, amounting to upward of five dollars. I then went to the school-house at Cross Roads and held meeting one night. After that I went to the Robinson Methodist Episcopal Church and preached one sermon. We had a glorious time,—a shout in the camp. Here the Methodist Episcopal brethren made me up seven dollars.

I was requested to go to the old Franklin Church, in Franklin County, Indiana,—said to be the oldest United Brethren church in the state. I found warm-hearted brethren there, but could only stay one night as I had an appointment at Abington, Wayne County, Indiana.

We hurried to Abington, without stopping even for refreshments. We were told to stop at Brother Manning's. We stopped there, went in, and found that

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Brother Manning was not at home. Sister Manning told us she could not keep us, as she expected company that afternoon. A young Brother Paris had conducted us there. I turned to Brother Paris and asked him who had invited me to come to Abington. He told me that Brother Hollar had invited me. "Well," said I, "we will go to Brother Hollar's."

Sister Manning's table was spread for dinner; and, although it was near sundown, she was still waiting for her husband and friends. I hope that Sister Manning will never have her appetite as sharp set as ours were, with such inhospitable surroundings. I said to Sister Manning, "If you will get my shawl and bonnet I will go over to Brother Hollar's." Said Sister Manning, "There is an appointment for you to preach to-night in the United Brethren church in Abington. To-morrow and next day the Campbellites have the house to hold a two-days' meeting." "Where does the Campbellite preacher live?" "Oh, close by here." I saw the trick at once. "Well," said I, "I am very hungry, chilly, and weary; and if, after coming twenty miles over such bad roads to preach in Abington, I can have the church only one night, I assure you that after I get to Brother Hollar's I will not return to Abington to-night." "Oh, yes; you must come back and preach to-night. The appointment is given out for you, and the people will be very much disappointed if you don't preach." "Well," said I, "they may as well be disappointed as myself."

We drove on to Brother Hollar's, who received us very kindly. They soon had a good dinner for us, although by that time it was dark. The young men about the house went over to town to see how the meeting

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would go off. They said there was a great concourse of people. They wanted the boys to come back after me. They told them it was not worth while going, for I would not come.

Early the next morning some of the brethren came over to Brother Hollar's and told me they had an appointment given out for me for eleven o'clock on Saturday, and I must come over and fill it; they would see to it that I should have the house. Nothing would satisfy the brethren but for me to go. I went. There was a great concourse of people assembled. Old Sister Manning was there. I felt like talking,—had great liberty. The people wept, and none more than old Sister Manning.

After preaching the Campbellite minister arose and gave out appointments to preach that night, the next day, and the next night, observing, "After that the woman can have the house." I looked around at the United Brethren. No one spoke. I was just about to dismiss the congregation when a Methodist local preacher arose and told the people that he had a few words to say, if there were no objections. They told him to go ahead. "Well," said he, "I have some money in this house. According to the way the deed for it was made, the United Brethren are to occupy it when they want to; and when they are not using it, it is free for every orthodox church to use, if they wish. When Brother Hollar was at Waterloo he invited this sister here. When he came home he found an appointment out for this brother (John Smith, Campbellite preacher). Brother Hollar went to this Campbellite preacher and requested him to withdraw his appointment, which he did.

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Then a young Brother Manning (whose wife is a Campbellite) went to the Campbellite preacher and told him not to withdraw his appointment, but to keep the house. By the conditions of the deed,—and I speak knowingly,—the use of the house is with the United Brethren first, whenever they want it. Moreover, the woman has come a great distance to preach to us; the people are very anxious to hear her, and her time is limited. It is now or never with her. Not so with Brother Smith. He lives near here, and can hold forth at any other time." The Christian preacher, Smith, arose, made a remark or two, and withdrew his appointments. Then I gave out appointments for that night and the next day and night. I then dismissed the congregation.

Old Sister Manning came to me and invited Mr. Sexton and myself to go home with her; and I was never better treated than I was by her. I was glad I got to stay and preach to the people in Abington. I think lasting good was done. I held meeting until the next Wednesday.

When I was about to finally dismiss the audience a Methodist Episcopal brother arose and told the people that he thought they ought to pay me for my labor. I had come a great distance at their special request, and had labored very faithfully. He believed I had done great good. "Now," said he, "I feel that we will not discharge our duty if we let her leave unrewarded. I think we should give her ten dollars. I stand here as a one-dollar man to make up that amount. Are there nine more?" No response. "Come, friends, you have heard many precious truths from Sister Sexton. Let us do our duty to her and to God. Well, if there are no

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one-dollar men, how many will give fifty cents each?" Seven arose. Then the Methodist Episcopal brother took his hat, went around, and soon had the required amount. I will say here that several of the brethren and sisters had given me money and presents of value; but of this the brother knew nothing. I left Abington, with urgent invitations to return.

I paid this visit to Franklin and Abington before my second visit to Waterloo.

After taking the intoxicated man into the church, I left Waterloo to go to White County, Indiana, where our sons David F. and Zadok were attending college. We had a hard journey to reach there by the time the boys were to look for us. We went by way of Dublin, and took the pike for Indianapolis. We stayed all night at a Mr. Miller's, near Charlottesville. The next night we stayed with a Baptist minister, six miles west of Indianapolis. In the morning Mr. Sexton asked for his bill. "Seventy-five cents," said the minister; "but I will only charge you half price, as your wife is a preacher and her father was a Baptist minister." Truly, an alarming case of enlargement of the heart. The next night we stayed with a Methodist Episcopal brother, who entertained us very hospitably. The next night we stopped with an outsider, who charged us nothing. The next day we reached Burnettsville.

Before we got to the college we saw a gentleman conversing with David F., with a view of employing him to teach school; and the contract was so nearly consummated that David had told him he would go if we did not come in five minutes. He then looked down the road and saw us coming. We had engaged the boys to

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teach,—one in Wayne County and the other in Fayette County, Indiana. The boys went on the cars to Dublin, and from there Brother John Huddleston sent them in a carriage to Waterloo—but not without very liberal compensation.

We went from Burnettsville to John Speece's, accompanied by our boys, who were on their way to Delphi to take the cars. Here for the first time I met Brother Freeman, a presiding elder. Here also we met with Brother Fetterhoff, who prevailed on me to go to his house and preach in his neighborhood. We consented, and went by way of Brother James Winters'. We went by way of Prince Williams, where I preached six times. We then went to Rossville and preached in the Missionary Baptist church, staying all night with an old acquaintance. From there we went to Otterbein Chapel, in Carroll County, Indiana, and preached twice. We then went to Deer Creek. From there we returned to Otterbein Chapel and held a protracted meeting, which resulted in fifty accessions to the church. When we first drove up to the door of Brother George Shafer, the class-leader, he and his wife seemed overjoyed to see us. They told us they had tried very hard to do something in that place. Brother Fetterhoff,—who was an excellent man and a good preacher,—and other very good preachers had labored there; but, do all they could, the class had nearly gone down. Some had died, some had moved away, and some had wandered away spiritually; so there was but a small band of brethren left. They said to me, "Sister Sexton, if you can not do something for us I am fearful we are "gone up."

You may be sure, reader, that I felt very timid about

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going to work where such strong preachers as Bishop Edwards, Brother Fetterhoff, and others had failed. Said Brother Shafer, "We are very glad to see you; and as it also appears to be the general sentiment, we do believe great good will follow." I was glad to find such a hearty welcome. I told Brother Shafer that he must look beyond the watchman. "Yes," said he, "but God works by means; and somehow hope springs up in my breast that there is a better day coming for Otterbein Class." We went to meeting. The people came out *en masse*. After preaching a few times I began to see and feel that God was at work upon the hearts of the people. After preaching, one night, I told them I wanted to see how many desired the prayers of the church, and that I wanted to continue the meeting until there was a general reformation. I had asked God for forty, and the sooner they came forward the better it would be for them and the cause. Brother Shafer thought I was too sanguine in my hopes and expressions to the people. I had asked God for forty. Soon they gathered at the altar for prayer. Brother Potter, the circuit preacher, could only stay to preach one sermon, as he had his circuit appointments to meet. However, he came again before the meeting closed. I had continued it four weeks. He brought with him Brother Freeman, the presiding elder, who said he had come greatly out of his way to hear me preach. I expressed my regret at his extravagant expectations and the disappointment he would feel, and urged him to preach, as the congregation would want to hear him; and, besides, I was hoarse and weary. He at last consented to do so, and preached for us a very able and excellent sermon,—what we

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might call a big presiding-elder sermon. During the meeting some fifty united with the church and as many professed religion.

During the meeting one young man joined the church. After a few days he told the class-leader that he would have to take his name off the class-book. "Why so?" said the leader. "Father says I shall not belong to any church." "But would you not rather belong?" "I certainly would; but father says I must not." When I saw the class-leader he told me to take the young man's name off the class-book, as his father would not let him belong to church. "How old is he?" "Oh, I don't know,—about twenty-one or twenty-two years of age." "Well, if he is twenty-one years old I will leave his name where it is. I do not work in that way. Moreover, he has perhaps told his father that he has ordered his name off the book; and that will make it all right. He is a kind, affectionate son, but his father is bitterly opposed to all churches." I left his name on the class-book.

Some time after the meeting closed the class-leader or the circuit preacher sent for old Brother John Fetterhoff to come to Otterbein to hold meeting and baptize the young converts I had taken in, and as many more as wished to be baptized. As the ordinance was to be administered on a week-day, the young man whom I spoke of above as having ordered his name off the class-book, —whom I will call George,—was busily engaged working with a team in a field along the bank of Wildcat River, where they were baptizing. As soon as George thought it was the right time he hitched his team, hastened to the river-brink, and presented himself to the

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preacher, Brother Fetterhoff, requesting baptism. Of course, Brother Fetterhoff joyfully administered the sacred ordinance. As soon as George was baptized he started back to his plowing, singing joyously,

"Come, let us anew
Our journey pursue," etc.

George was highly respected in the neighborhood as a moral young man; but he had now undertaken to add all the Christian graces and the obligations of a holy life, notwithstanding the opposition of his father, who should have encouraged every effort his son made for improvement. How will that father stand in the great day of accounts? George was still rejoicing in the wise choice he had made when I last heard from him.

With your indulgence I will relate another incident. While holding that meeting Mr. Sexton and I were invited to go home with 'Squire Shafer. We went. Soon after we arrived I began to discourse about religion. I soon discovered that he was very much troubled in mind about his soul's salvation. I inquired of him if he ever engaged in religious worship. He told me he never had, though for many years he had belonged to church. He belonged to the Old School Lutheran Church, and thought he would never belong to any other. Said he, "I have been so opposed to the United Brethren Church that when my wife joined them, eight years ago, I prevailed on her to have her name taken from the class-book. I begin to view the matter very differently now. I confess with sorrow that I have not lived as I should have done: I have not done my duty to God and my family. Oh, that hymn which says,

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"'We will hear some children say,
I never heard my parents pray.'

"It is awful, awful, awful!"

And I fear it will be awful for many parents who raise their children without prayer. "I feel," said he, that it is high time I should set about this great work." He came forward during that meeting and united with the church. As soon as he gave me his hand for church-membership he started to hunt his wife, to have her join. She was coming. Then he hunted a married daughter and her husband, and they, too, joined church. We had a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord.

During my stay at Otterbein Chapel I received fifty into the church. At the conclusion of the meeting I appealed to the people to know if they had heard me say I had asked God for forty. "You see he has, according to his promise, given us good measure,—pressed down, shaken together, and running over." Our meeting was still growing in interest, but as the Methodist Episcopal brethren—a Brother Edwards—a brother to Bishop David Edwards of the United Brethren Church —and another brother,—both ministers in the Methodist Episcopal Church,—were about to commence a protracted meeting in the Bald Hill Church,—a house not far off,—the United Brethren thought it best to discontinue our meeting.

Before leaving the neighborhood I again called on 'Squire Shafer to see if he would not take the *Telescope*, a religious newspaper published by the United Brethren Church, at Dayton, Ohio. "Moreover," said I, "you have now joined the United Brethren Church, and you

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will want to know more about us. By the request of the General Conference all the church-statistics and other matters of general interest to the church, including the minutes of the conferences, etc., are to be published in it. All these things, of course, you will feel a great interest to know." "Yes, that's true; yet while I can get a newspaper as large and one third cheaper I think reason and common sense would dictate that I should take the cheap one. Now look here, Sister Sexton; suppose I go into a store at Lexington—say Huff's store—and look at a piece of calico. I ask the price and find it to be twelve and a half cents a yard. I go into Shafer's store and look at calico just the same in quality and colors. I ask the price and am told it is eighteen and three fourths cents. I certainly would go back to Huff's and purchase." "Sir, you might still be the loser by purchasing the low-priced goods. Suppose Huff's were like the tunic of Hercules, infected with the poison of the lernean hydra, which clung to his person to the destruction of his life. Books are the medicine of the mind; and poison kills. A single tract may serve to direct the mind aright, while a five-hundred-page volume might ruin and degrade. What are our frail bodies compared to our never-dying souls? You buy a secular paper filled with politics, love-stories, trash, and nonsense. As they are printed by the million they can be furnished very cheaply. You put it in the hands of your children, and you may be assured that the poison will cling to them like the garment of Nessus. Some of your children have joined the church; and it is your duty as a parent to try to keep novels and other works and papers of fiction out of their hands. Aside from

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instruction relative to church-matters, there is good moral and religious teaching in the *Telescope* which is calculated to make your children wise unto salvation. It is the paper you all need. Now think: If you buy the twelve and a half cent calico, your children are poisoned if they put it on. Do you want to poison your children? If you buy the eighteen and three fourths cent calico, it will keep off all diseases and will be an antidote against all contagion. Which calico had you better buy?" "I see it," said he; "I see it now. What a wonder I never considered that before." And he handed me a dollar and a half, giving me his full address to send him the *Telescope*.

While holding meeting at Otterbein Chapel I was requested to preach the funeral of Elizabeth Shafer in the Bald Hill Methodist Episcopal meeting-house. I consented. They told me there was a general turn-out of the Universalists, to hear me preach that girl into heaven.

When I commenced my discourse I told the people there were different opinions about funeral preaching. "Some say it is not to benefit the dead, as far as changing their condition is concerned. That is true. Some say it is to benefit the living. Yes, that, too, is true. It is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of mirth; for that is the end of all the living, and the wise will lay it to heart. By the sadness of the countenance the heart is made better.

"My own view of the matter is that funeral preaching is to recount the worthy and honorable traits of character of the deceased, and to let the foibles and failings be buried with the body deep down in the oblivion of the grave.

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"The earliest mention we have of funerals is in the days of Abraham, of Sarah, and of Jacob, when we find them bemoaning the deceased thirty days. Then Moses, —though they did not find his body, still they bewailed their leader thirty days ere the priests blew the trumpet for an onward march. Many more examples can be found in sacred writ.

"I will also refer to a few instances of the mode and design of funeral ceremonies as given in ancient history. Rollin gives Pliny as his authority for the statement that when the funeral obsequies of Alexander were performed Arius was deputed by all the governors and grandees of the empire to take upon himself the duties of preparing the most ostentatious funeral ceremonies ever witnessed in the world; and no money or labor was spared in accomplishing that object,—requiring two years of preparation. When all things were prepared and in readiness for this mournful and superb celebration, orders were given for the procession to move forward. In the advance were a great number of pioneers and other workmen, whose office was to make passable all the ways through which the procession was to pass. Next came the magnificent chariot, the invention and design of which elicited as much admiration as did the wealth that was lavished upon it. The body of the chariot rested on two axle-trees, which were inserted into four wheels, the naves and spokes of which were covered with gold and the felloes covered with iron. The extremities of the axle-trees were made of gold, representing the muzzles of lions biting darts. The chariot had four poles, to each of which were harnessed four sets of mules, each set consisting of four sets of those animals,

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so that this chariot was drawn by sixty-four mules. The largest and strongest of those creatures were chosen for this occasion. They were adorned with crowns of gold and collars enriched with precious stones and golden bells. On this chariot was erected a pavilion of entire gold, twelve feet wide and eighteen feet in length, supported by columns of the Ionic order, embellished with leaves of oleanthus. The inside was adorned with jewels disposed in the form of shells. The circumference was beautified with a fringe of golden net-work. The threads that compassed the texture were an inch in thickness, and to them were fastened large bells whose sound was heard at a great distance. The external decoration consisted in four groups in bass-relief. The first represented Alexander seated in a military chariot, with a splendid scepter in his hand, and surrounded, on one hand, with a troop of Macedonians under arms as in the day of battle. The third exhibited to view several squadrons of horse arranged in military array. The fourth represented ships preparing for battle. At the entrance into the pavilion were golden lions that seemed to guard the passages. The four corners were adorned with statues of gold, representing victories, with trophies of arms in their hands. Under the pavilion was placed a throne of gold of a square form, adorned with the heads of animals, whose necks were encompassed with a circlet of gold a foot and a half in breadth. To these were hung crowns that glittered with the liveliest colors, such as were carried in processions at the celebration of sacred solemnities. At the foot of the throne was placed the coffin, formed of beaten gold and half filled with aromatic spices and perfumes, as well to exhale

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an agreeable odor as for the preservation of the corpse. A pall of purple brocaded with gold covered the coffin. Between this and the throne were the arms of the monarch, disposed in the manner he wore them when living. The outside of the pavilion was likewise covered with purple flowered with gold. The top ended in a very large crown of the same metal, which seemed to be a composition of the olive-branches. The beams of the sun which darted on this diadem, in conjunction with the motion of the chariot, caused it to emit a kind of rays like those of lightning. It may easily be imagined that in so long a procession the motion of the chariot, laden with this, would be liable to great inconvenience. In order, therefore, that the pavilion with all its appendages might, when the chariot moved over any uneven way, constantly continue in the same situation notwithstanding the inequality of the ground and the shocks that would frequently be unavoidable, a cylinder was raised from the middle of each axle-tree to support the pavilion, by which expedient the whole machine was preserved steady. The chariot was followed by royal guards, all in arms and magnificently arrayed. The multitude of spectators in this solemnity is hardly credible; but they were drawn together as well by their veneration for the memory of Alexander as by the magnificence of his funeral pomp, which had never been equaled in the world's history. [See Rollin's Ancient History, Volume II.]

"As for Cæsar, he had been assassinated, and by those —some of them at least—who professed the greatest friendship. Antony was consul this year, and resolved, with Lepidus,—who, like himself, was fond of commo-

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tion,—to seize the opportunity of gaining that power for the usurping of which Cæsar died. Lepidus, therefore, took possession of the forum with a band of soldiers who were devoted to him; and Antony being consul, he was permitted to command them. The first step was to possess themselves of Cæsar's papers and money; the next, to convene the Senate. Never had this august assembly been convened on so critical an occasion, as it was to determine whether Cæsar had been a legal magistrate or a tyrannical usurper and whether those who killed him merited reward or punishment.

"There were many of these who had received all their promotion from Cæsar and had acquired large fortunes in consequence of his appointments. To vote him a usurper now would be to endanger their property; and yet to vote him innocent might endanger the state. In this dilemma they seemed willing to reconcile extremes, wherefore they approved of all the acts of Cæsar, and yet granted freedom to all the conspirators. So, therefore, the Senate had ratified all Cæsar's acts without distinction.

"After this Antony formed a scheme for making Cæsar, when dead, as imperious as when living. He demanded that Cæsar's funeral obsequies should be performed, which they could not decently forbid as they had never declared him a tyrant. Accordingly his body was brought into the forum with the utmost solemnity, and Antony, who charged himself with these last duties of friendship, began his operation upon the passions of the people by the prevailing motives of private interest. He first read to them Cæsar's will, in which he made Octavius, his sister's grandson, his heir, permitting him

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to take the name of Cæsar, and three parts of his private fortune,—Brutus to inherit in case of his death. To the Roman people he left the gardens which he had on this side of the Tiber; and to every citizen in particular three thousand *sisterces*—equal to about one hundred and twenty dollars—each. Then unfolding Cæsar's bloody robe in sight of the multitude he took care they should observe the number of stabs in it. He then displayed an image which to them appeared as the body of Cæsar all covered with wounds.

> "'I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him:
> The evil that men do lives after them;
> The good is oft interred with their bones.'

"Cæsar himself, when a young man, had pronounced an eloquent oration over the body of his aunt Julia, in honor of whom he was named; and in that oration he had most grandly recounted the noble qualities and virtues of that wonderful personage.

"I have in this general way alluded to the mode and object of funerals as noted in history, so as to start out in my present discourse and give you, I trust, a few practical ideas touching funerals. As I stated in the outset, my view of preaching funerals is more particularly to pay a tribute of respect to the dead.

"The girl whose funeral I am about to preach I never saw. Yet I am called upon by her parents and friends to speak, or preach, her funeral. Only look back a few months, my friends, and you can see Elizabeth Shafer mingling in your society, buoyant in spirit, blooming with youth and health and beauty, and bidding fair for long life. And when she left home on an excursion of pleasure, to visit a dear uncle—Mr. Huff, a merchant at

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Indianapolis,—and other friends, what, think you, would have been her reflections and those of her friends had they known that Elizabeth would never see home again? And when taken ill, though uncle, aunt, cousins, and associates did all that affection or sympathy could suggest and that medical skill could offer for the relief of her sufferings, her thoughts were constantly turning toward home and mother. 'Oh, if I could only see mother!' Her kind uncle managed to soon have her mother there. Still the disease raged, baffling the skill of one of the first physicians. 'O mother, I am so glad you have come! Oh, where is father? I want to see father so badly. I am so sick. Oh, if I could only see my father. Had he known how sick I am he certainly would have come with you.' 'Dear daughter, we will send at once for him and he will come.' 'O mother and uncle, you are so kind and I am so much trouble to you. Oh, if you only knew how badly I want to see my father!' 'We have sent for him, and he will come if all is well at home.' 'Oh, home, sweet home.'

"But the poor girl never again saw her home or her father, brothers, or sisters. Her mind began to wander. The dew of death settled upon her brow. A smile, a feeble struggle, and all is over.

"Her father came on the cars. When he came, no doubt he hoped to find Elizabeth better. He met a friend at the door. 'Mr. Shafer, you are too late. They have all gone to Lexington.' 'Who? All gone? How did they go, by team? Ah! how was Elizabeth?' 'Dead.' 'Dead! O my Father in heaven! O God! O God! what shall I do? When did she die?' 'Soon after Mrs. Shafer got here. She wanted to see her father.

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She was very anxious to see her father. Mrs. Shafe sent for you immediately.' 'And I came as soon as I got the word—on the first train.' 'You could never have seen her alive unless you had come with Mrs. Shafer.' 'I had no thought she was so sick.' Alas! the uncertainty of all earthly things. How, think you, friends, her brothers and sisters felt when they saw their mother and friends coming bringing Elizabeth in her coffin?"

I will just say that with such a casualty before me I could find enough to talk about without preaching her into heaven or hell. I could—and was glad of it, too,—leave her in the hands of that God who would do her no injustice.

The Universalists said, after meeting was over, they saw they were beat before I got through with my preliminary remarks. Every man or woman should be beat who goes to meeting to use his or her head as a milk-strainer, to let the pure, sincere milk of the word run through and gather all the rubbish and froth in the shape of blunders and mistakes and peddle them around. For my part I would rather be like the honey-bee,—which can suck honey from poison,—than use my head as a milk-strainer.

The girl whose funeral I preached was, as they told me, a good-hearted, kind girl to her parents, brothers, and sisters. Her loss was deeply felt at home. The circumstance of her leaving home on an excursion of pleasure and returning so soon in her coffin was a heart-rending calamity.

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Chapter XII.

Middletown—Brother Rinker—Mt. Pleasant—Mr. Dragoo—Brother Morgan—John Irvin—Alex. Jones' Funeral—Great Revival at Selma, Indiana—Eighty-three Conversions—Brother Day—Mt. Zion.

After leaving Otterbein Chapel we started back to Waterloo by way of Middletown, Henry County, Indiana. We found a few warm-hearted United Brethren in the town. I preached four times while there. We took an affectionate leave, promising to return as soon as I could make it convenient to do so.

We then went to Brother M. Groenendyke's; and although it was nearly dark when we called they would not take no for an answer, but I must preach that night. They sent out runners through the neighborhood and soon had a fair audience gathered. I preached that evening and the following evenings of the 10th and 11th of January, 1860. The next day we passed over to Brother J. Rinker's to hear Brother Wall, the circuit preacher, who also preached in a private house as the United Brethren had had no church-house in that neighborhood. Since then they have built a good meeting-house.

From there we went to Mt. Pleasant, January 13th, 1860, and held a protracted meeting in a hewed-log

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church. They have since removed the old house and erected a neat frame. We had a precious time at Mt. Pleasant, the brethren and sisters being alive in their Master's work. Brother John Irvin had that circuit that conference-year—1859–60. They had just passed through a glorious revival wherein over one hundred were added to the church. I hope that in my travels I may always find brethren and sisters as kind as I found them in Mt. Pleasant. There were the Rectors, Jacksons, Cuygers, and many others whom I shall long remember. Two young sisters at that place told me that they felt it to be their duty to preach, and that they had promised God from time to time that they would take up their cross and preach; but they met with many discouragements.

Still, there were several unconverted persons in the neighborhood,—one old man, especially, who had, all through his life, been depending on his morality. And that was proverbial—so much so that the most hardened sinner, when interrogated about his eternal welfare, would cite you to old Mr. Dragoo as the most moral and exemplary man in all those parts, making the assertion that "if any man would get to heaven old Mr. Dragoo would get there." On that "morality" pedestal he was resting. Of course he came out to hear the old woman preach. On treating of the Savior's merits and the great plan of salvation I took occasion to say, among other things:

"Some men depend on their morality to secure them a home in and a right to heaven. Still, they profess to believe in the Savior. They are good moral men and exemplary citizens so far as their dealings and doings

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with men and things of this world are concerned. I declare to you to-day that it is my honest conviction that as far as the religion of Jesus is concerned the influence of those men is more injurious to the cause of the Redeemer than is that of the drunkard, the horse-thief, or the highway robber, although the latter characters are incomparably lower in the scale of morality and virtue than the former.

"If you were trying to persuade sinners to turn away from their sins and seek the Lord you could find many who would point you to the moralist and tell you that he is a better man than many of your church-members. They, in short, will set up the moralist as their guide-board or example of human perfection, while the drunkard, the horse-thief, and the highway robber have no allurements for them. Who, I ask you, has the greater influence over the sinner, and which character would be most approved and acceptable to the sinner? Thus you see that the moralist has an influence upon the sinner calculated to satisfy him with a moral status, while the influence of the others is shunned and spurned.

"As before said, the moralist is the guide-board to the unconverted man. And where will he guide him? To heaven, do you say? What will he do when he gets there with all his unrepented sins staining his soul?—for in spite of all his morality he has deeds unrepented of, and an impure, unholy conscience. He surely will not join in the chorus of the redeemed and the just made perfect in ascribing glory and honor and power and might and majesty and strength to Him who hath redeemed us and made us kings and priests unto God. No, no; he will have quite a different chorus. His will be,

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'Glory be to me! I have done it all by my morality.' Jesus will say, 'How came you here without the wedding-garment? Look at your polluted rags, then turn your eye to that hundred and forty and four thousand. *They* have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. But you, sir, have presumptuously thought you could get a home here by scorning my express commands. What benefit is it to you to say, Lord, Lord! and do not the things I command you by putting off your sins by righteousness and your iniquity by turning to the Lord? Did I not say in verity, Except ye repent ye shall perish? Did I not say, If ye deny me before men I will deny you before my Father and the holy angels? You scorned to be with my followers in yonder world. You would not accept my kingdom (my church) yourself, and those who would have gone in you hindered. Depart from me. I never knew you. You never recognized me by faith, never craved pardon for your sins, and have treated my law and commands with indifference if not with contempt. You have boasted and prided yourself on your morality before men. To *men* you must go for your reward. You lived and died an alien to my kingdom on earth. You had no relish or desire for the society or fellowship of saints.' I tell you, my friends, the scales will fall from many a moralist's eyes when it will be eternally too late. Jesus says, 'Work while it is day, for the night cometh when no man can work.'"

I can not say what particular word or circumstance brought old Mr. Dragoo to reflection, neither will I claim to have been the immediate or even remote cause of his conversion. I can not tell all or even one tenth

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of what I said in my different discourses at Mt. Pleasant. This much I will say: the brethren and sisters had been praying and trusting in God to convict that old man of his sins, convince him of his need of a Savior, and take him out of the sinner's way. God works by means; and who can say but their prayers brought about the great matter in God's own way? Suffice it to say that he came to the mourner's-bench,—so much despised by some; and so great was his anguish of mind that he sent—as I understood—for some of the brethren to come and pray with and for him. When those who had been referring to him as their pattern of morality saw and heard of his anguish of mind on account of his sins they no doubt began to soliloquize, "If old Mr. Dragoo,—whom we have taken for such a pattern of morality and good deeds,—is in such a way and is so troubled about his soul's salvation, what will become of us?"

I need not lengthen my narrative by soliloquies. He joined the United Brethren Church and is now a worthy member and humble follower of the meek and lowly Lamb; and I believe he is an instrument in God's hand to turn many from darkness to light and from the power of sin and Satan to God. I believe, too, that the moralists to-day esteem him higher than when he was one of their number.

From there we went to Burlington, where I preached in the Methodist Episcopal church; thence to Blountsville, and preached in a large, new Methodist Episcopal church. Leaving there we went to Waterloo. The people were looking for us, and our circuit preacher, Brother M. F. Morgan, was engaged in a protracted

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meeting which was going on finely. Brother Morgan studies to be "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed." I am happy to say that my coming did not kill the meeting, as is sometimes the case when new preachers come in. Indeed, they were expecting us when the meeting commenced; but we were behind time. The people manifested great joy at our arrival. Brother Morgan had to leave to go around the circuit and fill other appointments, but I kept up the meeting until his return. We had a glorious time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. Here I again met with the old man, Mr. D., whom I had taken into church while intoxicated. He was sexton of the church. How vividly did my mind revert to the man among the tombs. Before, he had been abusing and destroying himself; now he was sitting clothed and in his right mind.

"Wonders of grace to God belong."

From Waterloo we went to School-house No. 8, in Wayne County, near William Hurst's, and paid a visit to old Sister Waymire, who was greatly afflicted with a cancer in her breast. Our son Zadok was teaching school in School-house No. 8 and boarding at Brother Hiram Waymire's.

On one occasion, as we were going to Brother Waymire's from an evening-meeting in Waterloo, Zadok rode in the buggy with his father and I got in Brother Waymire's wagon with Sister Waymire, who had that evening been at the mourner's-bench and was still in great anxiety of mind about her soul's salvation. The wagon was full of men and women. On the way, Brother Waymire commenced singing. All who could joined in

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the chorus. Soon Sister Waymire received the blessing and began to shout; then another, and another,—and we had a shouting time in the wagon. To you this may seem out of order; but God's Spirit is not confined to man's ideas or controlled by his notions of propriety.

We had a very pleasant time at Brother Waymire's house. His mother, though sorely afflicted, was happy in the enjoyment of that sweet peace of mind which the world can neither give nor take away, looking forward to the time when she would be released from all suffering and safely landed in the Elysian fields where the inhabitants never say, "I am sick." May God grant her supporting grace to bear up under her afflictions.

From there I went to Milton. Here our brethren had neither church nor class. I preached in the Methodist Episcopal church.

From Milton I went to Dublin and preached in the United Brethren church. We put up at Brother Huddleston's, and found him and his lady sterling church-members, firmly rooted in word and doctrine, and wielding great influence in the community. They had wealth at will, and a will to use their wealth for the good of their fellow-men and to promote the interests of the church. Their sympathy had for many years been greatly enlisted in behalf of the down-trodden African.

While at Dublin we visited Brother Caleb Witt, who stands very high in point of ability, zeal, and work. In Brother and Sister Witt we found warm friends who gave us a hearty welcome.

From Dublin we went to Selma, Delaware County, Indiana; but on account of bad roads we were behind time, and Brother John Irvin was in the pulpit preach-

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ing when I went in. The appointment had been given out about three weeks, and a very large congregation had assembled. As soon as I stepped in the door Brother Irvin called me into the stand and desired me to preach. I urged him to finish his discourse. He consented, with the understanding that I would exhort.

Our cause was at a very low ebb at Selma on account of some dissension on some trivial matter. What they were needing was more religion and less bickering. When Brother Irvin concluded his sermon, that good old hymn of Dr. Isaac Watts', which I had not thought of for years, came vividly to my mind. I arose to my feet and sung it; and, considering the surroundings and all the circumstances, did so with the spirit and the understanding. The congregation saw and felt the appropriateness of the hymn.

"Great Shepherd of thine Israel,
Who didst between the cherubs dwell,
And led thy tribes, thy chosen sheep,
Safe through the desert and the deep,
Thy church is in the desert now;
Shine from on high and guide us through.
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,—
We shall be saved, and sigh no more.

"Great God whom heavenly hosts obey,
How long shall we lament and pray,
And wait in vain thy kind return?
How long will thy fierce anger burn?
Instead of wine and cheerful bread
Thy saints on their own tears are fed.
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,—
We shall be saved, and sigh no more.

"Hast thou not planted with thy hand
A lovely vine in heathen land?
Did not thy power defend it 'round,
And heavenly dews enrich the ground?

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How did the spreading branches shoot,
And bless the nations with their fruit!
But now, dear Lord, look down and see
This lovely vine a mournful tree.

"How in her beauty now defaced!
Why hast thou laid her fences down?
Strangers and foes against her join,
And every beast devours the vine.
Return, Almighty God, return,
Nor let thy bleeding Zion mourn;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,—
We shall be saved, and sigh no more.

"Lord, when this vine in Canaan grew
Thou wast her strength and glory too.
Attack in vain did all her foes,
Till the fair Branch of promise rose,—
Fair Branch ordained of old to shoot
From David's stock and Jesse's root,
Himself the noblest Vine, and we
The lesser branches of the tree.

"'Tis thine own Son, and he shall stand,
Girt with thy strength, at thy right hand,—
Thy first-born Son, adorned and blest
With power and grace above the rest.
Oh, for his sake attend our cry,—
Shine on thy churches lest they die
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,—
We shall be saved, and sigh no more."

So appropriate was the sentiment of the hymn to the condition and wants of the church that the congregation fully realized it. Many of the older members wept. Brother Irvin having to leave on his circuit, I kept up the meeting two weeks, until he returned and preached once. This was all the help I had. Brother A. R. Day was with us three or four days, rendering valuable assistance in singing and in laboring with the mourners, for which we felt very thankful. I was very anxious for

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Brother Day to preach; but he peremptorily refused, stating that the people had not come to hear him preach. I must not omit to mention that valuable aid was rendered by Brothers John Cuyger and John Gibson in exhorting and laboring with mourners. During the meeting eighty-three joined church

While there, a Mr. Alexander Jones died in town, and they brought his corpse into the meeting-house and had me preach his funeral. He was the son of a widow, a very worthy lady, who, with her daughters, had joined church. The bereavement was very severe and the scene quite heart-rending.

After I had carried on the meeting about a week a Methodist Episcopal brother came to me and requested me to stop or suspend my meeting for a week, as they were going to hold quarterly meeting in town—Selma being a small village, in which they had a meeting-house and so had the United Brethren. I told them to go on with their meeting. "Yes, but we would rather you would stop your meeting." "If I thought that would be right I would surely do it. But I feel that it would not be right, as I never thought a meeting on wheels was a success. Besides, there are some twenty or more penitent persons who are on the eve of joining." Reversing the matter, I doubt whether, under all the circumstances, they would have adjourned their meeting for us. And, besides, it was true that as God had so signally blessed and owned our work we could not thus dishonor him.

During my stay here I delivered a discourse upon religious intolerance, or bigotry, which I think went home to some, and I hope and pray found a lodgment in some hearts. Possibly it might be interesting if not beneficial

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to some of my readers; but I find my space so nearly occupied that I can not give it room here. I may do so in the "Miscellaneous."

I will here state that I did not stop my meeting; but the Methodist Episcopal brethren went on with their quarterly meeting. And although the houses were of respectable size, they were both filled to overflowing on Sabbath. Our house was filled all the time, and I heard theirs was until Monday, when, on account of the ill health of their minister, as I understood, they closed their meeting. We kept ours up until Friday evening. I then closed, having an appointment at Macedonia.

While memory holds empire in my brain I do not think I shall forget Selma. Oh that the good Lord would especially bless old Brother Burtzfield and family and old Brother Dockover and family. They have had deep waters to wade through.

At Macedonia we had a good meeting. Several joined the church. While there two young men came to me and requested me to return to Selma, telling me that if I did they would join church. I could not go back then; but about about three years afterward I returned, and one of the young men said he was glad to see me again. A day or so after I arrived he was crushed against the wall of a barn by a horse, and I never got to see him, as he was living some three miles from town at the time of the accident. But it was a great comfort to hear that he had embraced religion and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church. I hope his spirit rests in heaven. I thank my God that he testified that I had been the humble instrument in God's hands of awakening him to his perilous condition.

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"Oh, ye young, ye gay, ye proud,
You must die and wear a shroud."

"How uncertain are all earthly things." "In the midst of life we are in death." I had promised Brother Day that I would go to his circuit from Macedonia, no preventing providence. But Providence prevented. It was just at the breaking up of winter, and White River —on our route—was so high that it was not fordable; and there was neither bridge nor ferry available. Still, I urged the necessity of going. The people told us it was madness to think of going. At the same time there was a Brother Shuey from Sugar Grove Circuit, who invited me in the name of the people of Sugar Grove and Washington, and all the circuit included, to come there. I still insisted that we should keep our appointment with Brother Day. I told them that the path of duty was the path of safety,—that Brother Day would be looking for me, and if I did not go others would be disappointed. One brother said, "Yes, agreeably disappointed; for I heard him say he would rather than five hundred dollars he had not invited you to come." "Is that so?" "Yes, that is so." "Why, what is the matter? Is his circuit opposed to woman-preaching?" "No, not that. That was not the reason given." "Well, do tell us what it is." "Oh, it was not anything against you, or to your discredit. He appeared afraid it would embarrass his work, as he thought the people would be dissatisfied with it afterward." This he expressed in much stronger terms. I thought that fifty dollars was quite a handsome amount for a preacher to be lavishing so freely; but when he said five hundred dollars I was nonplused, and had to halt and look over the field. I asked, "Is this

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reality, or the unstable fabric of a dream?" I concluded not to go to Brother Day's work. However, notwithstanding the rain and high waters, they were looking for me. They knew we could come to Andersontown,—that is, the part of the way before we reached White River,—and from Andersontown we could go by rail. Although they knew this route, we did not; and after they heard of Brother Day's five-hundred-dollar regret they protested against our going and suggested every possible discouragement. "If you go to Andersontown, where will you leave your team? Where will you leave the train for Mt. Zion Chapel?" To remedy all this, Brother Day got on the cars and came to Andersontown expecting to meet us there, and had a team to convey us to the chapel. Finding, on his arrival at Andersontown, that we were not there, and hearing no word from us, he was very much disappointed; and so were the people of Mt. Zion Chapel and vicinity. The "outsiders" raised the report that no woman-preacher was to be there, and that Brother Day was using the curiosity of the community to hear a woman preach so as to secure a good hearing for himself. All were swift to surmise anything but the right cause—high waters and muddy roads.

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Chapter LIII.

Preached at Sacomb, Macedonia, and Sugar Grove—Brother Brooks', Williamsburg—Dividing the Word to the Preacher—"Man's Inhumanity to Man"—Fugitive Slave-Law—Hardships and Triumph of Jack—"Break every Yoke"—Irate Copperhead Lady—A Negro Woman's Lamentation—Load your Ship and Put Out.

From Macedonia we went to Sacomb and held meeting once. We then went back to Macedonia, as mentioned above. From Macedonia we went to Sugar Grove, where we found a warm, devoted class. Indeed, some have termed that place "the head-quarters of United Brethrenism." First, we put up at Brother Brooks', and found a hearty welcome. I held a meeting at Sugar Grove and preached one discourse.

From there we went to Williamsburg, where I preached four times; then back to Sugar Grove and preached one discourse; then to Franklin, where I found the brethren in a very low state, spiritually, and I could do but little. Sometimes one thing and sometimes another will be in the way of the car of God and you can not move it. I will narrate a few clogs that we sometimes find in the way.

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When you find so-called United Brethren begin to tell you that they do not want a preacher who makes *dis*-appointments; that they do not want a preacher who preaches politics; that they do not want a preacher to dun for money, etc., the symptoms are bad and the case soon terminates in a kind of moral gangrene that little short of the pruning-knife will eradicate from the body of the church.

In the first place, these persons have no religion or they would not be so hard to please. They have no influence or they would have a congregation. And if the preacher missed coming they would hold such a meeting and make the people come back and feel that it was good to wait on the Lord. As to politics, the heart is not right in the sight of God or they would not be frightened about politics. What do they call politics? I will tell you, reader. There were in the United States about four millions of slaves; and the people, both North and South, had enacted laws to foster and protect that criminal institution. The master was authorized by law to go anywhere in the United States in search of his runaway slaves. He might compel any citizen to act as plantation blood-hound in the recapture of his property, and he dare not refuse, however conscientious he may have been, under pain of fine and imprisonment. Even in Indiana they had enacted laws making it a criminal offense to give food or lodging to a fugitive from slavery, though perishing with hunger or cold.

What were the leading features of this cherished institution about which the Government and states and churches had so much solicitude and which they protected and guarded with such scrupulous zeal? Wesley,

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believing that it engendered every kind of vice, denominated it "the sum of all villainies." I might fill volumes in reciting the wrongs and outrages perpetrated by the slave-power; but I can not occupy the time and space here. I will, however, mention a few facts.

In the first place, it appears that what is known as the Caucasian race found a race of beings on God's broad earth who were guilty of having a color of skin and a texture of hair differing from their own; and having the power to steal, they inaugurated that branch of commerce known as the slave-trade, and kidnapped and shipped thousands of these poor, defenseless people to the shores of America. And, strange as it may appear, liberty-loving America furnished a ready market for this cruel traffic. Occasionally good homes were furnished for these unfortunates; yet these instances were few. As a general thing their slavery was most galling and cruel. Ignoring all natural affection, parents and children, husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, were separated with impunity, with no eye of pity for them or human arm to save them from this brutal bondage. And yet these slave-drivers and merchants in human flesh were "honorable men"—stood high in society and the church.

Should any church run short of money and at the same time be short of wine for the holy eucharist, all they need do was to rob the bed, trundle-bed, or cradle, or take the infant from the mother's breast, sell the child, and take the money and buy wine for the holy sacrament. O shame! where is thy blush? After the clerical hypocrites had partaken of the emblems of the broken body and shed blood of the blessed Redeemer,

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and all the white-faces had eaten and drunk and wiped their consecrated lips, they then called in their cattle [human chattels] to the Lord's table. Here comes the poor, broken-hearted mother to partake of the price of her child's blood and bones,—the child she may never see again till she meets it in eternity.

The heaven-ordained ordinance of marriage had no recognition by masters for their slaves, only so far as it suited the convenience of those masters; and to hear of the total disregard and abuse of the marriage relation under that system would curdle the blood.

I have intimated above that slaves, in some instances, were allowed certain religious privileges. But these were exceptions to the general rule. I will mention one instance of many thousands under the general rule. A slave by the name of Jack—with no other name except that of his master, or such as he might impose upon him,—embraced religion, and was anxious that his fellow-slaves should realize the height and depth of the love of God shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost given unto him. With this end in view, or, in other words, in the endeavor to bring about such a result, he would hold meetings every Sabbath among his fellow-slaves. His master, an unconverted man, forbade him hold these meetings, and tried in every way possible to prevent him without confining him. This he would not do until he had exhausted every other means. Finally he came to the conclusion to sell him. He soon found a purchaser, who, after the usual inspection of the teeth, eyes, muscles, and limbs, asked if the negro had any faults. "Yes, or you nor any one else would ever get him from me." "Will he run away?" "No, not he."

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"Will he steal?" "No, no; not a word of it. You never saw a more honest nigger in your life." "Is he lazy?" "Not he. He will do as much work as any man. Indeed, he needs no hurrying." "Is he trusty?" "Yes, indeed. I can send him to market, and he will sell all to the best advantage and return me every cent of the money." "Well, I can not see where the fault is." "Well, I will tell you. He has religion. If he would only keep it to himself I would not care; but every Sabbath he will get all the niggers together he can and have meeting, and get them all in an uproar. I told him I would sell him if he did not quit it; and I will be as good as my word." "Oh," said the other, "I can soon flog that out of him." The price was agreed on, and the deed was made out and delivered with the chattel property. He took Jack home with him, told him his rules, and said, "I will have no preaching, praying niggers around me." When Sabbath came Jack was off for meeting. Monday morning his new master called him up and asked him where he had been. He frankly told him. The master raged and foamed, and told him he would learn him better than to disobey. He told the driver to flog him well with a rawhide on his naked back. The driver tied his thumbs together, with his arms around a whipping-post, and tied his feet together, putting a rail between his ankles to hold him steady. In this position the lash was applied, his back being scored with gashes. To increase the torture, his quivering wounds were washed with a strong solution of salt and water. He was then driven off to work. On the next Sabbath he was off again to hold meetings. On Monday morning he was again called up and flogged, his master

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assisting, and swearing that *he* could drive religion out of him. On the next Sabbath Jack was off again to hold meeting, and on Monday morning was again flogged. The punishment each time was increased, until one Monday morning when they stripped him, and saw the sore and mutilated condition of his back, the master said, "You poor, black devil, what will become of you with your back all gashed and sore? There is no place for another stripe. How long are you going to continue holding your meetings?" "As long as God Almighty lets me live, massa." "Well, that will not be long; for we will soon finish you in this way." "Glory to God! Den I go to de Lord Jesus and show him my wounds and how I suffer for his sake." The master looked at the driver and exclaimed, "Untie him and let him go to work." He started to the field to hoe corn; and in order to not lose time coming to and going from dinner he took his hoe-cake along—all the dinner he had. In the evening he looked toward the quarters and saw his master coming, looking very serious,—pulling a blade of corn here and another there, biting them, and throwing them down. Coming to Jack he said, "Well, Jack, you are hard at work." "Yes, massa." "Jack, don't you think it hard to work so in the hot sun all the day long, and have nothing to eat but hoe-cake?" "Oh, no, massa. I love to work." "But you work so hard, and have so little to eat that I should think you would find it very hard." "Oh, no; de Lord Jesus went about doing good, and got no pay—only abuse. I must do all de good in de world I can." "Jack, what does your Master say about your enemies?" "Oh, he say, 'Love your enemies, bless dem wot cuss you, and pray for dem

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wot 'spitefully use you and persecute you." "Well, Jack, I am your enemy. I have used you very, very bad. Can you pray for me?" "With all my heart, massa." Down they knelt, and he poured out his soul in prayer to God. Soon his master became a converted man. Shortly after this Jack's master made out his free-papers and let him go and preach to his heart's content.

But, dear reader, not every slave got off as well as did Jack. I have heard slaves say that when their mangled backs were washed with brine something like sparks of fire would pass before their eyes, so acute was the pain and agony.

Reader, what think you of slavery? I will here tell you something. It got to be so in America, in those times of which I write,—A. D. 1860,—that in every class where I traveled,—and I traveled quite extensively in Indiana, Ohio, and Illinois,—if there were any pro-slavery members, that class did no good. A great many of our members were wide-awake to the doctrines of the Bible and of our church. The Bible says, expressly, "Cry aloud, spare not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet, and shew my people their transgression, and the house of Jacob their sins. Yet they seek me daily, and delight to know my ways, as a nation that did righteousness, and forsook not the ordinance of their God: they ask of me the ordinances of justice; they take delight in approaching to God. Wherefore have we fasted, say they, and thou seest not? wherefore have we afflicted our soul, and thou takest no knowledge? Behold, in the day of your fast ye find pleasure, and exact all your labors. . . . Is not this the fast that I have chosen?

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to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burden, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke? Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor that are cast out to thy house? when thou seest the naked, that thou cover him; and that thou hide not thyself from thine own flesh? . . . Then shalt thou call, and the Lord shall answer." (Isaiah lviii. 1–9.)

Yet in those squally times we dare not say anything against this monstrous iniquity, nor even pray that every yoke might be broken and the oppressed go free, or the hue and cry would be raised, "Politics! politics!" Some church-members would even try to justify American slavery by the Bible. I repeat it, wherever there were one or more members of that kind in a United Brethren class it was like a hole in a jostling sack of sand,—every grain of brotherly love would leak out from that class. Thank God there were some—and by no means an inconsiderable number—who held to the true principles of the Bible and our church; namely, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." Strange that church-members should be so scrupulous about politics, and squirm and fret, and with hat in hand make for the door, their boots pinching them, whenever a preacher said anything against that wicked institution!

On one occasion I was invited by a good sister to take tea. I will here state that it is very strange that as we approached the boundary-line of slavery public sentiment was greatly toned down and the antislavery feeling was greatly modified,—some such conservatism or blending as we find in the neutral tint between two blended

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colors. Mine hostess lived in the village of Newburg, Bartholomew County, Indiana, not very far from the Kentucky line and sentiment. At the tea-table the gentleman of the house introduced the subject of American slavery. Of course they soon found out my sentiments, which were very different from theirs. The gentleman soon withdrew from the conversation, leaving his wife and myself to finish the controversy as best we could. The wife observed:

"The northern Abolitionists want to rank us all on an equality with the nigger; but before I would sit down and eat with a nigger at my side at the table I would starve to death."

"Hut, tut," said I.

"I would—that's so!"

"Possible?" said I. "Well, madam, if you would not sit by them to eat, would you eat the bread they have mixed with their black hands?"

"Oh," said she, "they wash their hands. Some of them are the cleanest cooks in the world."

"Could you let them come around you and wait on the table while you are eating?"

"Yes, indeed; that is their place."

"Did you ever live in a slave-state?"

"Why, I guess I have. I was raised in a slave-state. Father had a lot of niggers. Indeed, our old Dinah took care of me, when I was a child, more than mother did, and suckled me with her own child; and so she did with my brothers and sisters."

"Well, well. Is that so? Where in the world, then, did you get such a hatred to niggers? Although they have nursed you and taken such good care of you, yet

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now you would starve to death before you would sit by old Dinah, your foster-mother, who robbed her own child to nourish you."

"Oh, it is very common in slave-states for the slave-women to mind the babies. That is their place. But it is not their place to eat with us at our table. Our slaves knew better than to come to the table where the white children were eating."

"Well, what did your slaves eat? I suppose Dinah got well fed on account of the babies?"

"Yes, our niggers were well fed. I wish to God my children had as good times and as good victuals as the slaves have in Virginia. I've wished it a thousand times."

"Well, if you do wish it, I do not see why you do not have it so. The people of Virginia are buying and selling as white children as yours. Why not take your children there and sell them? You would get money enough in the operation to defray all expenses and leave a surplus. If you think they would sell better a shade darker, you could get some butternut-bark stain and tone down their color a few shades to suit the market. Indeed, an old bachelor in Virginia lately advertised that he wished to purchase a 'gal' to take the lead in his kitchen, be chambermaid, etc.,—one about sixteen or seventeen years old, intelligent and industrious,—the whiter the better. For such a 'gal' he would pay a liberal price. Now is your time. If you do really wish as you say, you can be accommodated. Children as white as yours, as good as yours, and as dear to their parents as yours are sold daily. And the abominable system that sells those children would sell yours. Many

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men in Virginia and other slave-states have sold their own children; and they would readily sell or buy yours."

"I don't want anybody to tell me in my own house that a nigger slave is as good as my children. I think, old woman, you have said too much."

"If I have, I ask your pardon. Now, about the goodness of the individual. In the first place, do you really believe in a God?"

"Certainly I do."

"Do you believe he is the maker and governor of the universe?"

"Yes, I do."

"Do you believe that Paul had it right when he said, 'In him we live and move and have our being?'"

"Why, certainly I do; as much as you do."

"Well, do you believe that Paul had it right when he said, 'God made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth?' (Acts xvii. 26.) Notice, it says '*one blood.*'"

"Yes; I believe what the Bible says."

"Now another question, if you please. Do you believe any of the colored people have religion?"

"Why, yes; many a one."

"Do you believe that Christ died for them as well as for you?"

"I—I—I suppose he did."

"Well, now, let us go back. Out of your own mouth we will decide. They are as good as you; for the same God made, governs, and upholds all the human family. They are as good as you; for they were made of the same blood. They are as good as you; for Christ died to redeem them. And I want to tell you something

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more. God once smote a woman with leprosy for doing just the very thing you are now doing."

"Why, what am I doing?"

"Why, you are trying to say that black people are not as good as you, when indeed they are of the same blood, made and upheld by the same almighty power, and redeemed by the same precious blood of Jesus. How dare we call ourselves superiors?"

"I, madam, for my part, believe that the Almighty did not intend for the different races to amalgamate."

"That is one reason why I dislike slavery. I think, for the happiness of both races, they should live separately. Slavery more than any other cause fosters amalgamation. We are known abroad as a Christian nation; yet our vessels, bearing aloft the stars and stripes, have borne our fellow-beings to this country from a foreign coast, to be sold in perpetual bondage."

In this strain I continued, pointing out the grossness and inhumanity of the peculiar institution, giving also a description of the manner of kidnapping on the African coast and importation hither. I then repeated to her a short poem, entitled:

"THE NEGRO WOMAN'S LAMENTATION.

"In St. Lucia's distant isle,
Still with Afric's love I burn,
Parted many a thousand mile,
Never, never to return.
Come, kind death, and give me rest;
Yamba has no friend but thee.
Thou canst ease my troubled breast,
Thou canst set the pris'ner free.

"Down my cheeks the tears are dripping;
Broken is my heart with grief;

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Mangled is my flesh with whipping,—
Come, kind death, and bring relief.
Born on Afric's golden coast,—
Once I was as blest as you.
Parents tender I could boast,
Husband dear, and children too.

"A Christian man came from afar,
Sailing o'er the briny flood;
He, by the help of British tars,
Buys up human flesh and blood.
With my baby at my breast,—
Other children sleeping by,—
In my hut I sat at rest,
With no thought of danger nigh.

"From the beach, at evening-tide,
Rushed the Christian's stealing crew;
Seized the victim by my side,—
Seized the wretched Yamba, too,—
All for love of filthy gold.
Straight he bore me to the sea—
Crowded in the slave-ship's hold,
Where were hundreds stowed like me.

"Then they had us on the rack,—
'Round the vessel they did prance;
'Smack the cat' about the deck,
And in scorn they bid us dance.
I, in groaning, passed the night,
And did roll my aching head.
At the break of morning light
My poor child lay cold and dead.

"Happy, happy there she lies;
She will feel the lash no more.
Thus full many a negro dies
Ere we reach the distant shore.
When the vessel came to land
We were taken from the hold,
Put upon the auction-block,
And, like beasts at market, sold.

"I was sold to Massa Hard,—
Some have masters kind and good,—

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And again my back was scarred,
Bad and stinted was my food.
Poor and wounded, faint and sick,—
All exposed to burning sky,—
Massa bid me cotton pick,
And I now am near to die.

"What and if to death it sends me,
Savage murder though it be?
Christian laws will not befriend me,—
They protect not slaves like me.
Then I started in great haste,
Toward the roaring sea to fly;
Death itself I longed to taste,—
Longed to cast me in and die.

"There I met, upon the strand,
English missionary good;
Had the Bible-book in hand,
Which poor me no understood.
Then he led me to his cot,
Soothed and pitied all my woe,—
Told me 'twas the Christian's lot
Much to suffer here below.

"Told me then of God's dear Son,—
Strange and wondrous was the tale—
What sad wrong to him was done,
Though he was the Lord of all.
Told me, too, as one who knew him,—
Can such love as this be true?—
How he died for those who slew him,—
Died for wretched Yamba too.

"Freely he has mercy proffered,
And to sinners he was sent;
E'en to massa pardon offers,—
Oh, if massa would repent!
Wicked deed full many a time
Sinful Yamba, too, has done;
She bewails to God her crime,
But she trusts in God's dear Son.

"Duly now baptized am I,
By good missionary man.

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Lord, my nature purify
As no outward water can.
I must suffer on awhile
In the cotton-fields so drear.
Farewell to my home and child,
Fare thee well my husband dear.

"We will never meet on earth;
But they tell me there's a place
Where the wicked cease from troubling
And the weary are at rest.
When I go to that blest plain
I'll meet my friends from Africa,
Then my husband and my children
And my Savior, in that day,—
Jesus will wipe all tears away."

With many other words I reproved, rebuked, and admonished with all long-suffering and doctrine,—so much so that she did not think it necessary for her to go and hear me preach. She did not wish her husband to know her feelings and the cause of her not going to church; so she took sick and had him send to the doctor to get medicine for her. Of course, her husband must stay at home and take care of her, and give her the medicine. Her malady was not fatal, as she recovered soon after my departure.

I was telling you about my being at Franklin. On my arrival there I found that most of the class had moved away, died, or backslidden, leaving very few; and they were much discouraged. We held meeting in a hall, in an upper room. The young men seemed to be very restless and uneasy,—running up and down stairs. On one occasion I told the people before I commenced preaching that little boats were soon loaded, and as soon as loaded the captain would cut the cable and shove out. Just so it was with people going to church. Some

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young men with small craniums can not hold much, and as soon as they get their load they strike for the stairs. When you see any one making for the stairs you may know what the matter is. He has all his little bark can hold. After that we had a very still time. A hint to the wise was sufficient.

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Chapter LIV.

A Red Man's Sermon, "Your Hands are Full of Blood"—Franklin—Waterloo — The Pedros — Dublin — Hartsville — Twenty-one Additions—Concord—Bethel—Sister Damaris M. Thornburg—Co-working — Economy — Modern Ananias and Sapphira — Parental Duty—Temperance—Touching Incident—Mr. Campbell and Mr. Kerr—A Rumseller—Washington Church—Milton—Conscience at Work—Bethel—Blue River Chapel—Remarkable Conversion.

From Franklin we went to Waterloo to see our boys, who were teaching school near that place. After a short visit to Mr. Pedro's, where D. F. Sexton boarded, and to Brother Hiram Waymire's, where J. Z. Sexton boarded, we went with the boys to Dublin, where they took the cars for Hartsville. We then went to Sugar Grove and held a protracted meeting, which resulted in a revival among the members generally, and twenty additions to the church.

From there we went to Concord, Randolph County, Indiana, and had a good time. Here we found warm hearts. Mr. Leonard Pedro and his wife united with the church.

From there we went to Bethel, in Wayne County, and had a glad time. At Bethel, Sister Damaris M. Thornburg, a very worthy lady and gifted sister,—who held a

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license to exhort,—generally went with me into the stand or pulpit. One evening before preaching Sister Thornburg asked me if I had a special message that night. Not exactly comprehending her meaning, I observed, "Not more than common." "Well," said she, "I have." I thought by the remark of the sister that she wished to preach. I named it to her. She said she did. "Well, go on," said I. She went on and preached an excellent discourse. While she was preaching I sat reflecting on my obligations to the people and my promise to them that, no preventing providence, I would preach to them that night. Providence had not prevented,—I was there, and was able to preach. Was I willing to stand as a falsifier before that people? Had Sister Thornburg lived at a distance it would have looked better on my part, and the people would have excused me. What could I do? I pondered and resolved; yet that falsehood stared me in the face, "No preventing providence, I will preach to you." I resolved to keep my pledge. So, after Sister Thornburg concluded I arose and explained to the audience my embarrassing condition and convictions of duty. I told them I was now ready to keep my pledge.

I took a text, preached a short discourse, and stood acquitted before God, my conscience, and the community. I felt very awkward all the while, but I knew Sister Thornburg had charity enough to bear with me. Sister Thornburg had a peculiar notion that she must not give out an appointment, but speak when she felt like it and when a favorable opportunity offered; consequently she seldom preached. I was so gratified at her proposition to preach that for the time I lost sight of my own duty.

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While there I had the pleasure of hearing a converted Indian chief preach. His text was, "Your hands are full of blood." (Isaiah i. 15.) The preacher went on to tell how the people of America had treated the Indians, —excepting, however, William Penn and his followers. "They have driven us from our lands and homes and from the graves of our ancestors, because they coveted our territory. Because they had the numerical strength and power they have killed off our young men and driven our old men, our women, and our children to the wilderness, where they must perish from cold or starvation. 'Your hands are full of blood.' Not so with William Penn and his followers. They bought such lands as we did not want or need, and paid for them with such articles as we needed. The result was, we lived by them in friendship, love, and peace. They had observed the teachings of the Holy Bible. 'All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets.' But as I am preaching to Americans it becomes me, as a servant of Christ, to preach the truth, so far as I know it. And I will tell you, strange friends, you may come to the Indian with the long knife, the rifle, and all the engines of death, and punish him to the death, even down to the last man. If he escapes he is not conquered. You can not enslave him or make him do menial service. No. Rather would he hunt some lonely lake or mountain fastness; and his language would be:

"'Here on the beach I'll sit down in despair;
I will paint me with black and will sever my hair;
I will sit on the shore where the hurricane blows,
And reveal to the gods of the tempest my woes.

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My father and mother and kindred are fled,
My nation is gone to the shades of the dead;
But they died not with disease or lingering decay,—
The steel of the white man hath swept them away.'

"'Your hands are full of blood.' The steel or the gunpowder of the white man will never convert the red man. Nothing will do it save the story of the cross. It was that which moved my heart to pity and repentance, —to hear that 'God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' Oh, the passion of Jesus in the garden,—his torture on the cross,—makes me tremble and moves me with pity and adoration."

The speaker then gave attention for a few moments to another of our national sins,—African slavery,—showing in living colors that in tolerating and fostering it our hands were "full of blood."

We had, in all, a very interesting meeting at Bethel. Quite a number gave in their names for membership. We found many warm-hearted brethren there. Among the number I will mention Alvin Thornburg and Adam Oler. The latter urged Mr. Sexton and myself to stay with them a month, to give me time to rest. I needed rest; but my appointments ahead made it impossible for me to accept his generous offer.

We went from Bethel to Economy, and preached once to a large and attentive congregation. The Indian chief above mentioned was there also, and made many hearty responses. Sister Thornburg exhorted. We had a good time at Economy.

From Economy we went to Washington to hold a

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protracted meeting. The morning before going to Washington I awakened myself preaching from this text: "Thou hast not lied to men, but to God." I had never tried to preach from that text, nor had I ever heard any one try to preach from it; but I looked upon it, somehow, as a signal from God directing me to preach from it that Sabbath-day.

At Washington there was a poor backslidden brother who had been a class-leader in the church, and who was a prominent and influential citizen. From some trivial cause or offense he had gradually cooled off and become more and more estranged until he neglected church entirely. He was drawing very light draughts of pleasure and comfort from a violin, and was supplying the deficiency by an occasional dram. Step by step his way led to the gambling-table. I knew nothing of him or of the circumstance. When it was mentioned in the neighborhood that a woman was to preach, it was not difficult to persuade him to go. I was afterward informed that he came there to make fun. While I sung, "Brethren, see that poor backslider," etc., the brethren observed him very closely. When I closed the opening prayer and read my text he was in tears and was in a proper frame of mind to hear the word and profit by it. I announced my text: "Thou hast not lied to men, but to God." I recited briefly the circumstances connected with the death of Ananias and Sapphira. "They seemed to start fairly in the cause of God; but see them when it comes to the giving-point. Then methinks I hear this kind of colloquy:

"ANANIAS. 'What think you, Sapphira,—don't you think these apostles are a little too exacting—taking all

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a person has? Some of them are as poor as Lazarus; and for us to sell our fine farm and other property and give all the proceeds to them, making us as poor as they are, seems to me to be asking too much.'

"SAPPHIRA. 'That is just what *I've* been thinking; and I am glad you mentioned it. Can't we contrive some plan to save some of the money for a rainy day? We can tell them we only sold for so much, and keep the remainder; and no one need know any better.'

"ANANIAS. 'That can easily be got along with. We can tell the man to whom we sell to say nothing about it. A few shekels will close his mouth.'

"SAPPHIRA. 'All right, my Lord Ananias.'

"Her covetous heart fairly leaped for joy. Now comes the giving-time and the general distribution.

"One walks in and lays at the apostles' feet all the proceeds of the sale of his property; another walks up and lays down all of his; another, all of his,—all freely and cheerfully given. None were made rich, none poor, by this church-covenant of this band of brothers.

> "'For God hath appointed that every high hill
> Shall thus be brought down, the valleys to fill,—
> To make the ground even,—a smooth, pleasant road,—
> That Israel may go in the glory of God.
>
> "'Arise, O Jerusalem, and stand upon high.
> Thy children are gathering; to thee they draw nigh.
> Behold, from the east and the west they have come;
> With joy and rejoicing they are gathering home.'

"See them coming up and laying their treasure at the apostles' feet.

"Here comes one who appears to have a little misgiving; but he lays his offering down. Peter looks at him and says, 'Ananias, why hath Satan filled thine heart to

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lie to the Holy Ghost, and to keep back part of the price of the land? While it remained, was it not thine own? and after it was sold, was it not in thine own power? why hast thou conceived this thing in thine heart? thou hast not lied unto men, but unto God.' And the poor guilty wretch fell down dead at the apostles' feet. He was borne away at once for burial, unmourned and unlamented. On and on and on come the contributors. And now here comes a woman. Perhaps after pondering over the transaction about three hours the matter of distribution comes into her mind, and she starts at once to see about it. As she entered Peter said, 'Tell me whether ye sold the land for so much? And she said, Yea, for so much. Then Peter said unto her, How is it that ye have agreed together to tempt the Spirit of the Lord? behold, the feet of them which have buried thy husband are at the door, and shall carry thee out. Then fell she down straightway at his feet, and yielded up the ghost: and the young men came in, and found her dead, and, carrying her forth, buried her by her husband.' You see, my friends, how soon justice overtook the heaven-daring, bold offenders.

"My friends, God says to-day, 'My son, give me thine heart.' How many, oh, how many there are who start fair for heaven. At some heaven-favored time they have been convicted of sin; and then and there they promised God that if he would remove their load of sin and show them the joys of his great salvation they would love and serve him all their days. God, in his mercy, heard their prayers and set their captive souls at liberty. Yea, he put a new song in their mouths, even praises to God. They feel and say.

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"'Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.'

"By and by Satan tempts them. 'You need not be quite so strict,—you need not give up all. You may indulge in the little sins. It will all be right,—God will be merciful.' Parents, has not the devil told you that you need not pray with and for your children? Be very careful. When he makes such suggestions he wants you to keep back part of the price. Did you not set out to serve the Lord through evil as well as through good report? This text suits the man who is a backslider,—who has made great professions. Perhaps he has often said he is 'heaven-born and heaven-bound.' He has made the good profession before God, angels, and men. He thought his mountain stood strong; but, alas! alas! he began to tamper with the enemy,—he began to keep back part. He had 'not lied to men, but to God.'

"O parents, how can you meet those children God has intrusted to your care, whom he has commanded you to bring up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, when you have kept back the most essential part, the lever of prayer? Do you love your children? I can almost hear you say, 'God knows my heart; I do.' Do you plead with God in prayer in their behalf? If not, you keep back the better part. You have 'not lied unto men, but unto God.'

"Poor backslider, what is your situation now? I will tell you in brief. You are a miserable man. You have no peace. 'There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked,' 'but a certain fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation, which shall devour the adversa-

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ries.' If God smote Ananias and Sapphira his wife, was it not done for our benefit that we might fear and tremble before that God who deals out such fearful retribution? Will he not, in a coming day, deal out his sevenfold thunder on your guilty head?"

Thus I pressed these truths home upon the backsliders until the man whom I spoke of above manifested great concern, weeping bitterly. I continued the meeting about a week. Among others, this same old man joined the church. Before joining he asked permission to speak to the people. He went on and confessed his faults. He told how far he had got back, begged their forgiveness, and said that if they would receive him into the church again he would try, the Lord being his helper, to be more watchful, and throw all into the treasury, —not keeping back part.

When I last heard from him he was keeping his covenant faithfully, walking in all the ordinances of the Lord's house blameless. The brethren all have great confidence in him. May God bless him and keep him faithful.

While in Washington a woman joined the church whose husband was an habitual drunkard. Soon after she joined she invited me to come and see her. I went. Her husband was at home. He was, truly, an awful-looking man, with his dark-red and purple and blotched face. I asked him if he had religion. He gave a kind of grin bordering on a leer and answered, "No, no." "You think there is such a thing, do you not?" "Yes, I believe there is." "Do you not believe it is free for all who truly seek it?" "I do; but to tell you the truth, madam, I can not seek religion. I have so much trouble.

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If you knew my trouble you would think like me—it is of no use to try." "I think not, sir. The poet says, 'Earth has no sorrow that heaven can not cure.'" "Oh, you don't know my trouble. Why, only think! My son, a boy eighteen years old, has gone off and left me, and will not return. I can not bear it,—it is more than I can stand." "Perhaps it is your fault. Do you, as a father, act at all times as a father should? Do you set examples you would wish your son to follow?" "Well, madam, you may ask my neighbors if I ever abuse my family." "I ask you, candidly, Have you any faults? Do you act wrong and out of place at any time?" "Well, as to faults, I have one; and that is a bad one. And all will say that is all the fault I have." "May I ask what that fault is?" I saw and knew that it was like pulling teeth for him to answer. After some hesitation he said, "I drink too much." "Ah! Do you get drunk?" "Yes, I do. I am what people would call a drunkard." "Now is that so? Your son left, no doubt, on that account; and I can not blame him. Were I in his place I would not stay with a drunken father. Your son, no doubt, is a noble boy, and feels nearly killed to think of his father getting drunk. It is a wonder he even remains in the country where you could ever hear from him or he from you. What an awful thing that is, now! You, an intelligent man, to go deliberately day after day to the grocery and spend your money for that which benumbs your senses, disgraces yourself and family, brings ruin and poverty and disgrace upon you all, and worst of all, sends your poor soul to a drunkard's hell. Only think of meeting at the bar of God your dear son whom you have, by your dissipation, driven

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from home, and your wife and children whom you have beggared and disgraced! How will you meet them there? Think of the shortness of time, the duration of eternity, and your certain doom unless you repent. And the whole story will be told for you within a twelvemonth, unless you reform at once."

I asked him if were possible for him to quit drink. He said he did not know. I told him that others had quit. I narrated the circumstance of a man who drank until he had wasted all his living. "He had two daughters—beautiful little girls. But they could not go to school for want of decent clothing. They, with their mother, took in washing to get their bread; and they would labor hard to feed and clothe him and the children. On one occasion he borrowed two shillings from his wife, on some pretense, but went straight to the grocery and got beastly drunk. When he found himself in that condition he was ashamed to go home; so he staggered out of town and went into an old waste-house, where he lay down to sober off before returning to his family. He slept a long while. When he awoke he heard disputing voices near the old house. Of course, he wished to know what they were quarreling about and who they were. Four little children,—two of his own and two of his neighbor's,—were in a blackberry-patch near by. Two of the children were taunting the other two, and trying to drive them away. One of them said, 'We will not pick berries with you. Your father is a drunkard. We won't pick with a drunkard's children Why don't you go away?' 'Mother told us to come here and pick. We can not help it if father does drink.' 'Shame on you! Your father is a drunkard. Come

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away, Belle. Don't let us pick berries with a drunkard's girls.' And away they went, leaving the others crying. After they were gone one of the girls said to the other, as soon as she could for sobbing, 'I wish father did not drink. Oh, if father only knew how hard it is to bear! Father don't love us, or he would not drink. Mother loves us, but father does not.'

"The man listened to his own dear children until his heart was melted; and, bad as he felt, and although his craving appetite was urging him to drink, he resolved that, come life or death, he would never touch another drop. 'I will quit drinking. My own dear little girls shall never again be tantalized on account of my misconduct, if God will enable me to overcome my appetite for whisky. But if the worst must come,—if I can't live without it I can die without it. I am determined to die a sober man.' These resolves made, he started home, not letting his children know that he had witnessed their abuse or grief. When he reached there he asked his wife if she had any flour. 'Yes, a little.' 'Where did you get it?' 'I washed for a woman, and she paid me in flour.' 'Will you be so good as to make me some gruel? I feel sick.' She was astonished to hear him speak so kindly. She soon had the gruel made. He drank it and went to bed. In the morning he asked her to make him some more gruel. She did so. He lay in bed for several days, drinking gruel, until he was well enough to go to work. But where could he find work? Before he had given way to intemperance he was a first-class carpenter and could get plenty of work; but the people had long since lost confidence in him. If they employed a carpenter, they wanted a

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sober man. He knew, however, of a neighbor who was about commencing to build a large barn. He went to him and asked him to give him work for that day. 'Yes,' said the man; 'and I wish you were such a man as you used to be. I would be glad to have you boss the job of building my barn. But go to work. I am glad you came over.' He went to work and worked all day. At night he asked the man for one dollar to get some things for his family. The man gave him three dollars, assuring him that he would give him that amount for every day he worked as he had done that day. 'If you would only let drink alone and boss this barn, I would give you that much every day; and I would rather give you four dollars a day than to have any one else boss the job.' 'Sir,' said he, 'the last drop of liquor has gone down my throat that ever will while I have my senses.' 'If that is so, I want you to boss the building of my barn. And, now I think of it, don't you want a barrel of flour?' 'Well, I guess we are nearly out.' The drayman was ordered to go to the mill and take a barrel of flour to Mr. Campbell's. Meantime, Mr. Campbell hurried through the town, calling here and there and buying edibles. He first bought a market-basket in which to carry his purchases, and then procured tea, coffee, sugar, meat, butter, bread, cakes, etc., and hurried home to help in with the barrel of flour. Just as he reached there he heard his wife tell the drayman that there was another Mr. Campbell living just across the way,—the flour must be for him. 'No,' said Mr. Campbell, 'that is for us.' She looked around and saw her husband, with a market-basket on his arm filled with groceries. She looked full in his face, almost in a

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state of bewilderment, and saw he was perfectly sober. What thrilling emotions gladdened her heart! As he unloaded his basket he said, 'Dear wife, if I live and have my health you shall never again wash for our bread.'

"By the time his daughters were grown he was living in a large mansion of his own, with plenty of money at interest. His girls were the belles of the town,—educated, accomplished, and highly esteemed by all."

While I was narrating this event the man and his wife wept like children. I urged him to make the effort to stop short from drink, and get religion. Finding they were both so much affected, I quit talking and began to sing,

"Take your husband by the hand," etc.

As soon as I began to sing they both arose to their feet. She took him by the hand, put her other arm around his neck, and said, "O Thomas, come and go with us to that happy land!" He trembled and wept. Looking at me he begged me to pray for him. We all knelt down, and I poured out my soul to God in prayer for him, his wife, his absent son, and all the children at home. We had an interesting time that day at Thomas Kerr's.

Like Mr. Campbell, Mr. Kerr resolved that he would never touch another drop of ardent spirits. But he had a hard time before he was able to be about. He was so habituated to drink that when he quit so suddenly he had an attack of *delirium tremens;* and his life was despaired of. In all his ravings he had an abhorrence for liquor, and under no circumstances would he touch it.

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However, he recovered from the terrible ordeal. When I returned there some time afterward he was teaching a district school. Like the man in the tombs, he was sitting clothed and in his right mind. His face had resumed its natural color. I could say much more of Thomas Kerr and his family, but space will not permit. Suffice it to say he has since become independently wealthy and is highly respected.

While in Washington, I took a woman into church whose husband kept a grog-shop and gambling-den; and she had frequently served out liquor to customers. In my preaching I was not sparing of my views in regard to such conduct. I told the people that the whisky-seller was, in my view and in the view of all good men and women, a worse person than the highway robber, bringing to the support of my declaration such passages of scripture as, "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that puttest thy bottle to him," etc. The woman was convicted, joined the church, and became a changed being. She went home, and—her husband being absent—emptied out all the liquor. When he came home he had another barrel brought to the door. She stepped out and told him that whisky should not come into her house; if it did she would certainly knock the head in. Her husband remonstrated. She told him it was of no use,—that neither whisky nor any other liquor should ever again come into her house. So he had to take it to other quarters. She had resolved that her house should be a house of prayer. And she is still true to that resolution.

I will here state that when I went to Washington, United Brethrenism was at a low ebb. Their old leader

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had backslidden, and the few faithful brethren and sisters were much discouraged. I do not say this by way of boasting, but for the encouragement of my co-laborers and discouraged classes or churches. Far be it from me to boast, save in the cross of Christ. Whatever good I have been able to do, I may truly say it was not by my power. I went in the discharge of duty, and the good Lord blessed his word to the conviction and conversion of many wayward, wandering, sinful souls who came to mock and stayed to pray. I could mention many such incidents if time and space permitted. I will, however, relate one.

I filled an appointment at Milton,—now Green Hill,—where one woman came forward on purpose to make sport. After coming in she observed, "Ah, our church [she belonged to the United Brethren, but had no religion,] is very particular about women keeping in their place, and want to church Sister S. for dressing in men's clothes. They had better put men's clothes on that old fool, or keep her out of the pulpit." I knew nothing of her remarks, however. And I think it would have made no difference to me had I known of them, unless they had acted as a stimulus to more zeal and energy of soul, knowing that our Master said, "Woe unto you, when all men shall speak well of you! for so did their fathers to the false prophets."

One night during the meeting Sister Pentzer—with whom we stayed—came into the room where I slept and told me there was a woman in the other room who wished to see me. At the same time I heard her making piteous moans and lamentations. I hastened out. She was walking to and fro through the sitting-room.

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When I entered, she came to me exclaiming, "O dear lady, will you forgive me? I have abused you,—talked against your preaching. Will you forgive me? I felt that I could not live—that I must die and meet my doom before morning—if I did not come and acknowledge my fault and ask your forgiveness. I wanted my husband to come with me; but he would not do it, telling me to wait until morning. Somehow I felt that I must die and go to hell before morning; so I had my girl come with me. Now I want you to forgive me." I assured her I had nothing against her. "But," said she, "I have abused you. Will you forgive me?" I was in an awkward position. Here was a woman of whom I knew nothing pleading my forgiveness for an offense of which I was not cognizant. She still wept, and urged my forgiveness. When I told her all was right she said, "Then will you pray for me?" "Yes; with all my heart." By this time Brother and Sister Pentzer were up. We united in prayer, and then sung,

"Show pity, Lord, O Lord forgive," etc.

We had a season of prayer, after which the woman and her daughter left for home. I visited her afterward, while in town. She expressed great joy at my coming, and professed an affection for me greater than for any other earthly friend.

I have given the above incident merely to show the reader how God can make the wrath of man praise him. If we put our trust in him we will never be confounded. I can truly say to-day that the Lord is good to those who are of a contrite heart. I pray for the Holy Spirit to guide and direct me in the way of holiness.

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We went from Washington to Bethany Chapel, in Henry County, Indiana. Here I found some confusion. One brother had "taken the bit in his teeth," and was running things pell-mell. He was one of those intellectual characters who are not only willing to do all the thinking for a whole community, but insist on doing it. And his taste was so peculiar that nothing would please him unless he had the doing of it. He was very sensitive in regard to the word "slavery." But the worst feature in his acts was that he was bound to break down a certain brother and sister in the church whom he did not like. The main accusation against these persons was the calking of sugar-troughs and hauling sugar-water on the Sabbath. The brethren had appointed a committee to wait on the brother and sister. The report of this committee was handed in while we were there. The brother and sister confessed their fault and asked forgiveness. All the class except one brother gave a hearty assent to their request for pardon. He sat with his head down as though he were studying mischief. And so it proved. He did not want them in the church. And he kept on till he divided the class, and until their fine new church-house was burned. Then there was a strong effort—on his part—to lay the burning to the Sabbath-breaker above mentioned. My visit to Bethany was very unpleasant to me on account of the difficulty. Yet I found some sterling brethren and sisters there.

From there we went to Blue River Chapel, in Shelby County, Indiana, and found a warm-hearted class. The community has strong Quaker proclivities, and were therefore willing to hear the gospel from a woman. Here we found a girl who had lost her speech, as they claimed,

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because she had been called to preach but would not obey. She came to my meeting, and during preaching she sunk down in the seat. They laid her down, apparently unconscious. After meeting was dismissed, the sisters gathered around her and sung and prayed. All would not restore her to consciousness. Her father sent her brother to the church to tell them all to leave but two or three, and she would revive. We left in the afternoon, leaving two or three to remain with her until ten o'clock that night. They then carried her out, put her in a wagon, and took her home. She came to, as I understood, some time during the night.

I shall ever cherish the fond recollection of the kindness of the brethren, sisters, and friends of the Blue River appointment. One Quaker lady—with whom we stayed while there—made us valuable presents.

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Chapter LV.

"Rough and Ready"—Professor Shuck—Happy Maggie Newbury—A London Preacher and Bishop Simpson—Newburn—Mrs. Craner, Lydia Nicholas, and Elizabeth Fox—Hill's School-house, Han's School-house, and Lynn's Chapel—Canada School-house—Bloomingsport—Discourse—Text: "Abram's Call."

On the way to Blue River we met an old man of whom we inquired if he could tell us where a couple of strangers might get dinner. "Oh, yes; indeed I can. Just turn your mules' heads the other way. They call me 'Rough and Ready.' There is my house. I have enough to eat and some to spare. You will be very welcome. I am always careful to entertain strangers, for some have entertained angels unawares." He pointed to his beautiful house which we had just passed. We turned about, as requested, drove up, and were cordially welcomed and entertained. When I told them who we were they were rejoiced, and said that one of their daughters—an excellent young lady—had gone away beyond Morriston, through the rain, to hear me preach, but had returned home disappointed, as I had failed to reach my appointment.

I would be pleased to give the names of the good people of Blue River, but can only pray that Heaven's ample blessings may rest upon them.

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Here I found another sister who firmly believed she was called to the ministry. May God give her the victory over the man-fearing or man-pleasing spirit, and enable her to do great good in the name of the Holy One of Israel.

From Blue River we went to Hartsville, where our two boys David and Zadok were attending school, and found them getting along finely with their studies under the tutorage of Professor Shuck.

Soon after our arrival there I was invited by Brother L. S. Chittenden to preach. I excused myself on the ground of a want of scholarly culture and consequent timidity, especially in such an educated community. He insisted for some time; but finding that I would not preach, he so informed the students, hinting at my reasons.

This appeared to put a quietus on his project. But Brother A. Beauchamp said, "This will not do. Did I not hear her preach at Perrysville when the conference was held there? The church was crowded full, and there was no scare to her. I'll risk her being scared." Back came Brother Chittenden. "Well, Sister Sexton, the boys will not be put off. I could have got along with them had it not been for Brother Beauchamp. He says he has heard you, and declares the scare theory will not do." So I had to consent, and preached for them. They became so interested in the meeting that they continued it for a week.

While there I was invited to dine at the house of a brother. After dinner a young lady came in. I asked her if she had religion. "No, indeed," said she. "Why not?" "Well, I guess it is because I am so bad." "Ah!

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Is your father religious?" "I suppose so. He is a circuit preacher in the United Brethren Church. I guess that is what makes me so wicked. They tell me that all preachers' children are bad." "Oh," said I, "that will not hold good in all cases. I try to preach; and I think my children are by no means the worst." "Yours may be exceptions. But it is generally remarked that preachers' children are the worst. For my part, I have not yet sowed all my wild oats. I do not see any sense in such young people joining church. I never could have any pleasure in the world with my young associates. When I grow old I will attend to religious matters." But what if you should not live to become old? Go over to that church-yard and see if there are any graves there shorter than you. And what do you think would become of you were you to die to-day? You have no lease of your life. One has said, 'When people say, It is time enough, it always proves little enough.' Moreover, if you want real happiness, get religion. Choose the good part, as Mary did. Then you will have permanent happiness which will qualify you for usefulness in life and for a triumphant death." "Say what you will, old woman, you can not persuade me to give up the pleasures of the world yet awhile." "Is your mother religious?" "My mother is dead." "Is that so? How I do pity you. No kind mother to take you by the hand and lead you through the toils and snares and turmoils of this inconstant world; your father gone out calling sinners to repentance, and you lonely at home, with no kind mother to whom to tell your troubles and to kneel with you around the family altar! Was your mother religious?" "Yes, indeed." "No doubt, then, she is in heaven, where

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you will never be unless you are born again. You will never see that dear mother again unless you become reconciled to God. You do not want to be separated from you mother forever—ah, me! forever?" She appeared to be affected. So we knelt down and had a season of prayer, during which she wept bitterly. After prayer, as I had several calls to make before evening service, I bid her farewell and left her weeping. She attended meeting that night, and was much affected. The next morning, as she was busy here and there, her mind was drawn out after God; or, as David said, "Following hard after God." Every secret emotion was, "Lord, be merciful to me a sinner!" All at once, like an electric shock, she felt the joys of pardoning love and sins forgiven. Away she went, leaving her bed half made, as they told me. Going over to Professor Shuck's, she went into the kitchen without knocking and ran up to Sister Shuck to tell her the joyful news of pardoned sin. Oh, happy news! and happy Maggie! She ran from house to house to tell the glad tidings. She could say, of a truth:

> "I praise the Lord! on this glad day
> I went from house to house to pray;
> And if I met one on my way
> I always found something to say
> About this heavenly union."

"O Sister Shuck," said she, "I tried to shake off conviction; but the sermon which that old woman preached on Monday night I never could shake off."

Now, reader, I have mentioned this to show the effect upon the human heart by the simple presentation of the word of truth clothed with the power of the Holy Spirit. True, I was God's instrument of clay in the hands of the

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potter. God can speak through organic matter. He can use animate clay to open blind eyes. Maggie joined the church, and the Sunday following she, with several others, was baptized. May God keep them faithful until death that they may receive a crown of life.

Notwithstanding my misgivings and fears at the beginning, I now felt rejoiced that I had consented to work in that field which at first had appeared so difficult and embarrassing.

From Hartsville we went to Newburg, a little village a few miles distant. I preached on Sabbath morning and Professor Shuck preached in the afternoon. This was very much like an occurrence in Buffalo, New York, some three years ago, when they put up a London preacher for the morning service and Bishop Simpson in the afternoon. The Cincinnati *Gazette* said that the bishop was far the abler man. The discourse of Professor Shuck that afternoon was very able, indeed; and his imagery and personation were quite touching, communing and conversing with the spirits of the just made perfect. Among other things he asked, "Does my mother, who is so happy there, think of her child? Does she love me as she used to, or has she, in her ecstasy, forgotten me?" It is impossible for me at this late date to describe that sermon; but I remember that we were all carried away with his masterly eloquence. He sat down, and called on me to exhort. The best I could do under the embarrassing circumstances was to sing,

"Hast thou come from the spirit-land, thou bird?
Hast thou come from the spirit-land?
Through the dark pine-groves let thy voice be heard,
And tell of the shadowy band.
We know that the bowers are green and fair
In the light of that summer shore;

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And we know that the friends we have lost are there,—
They are there, and they weep no more.

"But tell us, thou bird of the solemn strain,
Can those who have loved forget?
We call, but they answer not again.
Do they love us yet? Do they love us yet?
We call them oft in the silent night,
But they speak not from cave or hill.
We know, thou bird, that their land is bright;
But say, oh, say, do they love there still?"

The singing did not divert the minds of the hearers from the train of thought produced by that wonderful discourse. I then closed with a few words of exhortation and prayer.

We soon took our leave of the kind people of Newburg and went to Newburn, a little village about four miles from Hartsville. Here we met with a kind reception. The brethren had a house of their own in the town. I preached to the people, having good liberty in speaking of my blessed Savior and his great plan of salvation.

While in this little village a most shameful occurrence took place. The circumstance was this: A colored man —a minister, I believe,—had been invited to lecture in the Methodist Episcopal church. One of the trustees was a Baptist; and he forbade the man lecturing there. The Methodist Episcopal trustee considered it was not his place to object or to control the matter in any way; so he was informed that the man should lecture there. He still insisted that he should not. The lecturing was appointed to commence at candle-lighting. An hour or so before the meeting-time the Baptist man planted himself at the door. But the Methodist Episcopal trustee was too quick for him, and had the house opened and

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was inside trimming the lamps and setting things in order. The Baptist rushed in and flew at him to put him out of doors; but the Methodist Episcopal trustee was too much for him, as was clearly shown by the bruised and bloody face of the Baptist trustee, while the Methodist Episcopal trustee appeared very little worse for the encounter. A mob of about forty persons paraded the streets and prowled around the house during the lecture; but they committed no violence.

The truth is, about this time there was a great deal of political excitement throughout the country; and in some localities the pro-slavery, copperhead element was very bold and aggressive, as in the above instance.

From Newburn we went to Williamsburg, in Wayne County, and held a protracted meeting. We had a good time. Some valuable additions were made to the church. We can never forget the kindness of the people in and around Williamsburg.

Here I found two more women who believed (and whom I believed) they had been called to preach. One was Mrs. Craner, the wife of Thomas Craner; the other was Lydia Nicholas. May the good Lord assist them in the performance of every known duty. Another lady, a Sister Elizabeth Fox, was so impressed with the call to the ministry that I insisted on her preaching one evening while I was holding a meeting at Sugar Grove. She complied. Her text was, "How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation." Oh, how I wish she would cut loose from every incumbrance and go into the work in good earnest. I do believe the Lord would sustain her. What a pity that such talents should be buried in a napkin!

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But somehow a few of our brethren in the ministry are inclined to discourage those sisters in their laudable work. One brother blamed me for letting Sister Fox preach, though he, the preacher in charge, could not have preached so able a discourse; and when he did preach he used manuscript. I am led to wonder if there is not enough for all to do. May the Lord save us from selfishness and help us to say, "Send, Lord, by whom thou wilt send."

From Williamsburg we went to Hill's School-house, Han's School-house, and Lynn's Church, all in Randolph County. From there we went to Canada School-house and held a protracted meeting of a few days. We had a good time. As I did not take notes, I do not remember particulars; but I can not forget the kindness of a Mr. George Stephenson and others of that neighborhood.

From there we went to Bloomingsport, a little town about three miles farther east. Here I preached one sermon, taking for my text Isaiah i. 2: "Hear, O heavens, and give ear, O earth: for the Lord hath spoken; I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me." In treating the subject I told the people that I was not gifted in sermonizing,—had never preached from notes or by the watch; but with the help of God I would do the best I could. For the sake of convenience I divided my subject into three heads.

"First, I will refer to the speaker; second, to the people addressed; third, I will show God's goodness to us.

"First. The speaker, as delineated by himself through the mouth of the prophet. He says: 'I saw also the Lord sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up, and his

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train [regal train of royalty] filled the temple. Above it stood the seraphim: each one had six wings; with twain he covered his face, and with twain he covered his feet, and with twain he did fly. And one cried unto another, and said, Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of hosts: the whole earth is full of his glory. And the posts of the door moved at the voice of him that cried, and the house was filled with smoke. Then said I, Woe is me! for I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips: for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of hosts. Then flew one of the seraphim unto me, having a live coal in his hand, which he had taken with the tongs from off the altar: and he laid it upon my mouth, and said, Lo, this hath touched thy lips; and thine iniquity is taken away, and thy sin purged. Also I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then said I, Here am I; send me.' (Isaiah vi. 1–8.)

"You see, friends, when Isaiah had the glorious view of the great shekinah and his regal train he stood, or fell, aghast; and, like the seraphim, ready to hide his face in the depths of humility, he cried out, 'Lord, I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips;' and, carrying out his acknowledgment, he said, 'I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips,'—acknowledging and confessing his sins and the sins of his people.

"But when God said, 'Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?' Isaiah answered, 'Here am I; send me.' The holy fire had touched his lips. His sins were pardoned, his iniquity was healed, and he was ready for any embassy the Lord had for him.

'But, ah, me! hear him. He calls on heaven and

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earth to hear and stand in awe. 'I [the Lord] have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me.'

"Second. We must look after this people. Trace their history. We remember of reading that God said to Abram, 'Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will shew thee.' Abram believed God and obeyed his voice, not knowing whither he went. By faith he journeyed in a strange land. The Lord appeared to him again and told him to try if he could count the grains of sand on the sea-shore. 'Even so shall thy posterity be numbered.' Year after year the faithful servant waits the fulfillment of the promise; but no heir gladdens his heart. Again he hears that voice of promise, 'Sarah thy wife shall bear thee a son.' After looking, hoping, and trusting the parents are blessed with the fulfillment of the promise. How their hearts were elated by the merry peal of his laughter from day to day! Do not be to suddenly overjoyed, Abram. There are sore trials in store for thee.

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Chapter LVI.

Discourse on Abram's Call, continued — Isaac — Jacob — Joseph — Egyptian Bondage — Deliverance — The Kingdom — Divine Providence.

"A few years elapsed, and again the voice of God is heard calling him. He answers, 'Here I am,'—very probably expecting some blessing, as heretofore. But, oh! how different the message. How he must have been startled at the sentence, 'Take now thy son, thine only son Isaac, whom thou lovest, . . . and offer him . . . upon one of the mountains which I will tell thee of.' Did grief and dismay affect his heart? No doubt the trial was a severe one. But heart-rending as it may have been, there is nothing given us to justify the idea that he made the sacrifice reluctantly. Far otherwise. We read that he arose early in the morning, saddled his beast, and started in haste. Did he tell Sarah he was going to kill her boy? Did he tell her to look at Isaac for the last time, as he would return no more?

"Let us follow him along. Abraham says to his servants, 'Abide ye here with the ass; and I and the young lad will go yonder and worship, and come again to you.' The servants obey. The father and his boy start up the

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mountain. They travel on—up, up. All at once the boy breaks the silence: 'My father!' And Abraham said, 'Here I am, my son.' 'Behold the fire and the wood: but where is the lamb for a burnt-offering?' 'God will provide himself a lamb for a burnt-offering.' Again silence broods over them. At last they gain the summit. The father binds his son. The awful truth now flashes across his mind. 'I am to be the lamb; and my dear father will kill me. Oh, if I could only have said farewell to mother! But now I will see her no more.' Abraham stands with the knife raised, the blade glittering in the sun. His eye explores the spot where life will make its most speedy exit. God, who is ever watching his faithful children, speaks to Abraham: 'Lay not thine hand upon the lad, neither do thou anything unto him; for now I know that thou fearest God, seeing thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son, from me.' And Abraham saw behind him a ram caught in the thicket, and was told to offer it for a sacrifice. Only look! See how quickly the trembling hand unties the boy. How eagerly the boy bounds from the rude altar. Abraham had trusted God, knowing that he was able, if need be, to raise Isaac from the dead,—or, perchance, other sons would be given him.

"Our text says, 'I have nourished and brought up children.' It was Abraham's children to whom the prophet was talking.

"God blessed Isaac and his son Jacob. And when Jacob was journeying to a strange land, like his grandfather Abraham, as he was in a wilderness place, with no shelter for his weary head but the canopy of heaven, he laid his head upon a stone. And that night he had a

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dream,—a 'vision of the night.' He saw a ladder with its foot on the ground and its top reaching to heaven. God was sitting at the top, and angels were ascending and descending. Jacob awoke, and as he did so he exclaimed, 'Surely the Lord is in this place; and I knew it not.' He took up the stone which he had used for a pillow, and set it for a pillar. And he poured the anointing oil upon it and said, 'This shall be a witness between God and me.' There he made a vow to God, saying, 'If God will be with me, and will keep me in this way that I go, and will give me bread to eat, and raiment to put on, so that I come again to my father's house in peace; then shall the Lord be my God: and this stone, which I have set for a pillar, shall be God's house: and of all that thou shalt give me I will surely give the tenth unto thee.'

"We notice, by following up the history, that Jacob had twelve sons. The two youngest were more idolized than the others, being the child of his old age. For one he made a coat of many colors,—a vanity not very uncommon in our day,—which was calculated, with other fond acts, to excite a degree of envy and prejudice against the child. After he had lost Joseph by his partiality the main current of his affections flowed out toward Benjamin.

"No doubt he took great pride in hearing the beautiful dreamer, Joseph, narrate his very significant dreams. The dream of the harvest-field, where all the other eleven sheaves—representing his brethren—bowed to his, was listened to by his father. But when this favorite boy related his dream of the sun, moon, and eleven stars making obeisance to him it did not appear so pal-

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atable to the father, as it implied that the father and mother were also to bow to him. Soon the envy of his brethren ripened into a plot for the youth's overthrow; and an early opportunity was afforded to execute their plans. The brethren were some fifty miles distant, near Shechem, herding their father's flocks. Jacob sent Joseph to the boys with a message. But he found, on his arrival at the fields of Shechem, that they had gone some twelve miles north-east, to Dothan. A gentleman—very probably a good Samaritan—saw him wandering about, and had the kindness to inquire the object of his search. Having learned for whom he is looking, he puts him on the road to Dothan. When the brethren saw him approaching they consummated their plans. They robbed him of his coat of many colors and cast him into a pit to perish; but they afterward relented, and sold him to a company of Ishmaelites from Gilead, who were on their way to Egypt. They stained the coat with the blood of a kid and spread it before his father, who, on seeing it, said, in bitter anguish, 'It is my son's coat; an evil beast hath devoured him; Joseph is without doubt rent in pieces.' And in sackcloth and ashes he mourned for his son many days.

"The Ishmaelitish merchantmen took Joseph down to Egypt and sold him to Potiphar, the captain of the king's body-guard. Soon, by his noble bearing, good address, and honorable behavior, he was made ruler of all the king's house. But a false accusation caused him to be incarcerated in a dungeon. It seems, however, that the hand of God, unseen by mortal eye, was in all this; for while in prison he interpreted the dreams of his fellow-prisoners so truly that he was called out before

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the king to interpret his dreams of the seven lean and the seven fat kine and of the seven full ears and the seven withered ears of corn, which he interpreted to betoken seven years of plenty and seven years of famine. Being thus warned of a famine by Pharaoh's dream, and having been restored to liberty and made ruler over all Egypt second only to the king, he gathered up the surplus corn of the seven years of plenty. The famine in Canaan was especially severe, so that Jacob had to send his ten sons to Egypt to buy corn. Joseph recognized them, but they did not know him. He accused them of being spies who had come to spy out the land. Against this they protested, *bowing* down to him and explaining that they were true men. 'Thy servants are twelve brethren, the sons of one man in the land of Canaan; and, behold, the youngest is this day with our father, and one is not.' He cast them into prison; but the third day he took them out,—all but Simeon,—filled their sacks with corn, put their money in the mouths of their sacks, and started them home to their father with bread to nourish them and keep them alive during the famine, telling them they should see his face no more unless their brother Benjamin came with them. They remained at home till their corn was about gone. Then their father told them to go and buy food. They told him they would go if Benjamin went with them; if he did not go they would not, as they could not see the governor's face unless their youngest brother were with them. Well, said their father, this do, and the God of Abraham be with you: Take the money you brought home in your sacks and carry it back. It may have been an oversight. Tell the man that our money is good

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weight. Now take Benjamin and go. If I am bereaved, I am bereaved. 'Me have ye bereaved of my children: Joseph is not, and Simeon is not, and ye will take Benjamin away. . . If mischief befall him by the way in the which ye go, then shall ye bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave.'

"Then said Reuben, Father, you may slay my two sons if I don't bring Benjamin back to you. So they started again to Egypt for corn, taking Benjamin along. They also took to Governor Joseph presents of balm, honey, spices, myrrh, nuts, and almonds.

"When Joseph saw Benjamin he told his steward to bring the men home to his house to dine with him; but they were fearful that it had something to do with the taking of the money. So they told the steward all about it, saying they had brought it back and had also brought other money with which to buy corn. But the steward—who had placed the money in their sacks—told them that God had given them that treasure.

"When Joseph came to dinner and saw his brother Benjamin his heart yearned toward him; and after a hasty salutation he sought his chamber to weep. After relieving his heart's burden he washed his face and came in again; and all sat down to dinner, Joseph himself placing them according to their age,—Reuben, Simeon, Judah, Dan, Naphtali, Gad, Asher, Issacher, Zebulun, and Benjamin. I suppose they queried in their minds how the governor of Egypt should so accurately know the order of their ages. He had his own table supplied separately. In serving his guests he gave orders that when they came to the last one, Benjamin, they must give him five times what was given to each

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of the others. Dinner over, Joseph told the steward to fill all the men's sacks with food and put each man's money in the mouth of his sack, and put his silver cup in Benjamin's sack and start them homeward.

"After they had gone some distance Joseph sent an officer to search their baggage for a missing silver cup, arrest the person in whose possession it should be found, and bring him back to suffer the penalty of the law. Joseph's brethren told the officer that if he could find the cup with them, the man having it should die; and they would all be his servants forever. They then opened their sacks; and, commencing with Reuben, the officers searched them all, and found the cup with Benjamin.

"The brothers were astonished. They rent their clothes and wept. They reloaded their beasts, returned to the governor, and in their most humble manner made their obeisance to him. Joseph said to them, 'What deed is this that ye have done? wot ye not that such a man as I can certainly divine?' Judah said: Hear me, my lord, while I briefly relate the circumstances. When we first came here to buy corn your honor asked us concerning our family. And we told you the truth,—that we had a brother at home, a son of our father's old age, a little boy. And your honor required us to bring him down also, saying, Otherwise I will believe you are spies. But our father said we dealt wrongly with him in telling you that he had another son; for, said he, His brother is dead, and Simeon is in prison; and if ye take Benjamin it will bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. Now, I will stay and be your bondman. Let the boy go home; for I can never go without him

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lest peradventure I see the evil that shall come on my father.

"It appears that up to that time Joseph had spoken to his brethren through an interpreter. Now he cried, Let every man go out of the house but these Hebrews. Joseph then wept aloud and said, I am Joseph. Doth my father yet live? They were greatly surprised and frightened. But Joseph said, Come here. I am Joseph, whom ye sold into Egypt. Be not angry with yourselves because ye sold me, for God hath sent me here to nourish you. And Joseph kissed all his brethren and wept on their necks.

"Then Joseph said, Now, brethren, do this: go and bring down my father to Egypt. Tell him what you have seen, and speak of the plenty and glory of Egypt. Tell him that I am governor under Pharaoh; that there are yet five years of the famine in the land; and that he must come down here to nourish his children. When you return home you must take wagons with you for the transportation of your families and all your kindred.

"Joseph then presented each of his brethren with a change of raiment; but to Benjamin he gave two hundred pieces of silver and five changes of raiment. After this he said to them, Now go; and the God of Abraham go with you. Fearing that they might get into some contention,—perhaps in discussing the question of who sold him, one saying that he had desired his release while others wanted to kill him,—Joseph charged them, See that ye fall not out by the way.

"Now let us pass over to Hebron, in Canaan. There sits the old heart-broken patriarch in sad and solemn loneliness. His sons are all down in Egypt, their return

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delayed, perhaps, by circumstances over which they have no control. His darling Benjamin is with them. Train after train returns laden with corn; but there are no tidings from his sons. Oh, the horrors of this terrible suspense!

"At last, methinks, he had watched the Gaza road until the darkness of night had curtained every object, and had then sought his lonely, silent chamber. There he seated himself and leaned on his staff in sorrowing contemplation, picturing in his mind the possible calamities which might have beset his sons. Presently the door opens and in comes Reuben, leading Benjamin, with Simeon and all the others following. All were anxious to tell the joyful tidings. After the first tide of emotion had subsided they said to their father, Joseph is alive, and is governor of all Egypt. It was with him we were trading. He knew us, but we did not know him. It was he who put Simeon in jail to make us bring Benjamin. When we were all ready to return, Simeon and all, he caused his own silver cup to be put in Benjamin's sack. On our way here he had us stopped, and caused an officer to search for the silver cup; and, behold, it was found in Benjamin's sack. He said he would have to take brother Benjamin back, and told us we could come on home; but we chose to go back with him, even into slavery if need be. Joseph had always spoken to us through an interpreter, and we did not know that he could speak Hebrew; but when Judah told him that he could not witness the misery it would bring upon you to return without Benjamin; that he had but two sons by the mother of Joseph and Benjamin—children of his old age; that Joseph was dead, and

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now if we did not bring Benjamin back the father would go down sorrowing to the grave, he commenced weeping, put the Egyptians out of the house, and, speaking to us in the Hebrew tongue, told us he was Joseph, and inquired if his father was yet alive. We told him he was. He then embraced and kissed us all, and sent us back to you loaded with plenty. He has abundance at his command. He says there are yet five years of famine, and he wants us all to go down and abide with him until the famine is over; and, lo, he has sent transportation for all of us.

"Jacob thought the news was too good to be true; but when he saw the immense train and the treasures sent with them he said, 'It is enough; Joseph my son is yet alive: I will go and see him before I die.'

"So Jacob and his household and all near of kin made haste to remove to Egypt. Joseph took his chariot and met the train at Goshen; and when he met his father he fell upon his neck and wept a good while. So Joseph located Israel in the land of Goshen—the best of all the land. And God nourished them there in peace and tranquillity for several generations, until another king arose who knew not Joseph.

"Soon he began to tyrannize over the Hebrews, and reduced them to abject slavery, putting task-masters over them, and fearing an insurrection at some future time. Because of the rapid increase of the Hebrew population, he ordered all the male children destroyed.

"God looked down from heaven, saw their affliction, heard their cries and groanings on account of their hard bondage, and sent them a deliverer in the person of Moses, by whose hand, under God, they were delivered,

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led over the Red Sea, fed in the wilderness with manna and with a miraculous shower of quails, and were nourished with living waters from the mountain rock until they reached the verge of Jordan hard by Mount Nebo.

"God, in all this, 'nourished and brought up children.' Sometimes, perchance, they rebelled. Although God was so good in nourishing them, feeding them, and bringing them up, yet they would murmur and complain at the merest trifles. They had their jealousies, as in the case of the priests' rods, when the Lord condescended to show them by Aaron's rod budding and bearing leaves and ripe fruit in one night. How condescending and how kind was their bountiful benefactor, forgiving them and saving them from the plague of the fiery serpents, requiring them only to look upon the brazen serpent that he had ordained to heal them.

"God had promised them that he would bring them to a fertile land,—a land flowing with milk and honey,—if they would keep his law. Notwithstanding all their murmurings and rebellion, God remembered the covenant he had made with Abraham to bring them to the land he had promised them. But how soon they forgot the obligations of gratitude they were under to him for his deliverance of them from slavery and from famine and pestilence in the wilderness!

"The Lord, by the mouth of the Prophet Isaiah, calls heaven and earth to witness his disinterested kindness to them in their rebellion against him. He even—as though he wished to meet them on their own ground—calls on Judah and the inhabitants of Jerusalem to be judges. 'Judge, I pray you, betwixt me and my vineyard. What could have been done more to my vineyard, that I have

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not done in it? wherefore, when I looked that it should bring forth grapes, brought it forth wild grapes?' 'Why should ye be stricken any more? ye will revolt more and more: the whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint. From the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness in it; but wounds, and bruises, and putrefying sores.' 'Wash ye, make you clean.' 'Come now, and let us reason together,' etc. 'Your hands are full of blood.' Ah, me! what a heavy message had those sanctified lips to carry to revolting Israel.

"Now let us look at the third part of our subject. I proposed to show God's goodness to us. Here I am overwhelmed. Look at us as a government among the nations of the earth. Witness the goodness and mercy of God in removing the tyrannical yoke, so that no one can dictate to us how we shall worship the God of our fathers. Dr. Watts describes our deliverance in this language:

> "'Where nothing dwelt but beasts of prey,
> Or men as wild and fierce as they,
> He bid the oppressed and poor repair
> And build them towns and cities there.'

"Yes, truly, where nothing dwelt but the savage and where the beasts of prey were roaming there now stand, in these United States, our great metropolis, New York, and hundreds of other cities and thousands of other towns.

"Had God nothing to do in bringing this about? St. Paul says he is 'not far from every one of us: for in him we live, and move, and have our being.'

"Go back with me, if you please, to the days of Ferdinand and Isabella. Then this beautiful and fertile

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land of ours was unknown to the civilized world. See Columbus sailing on the high seas with his mutinous crew, the venturesome navigator almost pleading for his life,—pleading with them to hold on a few days, a few hours. At last imagine their joy when they sighted the land,—the long, long wished-for land. Their first act, on seeing the land, was to fall on their knees in adoration to Almighty God for his great deliverance and for the blessing of a new world.

"Do you remember Smith, who came with others to plant a colony in this newly-discovered world? Look at Powhattan, with his club raised over Smith's head to crush his skull. A miraculous intervention now occurs. The chief's daughter kneels at his head, which is pinioned to the ground. She lays her own head to receive the blow. They are indeed blind who do not see the hand of God in all this. 'In him we live, and move, and have our being.'

"I shall not recount, at this place, the wonderful exhibitions of a divine providence following us, as a nation, through the Revolution and through the wars of 1812 and 1861. The most casual reader is familiar with the subject. I will merely state that facts most clearly show that we, as a people, are most certainly included in the class mentioned in the text; for it is certainly by the guiding hand of Jehovah that we are brought up and nourished. Now let us see to it that we do not rebel against him as did his people Israel. Are we not in rebellion when we refuse his offered mercy? when we deny his right to rule in and over us? May God help us to be more watchful and careful, more prayerful, more in earnest for our soul's salvation, is my constant and earnest prayer for Jesus' sake."

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Chapter LVII.

From Bloomingsport to Liberty Chapel—Bethel—Washington—New Castle—Brother Thomas Evans—Bethany—Slavery Again—Cadiz—Mt. Zion—Revival at Milton—Generosity of the Brotherhood at this Point—Brother George Muth and Family—Flat Rock—Andersonville—Manilla—Brother Wheatcraft's Schoolhouse—Mr. Leffell—New Lancaster—Infidelity—Monticello—Bell Rattle—Brother Lawrence—Monotony—Elkhart—Conference.

From Bloomingsport we went to Liberty Chapel. I preached four discourses to good, attentive audiences. The interest was good.

From there we went to Bethel, where I preached. We had a profitable waiting before the Lord.

From this place we went to Washington, and found the United Brethren getting along prosperously. I preached once. We had a good time. The people were good. They regretted my having to leave.

From there we went to New Castle. We found some precious brethren here; but the wolf had got into the fold and scattered the flock. Yet, for all that, bless God, there were a few who had not bowed the knee to Baal, but were praying for the peace of Jerusalem and the prosperity of Zion. The Lord sent them Brother Thomas

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for just then my lady friend who was traveling with me received a dispatch stating that her little boy was dangerously ill in Burlingame, Kansas. So she had to leave me. While I was waiting for my husband to come and go with me I received three letters by one mail,—one from my husband, one from the clerk of the penitentiary, and one from General Kelly, one of the directors,—all three requesting me to report at Leavenworth at my earliest convenience. I wrote a request for my husband to meet me at Kansas City, which he did. I preached my first sermon in the penitentiary on the last Sabbath in January, 1870. My text was, 'The way of transgressors is hard.' (Prov. xiii. 15.)

"After I had been there a few weeks and saw that the Lord was blessing my labors, I resolved to form a class. So I sent and got a blank-book—as I always thought that anything which was worth doing at all was worth doing well. I was requested to bring my class-book to this congress; and here it is. It foots up eighty members. I have seen as bright conversions there as I ever saw anywhere."

I then went on to speak of several conversions among the convicts, showing the work accomplished and the consolation afforded the prisoners,—those who were in bonds. I showed, also, that the object in the punishment of crime was twofold,—an expiation to satisfy the law,—to warn evil-doers,—and the reformation of the offender. "My province has been the reformation of those men; and as the most efficient and thorough means of securing that result I have tried to bring them under the influence of the gospel of Christ, the sinner's—ay, the prisoner's friend.

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"But I have occupied too much time. 'Is it right for a woman to do good?' I leave you to solve the problem."

I sat down amid deafening cheers. The men caught each other by the hand, exclaiming, "It is answered; it is answered."

This congress showed that the American heart was beating high for prison-reform, which daily observation shows is so highly necessary.

While there I made the acquaintance of a most estimable lady, Mrs. J. L. Whetstone. She resided at Mt. Auburn. She gave me a most cordial invitation to accompany her home, and sojourn with her during the session of congress. When I asked the distance, she replied, "Only two miles,—just a pleasant ride; and my carriage is right here at the door." I accepted her proffered kindness; and most grandly did she entertain me. Not as some would say,—"She studied how best to comfort." She was natural,—not intellectual, but heart-felt. I felt thankful to the heavenly Father for his goodness in finding me such an agreeable friend. She not only offered me all the hospitality of her roof, but also took me around to see places of interest. We visited the Orphan's Home, and sundry other places of refuge. When I left the city she loaded me with books and tracts for the prisoners, besides some valuable presents for myself. And on leaving Cincinnati, she and her noble-hearted husband took me in their carriage to the Spencer House and got my trunk and effects, paid my bill for their storage,—if there was any,—and then took me to the depot. She accompanied me into the cars and kissed me good-by. God bless that precious lady, who devotes so much of her time in doing good and going

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from one institution to another seeking opportunities to do good.

While attending the convention I spoke three other times—once upon the "hiring out of prisoners to contractors." I showed the pernicious effect it had upon the morals, as well as the health of the prisoners; recommending, rather, that every prisoner should be learned a trade, whereby he might earn an honest livelihood. Being careful to provide that those of the prisoners who have sedentary employment, have also healthy exercise and recreation; thus refreshed, the gloom would be driven from their minds, and with new hope they would look at the brighter and happier side of life, etc. I also spoke upon the inhuman dark-cell system, giving such illustrations and demonstrations as had come under my notice. I also spoke of the indifference, on the part of legislatures and officers, in the matter of furnishing mental food—good and wholesome books and ennobling literature. I said, "Our Kansas Penitentiary is awake to the importance of this matter; and our warden, Maj. Hopkins, is—and ever has been—willing to provide all that is required by the chaplain."

During my absence I preached every Sabbath — once at the work-house in Cincinnati, on the 16th of October; in the morning and evening of the 23d. at Brownstown, Indiana. On the 30th I arrived at Westfield, Illinois, where I preached four times. There I met with many old friends,—tried and true. Oh! how refreshing to meet those who have borne the burden and heat of the day with us. There I met Walter C. Smith,—a chosen messenger to bear the hallowed name of Jesus to a dying world. May God bless Brother and Sister Smith.

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I also met Prof. David Shuck and his dear, motherless children. Oh! how lonely and desolate they appeared. May the everlasting Arms be around and about them. There, too, I met Brother Lyman Chittenden and his good family. How my poor heart exulted in thankfulness to God for such a valiant champion of the truth. May our heavenly Father bless him with long life for his name's sake. There I also met, for the first time, Brother Tobey, Brother Allen, the younger Chittenden, and the preacher in charge. They are all excellent men. The people of Westfield are greatly blessed in having such brethren of culture and ability. I also met another old and true friend, Brother J. Moore. Although his health has failed him, yet he is there, and also his influence. I also met Henry Brown and his kind family. I will never forget their kindness to me. I also met Brother and Sister Pentzer and their worthy son. May they long be spared for usefulness; and when their final change shall come, may they be transplanted from these fields of labor to the fields of light in the paradise of God. I was there introduced to Mrs. Mary Brown, widow and relict of Rev. Wm. Brown. I was much pleased with my new acquaintances, whose kindness and courtesies to me will be enduring as memory.

I left Westfield, for Kansas, on Thursday, going by way of St. Louis, Missouri, which place I left at one o'clock the next morning, and arrived at Kansas City at eleven o'clock that night. Here I found that the railroad bridge had been washed away; so I remained over until Monday. On Sabbath evening I preached in the Methodist Episcopal church.

I arrived at the state-prison on the 7th of November

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and was greeted with a cordial welcome home. One of the prisoners died while I was away. He had only come there a few days before I left, and was in poor health when he arrived. I can not call him to mind. A relative of his told me that the young man—or boy—was about seventeen years old. He had run away from home on account of a dislike for his step-mother. His father did not know where he was until the deputy warden wrote him that he was here, and dangerously sick. The old man came on as soon as he got the sad news; but his son was dead and buried before he reached here. With bleeding heart he gathered up the mortal remains of his truant and lifeless boy. It appeared that he had hired a horse from his employer to go to town; but, falling in with bad company, he soon became drunk and forgot all about the horse or his home. The next day when the owner came looking for his horse the young man, feeling ashamed of his conduct, did not appear. He did not want to see his employer, so he hid from him; and an officer was procured, by whom he was arrested. He was tried, convicted, and sentenced to the penitentiary; and shortly afterward he was taken to his long home. How my heart ached for that poor, friendless stranger, with no kindred to care for him,—though he had the kind care of our hospital steward. The poor boy was delirious most of the time. His rational moments were spent in prayer, and he no doubt committed his soul to that God who can do no injustice.

I preached his funeral the first Sabbath after my return home. My text was, "If a man die, shall he live again?" (Job xiv. 14.) I did not attempt to indicate his fate in another world. I left that for his Judge and

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mine. I found enough to talk about in the awful calamity of his history and the certainty of a future life, hinting very cautiously at the dying thief, and bringing in that circumstance as an isolated case,—the only one recorded in the Bible,—merely to show the possibility of the power of saving grace and at the same time of the certainty of a future state. Had I said nothing about that circumstance, my hearers—some of whom were desperadoes—would have looked on me as dealing unfairly in the chances of escape, or ignorance of the hope the unpardoned sinner may entertain. One instance is given to show that none need despair, and *only one*, that none may presume. With a set of hardened sinners before me, I rather try to arouse them by the thunderings of Sinai than lull them to sleep by the cry of "Peace, peace!"

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Chapter LXIII.

Prison Inmates and Incidents—A Convict's Funeral—Brother Tripp's Charge—Meeting at Esquire Comforth's—Revival—New-Year's Service—Critical Moment—Prison Congress Ignored—Armstrong on the Rampage—Services and Sacrament—Reports of the Directors, the Warden, and the Chaplain.

December 8th, 1870. Yesterday another convict came. This makes about twelve who have been added to our number within a few weeks, for terms ranging from twenty years down to one year. But it would swell my volume too much to enter into minute details. I will, however, mention one case in many,—all, however, differing in detail, but always, nearly without an exception, resulting from the too free use of ardent spirits. The case in hand was that of a lawyer—a successful one, too,—whose practice brought him in contact with persons addicted to drink. He also contracted the habit to such an extent that his business was neglected; and he sunk down, down, until he entirely lost his practice, and, for a meager subsistence, hired out as an ox-driver. He told me that his dear mother had, on her knees, pleaded with him to let whisky alone. He would promise never to touch another drop—no, never. And he thought himself in earnest when, in his agony of soul and in

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pity for his mother's anguish, he would vow never to touch another drop; but some strange influence would seize him and some whirlwind would drift him away from his moorings, and he would be drunk again. His resolution was of the most frail and fickle kind.

Oh, the anguish that wrung his heart while he recited this short sketch from his life-history! Said he, "I am here for four years. I am glad in my soul that I am, as you said last Sabbath, out of harm's way. I do hope I will lose the appetite for it. This is a grand place for me,—an asylum where I am out of the reach of the tempter,—a kind of shelter from the storm of life. Strange as it may appear, my seeming misfortune is the opening door to my restored manhood."

December 30th, 1870. Last Sabbath afternoon I went to Esquire Comforth's, with the intention of preaching in his neighborhood; and I preached on the evenings of Sabbath, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday. I realized that God was present—to kill sin and make alive to Christ. Brother Tripp was in charge of Leavenworth Mission. After I was through preaching on Tuesday evening, Brother Tripp asked if there were any present who desired the prayers of the church. A number arose. They did not do like some, rise up and then quickly sit down, but they stood up. After singing, all bowed in prayer; and all through, or at least in different places throughout the audience, moaning, sobbing, and crying for mercy could be heard. Several professed religion; and there was the sound of the King in the camp. I humbly trust that good was done at that meeting which will tell to advantage in all coming time, and in eternity.

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While there I was earnestly solicited to visit different places and hold meeting. But I told them that I was in need of rest, which was accorded me.

Last Sabbath was New-year's-day. I preached to the prisoners from the text, "Prepare to meet thy God." I had good liberty and felt the importance of my station. All present seemed very much interested in the subject, and many of the convicts wept. At the close of the sermon one young man joined the church. After that part of the services we had Bible-class, which was very interesting to the convicts,—especially so, as Mrs. Florence Hopkins, the warden's wife, and Mrs. Sally H. Armstrong, the deputy-warden's wife, each took a class; and it pleased the poor convicts greatly to have those good ladies take an interest in their moral culture. I do hope, trust, and believe that great good will be accomplished in our Bible-class. After Bible-class I visited the different cells, speaking words of encouragement to those who wished to serve God, and words of warning to the careless, also distributing papers and tracts. All seemed glad to see me come to their cells. Each one wished me to visit the door of his cell; but this was impossible to do in one afternoon. I promised the infirm, and those who were not able to work on Monday, that I would see them then. On Monday I went to see them. After talking to one of the convicts a few minutes I saw that his remarks were too lengthy and not to the point; that is, more about the prison congress than the salvation of his soul,—he was a skeptic and would not hear the gospel truth. I excused myself by telling him that I wished to talk with a man who was now passing, under charge of the deputy-warden, to the dark cell.

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He asked me to call again. I left him and went to the guard and asked for F., saying that the warden had requested me to talk to him,—which was true. The guard said that he was in the ante room, near the dark cell. I stepped in and was seated. The guard went out and locked the door, remaining, however, near at hand. I looked F. in the face. Oh! what an awful look. Said I, "How do you do?" His chin quivered and the tears came to his eyes. He said, "I don't know what in the name of God to do. I believe they will kill me in here." Poor fellow, poor fellow! That moment I remembered that the door had been locked after me. A strange sensation came over me—an acute pain about the heart. Oh! that imploring look, as though reaching out for help. But the thought of the door being locked! Well, what of that? I had been in that room with a woman who was confined there and was sick. I had often prayed with her, and had baptized her in a cell near there; had even administered the sacrament to her in the cell adjoining the ante room. I had no more fear of F. than I had of my own son. But what on earth could cause such a strange sensation! I could not explain. I sprung to the door, and knocked hard, exclaiming, "Open this door!" The guard came quickly to the window in the door. "What do you want?" said he. "I want out; open this door." I turned to the prisoner and said, "Excuse me, Mr. F.; I will talk to you, but you must come out of here if I do so." I said to the guard, "Major Hopkins asked me to talk to that man. I will do so; but you will have to take him out of this room first." Said he, "I will go and ask the major if he will allow him to come out." At that time Mr. Hensley,

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chairman of the Board of Directors, came into the hall, —looking for me. It was found out that complaint had been made by some one. And *now*, I believe that a trap had been laid, the intention being to show Mr. Hensley that I was doing violence to the interests of the institution by my frequent religious interviews with the prisoners; and locking the door was a part of the programme. I bless God for that feeling of horror which came over me; and I firmly believe it was an intervention of the Almighty. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits."

Mr. Hensley gave me some general directions and some very wholesome counsel pertaining to my duty. He found no fault whatever, but rather commendation. He suggested that I was overworking myself, saying that one short sermon every Sabbath and holding class-meeting and Bible-class on alternate Sundays would fully meet all requirements. This arrangement was a great relief to me.

At the Prison Congress it was recommended and urged that chaplains of prisons should become acquainted with and know the spiritual condition of the inmates of the prison. But Mr. Hensley's long experience in matters pertaining to the spiritual wants and necessities of the human family indicates an easier and *simpler* method.

The fact of the matter is, there was a crowd of fellows—*employes*—about the premises who needed pastoral attention as much as many of the convicts, and, by the law of eternal fitness, should have exchanged places with them. I found that they had an agency stored away in the tower—a barrel of whisky—which was as formidable

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for me to combat as any of the other spirits in prison; and that, in connection with cards,—for they appear essential to each other,—was a constant source of embarrassment.

Sabbath, January 1st, 1871. To-day, after the close of the services, and while the Bible-class was forming, Deputy Warden Armstrong spoke up in a loud and bellowing tone, "Do you know you have broken one of our rules?" "In what respect?" "By holding meeting too long. There is no time now for Bible-class." "How much time have we?" "Only half an hour. This kind of work will never do. We can't have our rules trampled on in this way. That's just what's the matter." Said I, "Sir, in the first place I never knew or heard of any rules." He went to the wall and took down a board having a paper pasted on it purporting to be "rules." Said I, "Who wrote that?" "Edwards, I think; it looks like his writing." Edwards was a prisoner and deputy clerk; but he had written them by order of some one. Said I, "What business has he to write rules for me?" "Oh, he was told to write them." "Who told him to do it? I want to know who dares to take authority over my business, and write out rules and post them up without my knowledge. Sir, I will have no one to usurp such authority over me. I have been preaching twenty years, and have never had any one to insult me in this manner before. You need not come to me with that board. I want no man to interfere with my meetings; and no one has a right to make rules and post them up in this sneaking manner." I told him my feelings were hurt at his interference.

The warden, hearing of what had occurred, sent for

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me and apologized for posting the rules without consulting me. He then handed me a copy of the rules, requesting me to look over them and suggest any such alterations as I thought best. I did so. I made some alterations, which were adopted, and all was sunshine again.

The same day Mr. Armstrong came to my room and asked my pardon. Said he, "I hope you will not think hard of me." Of course, I told him I would let it all pass. So I pass him, now, without further notice.

January 8th, 1871. I preached from Ezekiel xxxiii. 11. It appeared to me that I never did feel the importance of my mission more than on that occasion, notwithstanding the gross rebuff of the previous Sabbath. My remarks on that text I will have to omit here, as to give all would extend the limits of the book beyond my original purpose.

Friday, January 13th, 1871. The Board of Directors are in session here. But the weather is too inclement for me to be out much.

Sabbath, January 15th. This day, through the mercy of God, I was able to attend church and preach to the convicts and such spectators as saw proper to "call in." My text was Matthew xii. 42.

Wednesday, January 18th. Three more convicts came from Cherokee County. The whole number now in prison is two hundred and thirty-three. Yesterday James Kendall received a pardon. It was a time of great rejoicing to young Kendall, and also to his father, mother, and other kindred and his many friends. He has been here since 1867. He was a very wicked young man when he came. Now we give him back to the world a pious, Christian man.

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Sabbath, January 22d. I preached to the convicts from Isaiah liii. 1. After meeting we held class-meeting, for which about one hundred stayed. One joined. It was a good meeting.

Sabbath, February 6th. I preached to the convicts. My text was St. John xv. 13, 14. I administered sacrament to the class. There were two members of the legislature present, with their wives; but of this I was not aware until the services were concluded,—which was of great advantage to me, and saved me, perhaps, from suffering great embarrassment. As it was, they listened with great respect and interest, and manifested much feeling during the service. During the communion season the choir sung that beautiful hymn commencing,

"Bread of heaven, on thee we feed."

The meeting then closed with the doxology, in which the entire congregation joined. About eighty remained for class.

February 10th. The Board of Directors,—E. Hensley, Harrison Kelly, and A. Lowe,—in their annual report to the governor, made the following allusion to my report as chaplain:

"The reports of the physician, chaplain, and architect are herewith transmitted. * * * *

"Before closing this report permit us to call your attention, and, through you, the attention of the legislature, to one recommendation in the report of the chaplain. We allude to the recommendation in relation to the suppression, by the legislature, of the traffic in liquor. We feel that it is folly for the state to provide for reformatory institutions of this kind, at so great an ex-

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pense, for the purpose of reforming the victims and protecting the public from the depredations of victims of the whisky traffic. If the state would send the dram-sellers here, there would be no victims to send. We make these recommendations, knowing, as we do, that the prime cause of the presence of more than two thirds of the inmates within the walls of this prison is whisky; and we wish the legislature and the world to know it."

About this time a secret plot was concocted to remove the directors and officers of the institution. Most prominent among the malcontents was Ex-warden Philbrick, whose place had been filled by the appointment of Major H. Hopkins. We were then waiting for Mr. Hopkins' confirmation. Of course, I can not here give the full history of this war, nor the flimsy pretexts set up for this change. But the committee, after a full hearing of all the facts, unanimously decided highly complimentary to the present management. Major Hopkins was confirmed without a dissenting voice.

The warden, in his annual report, made the following allusion to the chaplain's report:

"The moral and religious *status* of the prison I will leave for our most devoted chaplain, Mrs. Lydia Sexton, to report in full."

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Chapter LXIV.

Chaplain's Report in Full — Prison-Service on Sabbath, and Neighborhood Preaching — Brother Barnes — Lecompton — An Incorrigible Catholic — A Broader Field Coveted.

CHAPLAIN'S REPORT.

LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS, NOV. 30, 1870.

To the Honorable Board of Directors of the Kansas State Penitentiary:

GENTLEMEN: — With feelings of deep and heart-felt gratitude to my heavenly Father for his blessings, I herewith submit my report:

By your request I came to this place in January, 1870. I entered upon my duties under discouraging circumstances. It was a business entirely new to me. I had never seen the inside of a jail or penitentiary in my life; and in view of the responsibility resting upon a chaplain, I felt fearful. I thought—"Who shall be able for these things."

On mature reflection, my thoughts turned to the poor inmates, who were shut in from loved ones at home,—from mothers, sisters, wives, and daughters,—and with no kind friend to encourage them or lead them to a "Friend that sticketh closer than a brother."

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I felt that my duty lay in this direction. I must come. I arrived here to enter upon the duties of chaplain on the last Sabbath in January, 1870, since which time I have never failed to be present on Sabbath, except while attending the Prison Congress at Cincinnati—according to your orders. I left here on the 10th of October and returned on the 7th of November.

I will here say, my first acquaintance with this new mode of divine service was rather repugnant to my feelings. To preach to a congregation dressed in such strange uniform and guarded with guns, was a circumstance hard to reconcile with the gospel of peace which I was preaching. As time passed I concluded that we must make a virtue of necessity, and take things as we find them.

On the second Sabbath of my labor here, February 6, 1870, I saw by the deep interest taken that there were omens of good. The convicts manifested, by their strict attention to the word, that they realized their need of attending to the things which pertained to their eternal interest. I found twelve or fifteen of the prisoners professing religion. There has been an increase in interest—or, as we term it, "growing revival interest"—since my second discourse. My class-book now adds up eighty-four. Twenty-four have been baptized. I have administered the holy sacrament three times. Some of the members have left by expiration of sentence, and two have been pardoned. I gave letters of membership to all who wished them.

I find some who have come here through habits of intemperance; or at least that was the cause, either directly or indirectly, of their misfortune.

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I would recommend the legislature to prohibit the vending of ardent spirits. This, I think, should be done for the credit of the state, and for the benefit of all. When I see so many signs with the inscription, "The best of liquors sold here," I think, why not say, "Drunkards made here," or, "This is the road to ruin and leads to the penitentiary."

Our Sunday exercises are: Sabbath-school in the morning,—consisting of reading, writing, arithmetic, spelling, and blackboard exercises,—preaching at eleven o'clock every Sunday, and Bible-class, and prayer and class meetings after preaching, on alternate Sundays. In the afternoon I visit the different cells and distribute religious books, tracts, papers, etc., and converse with the prisoners at the cell-door. All, with very few exceptions, are glad to have me converse with them on things which pertain to their eternal interest. In class and prayer meetings the interest felt by many to do work for the Master is such that they have been unanimously elected by the class to exhort during these exercises. We have four class-leaders, and several young men who are studying to learn God's word and prepare their minds for usefulness when they leave these gloomy walls, —in short, they are studying for the ministry. These young men are looking up with higher and nobler aspirations, hoping that when they leave here they will be able to do good service in the cause of their divine Master, who has done so much for them.

Our excellent warden resolved to give the convicts a grand treat on Independence-day,—the Fourth of July; and I must say it was a decided success. A shady bower in the prison-yard was erected for this purpose, and the officers, with their families and a few neighbors, were

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invited and made welcome,—the prisoners performing the singing, reading of the Declaration of Independence, delivering orations, etc. Rev. D. P. Mitchell was called on to deliver an oration, which was grand and eloquent, —an honor to himself and to the institution. They had the privilege of doing as they pleased, so long as they were disposed to do right. Lemonade was given them, and last, though not least, a good dinner. Take it all in all, we had a splendid time. We were pleased to see the prisoners enjoy it so well.

And again, on Thanksgiving-day, they had a nice treat,—an extra dinner and supper being provided. A religious discourse was delivered. I humbly hope we all rendered a thank-offering to God.

I take pleasure in tendering my warmest thanks to our excellent warden, Major Hopkins, for the kindness and promptness with which he has ever been ready to assist me in all my efforts to promote the advancement of religion and piety among the inmates of the prison.

And I would do violence to my feelings not to mention, with gratitude, my sincere thanks to Mr. Freeman Bell, the clerk, for his kind counsel and assistance in times of greatest need. "A friend in need is a friend indeed." May God reward these kind officers.

My thanks are due, also, to Mr. Gideon Armstrong, deputy warden, who is ever ready to assist and oblige me in every way, to make my sojourn here pleasant as well as beneficial.

With kindest regards for the directors and officers, I humbly thank all for the uniform kindness and aid rendered me in my work of love.

With respect. LYDIA SEXTON,
Chaplain State Penitentiary.

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Sabbath, February 19th, 1881. I preached to the prisoners from St. Luke xvii. 1, 2: "Then said he unto the disciples, It is impossible but that offenses will come: but woe unto him, through whom they come! It were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he cast into the sea, than that he should offend one of these little ones." I had good liberty, and I trust that lasting good was done. We had class-meeting. Two joined the church. We had a good time giving the hand of fellowship. None but the true followers of Jesus can realize the joy, the sweet fellowship of souls that love Jesus and speak often one to another of the goodness of God.

> "Their hopes, their aims, their fears are one,
> Their comforts, and our cares."

Last week I went, by request of Rev. Mr. Barnes, to Lawrence, to help at a protracted meeting. I preached there three times,—Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday evenings. We had a good time. There is a glorious work going on in the United Brethren church in Lawrence.

On Thursday I went to Lecompton, preaching there Friday evening. I then returned to the state-prison.

March 1st, 1871. Last Sabbath I went to church and preached, taking for my text St. Matthew xiii. 5. After meeting we held Bible-class. A large number were in class. At its conclusion two joined church. The Lord was present with us. I now have some difficulty in keeping one man out of the church. He has been in the class for some time. He was class-leader under Rev. D. P. Mitchell, the former chaplain. At that time he

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brought trouble and disgrace on the little band. He tore up the class-book, and joined the Catholics, telling them he could not conscientiously stay away from them any longer. He had been a Catholic before he joined this class. Now he wants to crowd himself in again. He "can not conscientiously" stay out of our class any longer. I think he will linger some time at the portals of our church before he is admitted.

March 8th, 1871. Praise the Lord for his mercy,—for the very good health enjoyed this morning and the renewal of spiritual strength. I believe the Lord has a wider field for me to work in than this penitentiary.

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Chapter LXV.

Prison-Service—Intemperance—Redemption—Life Eternal.

March 15*th*, 1871. Last Sabbath I preached to the convicts from II. Kings v. 13: "And his servants came near, and spake unto him, and said, My father, if the prophet had bid thee do some great thing, wouldest thou not have done it? how much rather then, when he saith to thee, Wash, and be clean?" I truly felt the great responsibility of my station and the worth of souls lying near my heart. The great crowd of convicts seemed to listen with intense earnestness. I told the circumstance as well as I could. In making the application I said, "We have no leprosy to fear, as in oriental countries; yet in America, our glorious republic, we have spreading contagions that will sink a man lower than the grave. The leprosy only kills the body; but sin kills the soul. And now what must be done? Can we hunt the Man of God? Yea, verily. There is one Man of God who is able and mighty to save. And the conditions are, 'Look and live.' Had he told you some great thing would you not have done it? how much rather when he says, Look and live? Could you give him your farm to secure a home in heaven, how freely,

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how cheerfully would you do it. But, no; the Man of God has purchased your redemption,—not with the blood of beasts or the ashes of a heifer.

"'No blood of birds, or blood of beasts,
Or hyssop-branch, or sprinkling priest,
Or running brook, or flood, or sea,
Can wash our dismal stains away.
Jesus, my God, thy blood alone
Has power sufficient to atone;
Thy blood can make me white as snow,—
No Jewish type can cleanse me so.'

"Ah, yes; when the Man of God—the God with us,—purchased our redemption by his sufferings on the cross, between heaven and earth, as though either were unworthy of him, his pangs were prolonged and extreme. Humanity was overwhelmed with most intense pain, so much so that the crimson sweat coursed down his angelic person. Oh! how many hours, dismal and dread, did that illustrious sufferer hang, a spectacle of woe and shame to angels and to men—his temples mangled with the thorny crown, his hands and feet pierced with the rugged spikes, and his side with the Roman spear. All nature looked on in amazement, and shuddered through all her inner chambers—the sun in sackcloth, and the moon in crimson veiled. The veil of the temple was rent asunder. Never, O my soul, never forget the amazing truth. The Man of God was seized, was bound, was slaughtered, was punished to death. What suitable return of gratitude and devotion can we make to the Holy One of God, who thus died that we might live—dying in ignomy and anguish, that we might live forever in the heights of joy—housed forever in the realms of glory. Alas, it is not in us frail, impo-

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tent mortals to be duly thankful. He, only, who confers such inconceivably rich favors can enkindle a proper warmth of most grateful affection.

"Then build thyself a monument, most gracious Immanuel, build thyself a monument of everlasting gratitude in our souls. Inscribe the memory of thy matchless beneficence, not with pen and ink, but with thy precious blood; engrave it not with hammer and chisel, but with the sharpened spear which pierced thy sacred side. Yes; he was slain for us.

"'Amazing love! to bleed and die,
And bear the guilt and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
May hear thy gracious name.'

"This same Man of God has stooped so low as to ask our poor sinful hearts to love him. Oh, what precious words are his! By the mouth of his prophet he says, 'Ye have sold yourselves for naught; and ye shall be redeemed without money.' Yes; he offers to heal our maladies. All he asks is our heart's affection,—our faith. 'He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.' Our obedience: If ye love me, keep my commandments, and I will love you and will come and take up my abode with you—will prepare mansions for you at home in heaven. He made his blood an antidote for sin. 'And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up: that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life.' Now he says, Look and live. Had he told us some great thing to do, would we not have done it? How much rather, when he says, 'Wash and be clean.'

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"'There is a fountain filled with blood,
Flowing from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.'

"At the conclusion of my remarks on last Sabbath I tried to portray the great judgment-day, when the dead —small and great—will stand before God, and the books be opened and every one's name called, and the question asked, Have you come hither through great tribulation, and washed your robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, or have you spurned his forbearing love and dying groans—that you would not have the man Christ Jesus to reign over and in you? Are there any of my hearers who in that day will be found on the left hand, to hear the awful sentence, Depart, ye cursed, I never knew you; I called, and ye refused; I reached out my hand, and no man regarded? While you are hearing the awful sentence, you will be calling for the rocks and mountains to fall on you and hide you from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb—"For the great day of his wrath is come; and who shall be able to stand?" "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned." He who receiveth the white stone, with a new name; he who obeys from the heart that form of doctrine; he who hath set to his seal that God is true; he who hath the virtues of the Spirit; he who followeth the Good Shepherd withersoever he goeth; he will be able to stand.

"Then, it will be the smallest of our privileges that we shall languish no more; that sickness will never again show its pale, emaciated countenance in our dwelling; that death itself will be swallowed up in victory.

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That fatal javelin which has drunk the blood of monarchs, and which finds its way to the hearts of all the sons of Adam, shall be utterly broken; that gray reaper which has struck empires from their roots, and has swept ages and generations into oblivion, shall sleep in perpetual inertia. Sin, also,—which filled thy quiver, insatiate archer; sin, which nerved thy arm with resistless vigor, which pointed all thy shafts with inevitable destruction,—will then be done away. All that is frail or deplorable or perishable will be thrown off with our grave-clothes. We will come up in perfect holiness, and happiness complete,—immortal, eternal.

"O eternity, eternity, how are our boldest, our strongest thoughts lost and overwhelmed in thee! Who can draw land-boundaries to limit thy dimensions, or find plummets to fathom thy depths, or mathematics to compute thy cycles? What a pleasing, yet awful thought,—full of all delight, and full of dread. Oh! may it alarm our fears, quicken our hopes, and animate our endeavors. Since we are so soon to launch into this endless and inconceivable state, let us give all diligence to secure our entrance into bliss eternal."

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